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**Cosmopolitan**

AUGUST • 25¢



**Storm Girl**

A Complete Book-Length Novel by **JOSEPH C. LINCOLN**

**FIGHTER'S WIFE** by **PAUL GALICO**

**A THRILLING NOVELETTE** by **RITA WEIMAN**

1.

Seeds that aren't seeds—carlander from MOROCCO. In reality, carlander is the fruit of small plants which grow best only in MOROCCO. So Hiram Walker goes 4,000 miles to add the subtle taste of carlander to America's favorite gin!

2.

Glowing globes colored like the sun are the prize oranges of SPAIN. So, from Spain's age-old groves, Hiram Walker imports orange peel beaded with tingling-sharp flavor.

# THE GEOGRAPHY OF GIN

3.

Fat, red and purple berries, spicy-smelling at the scent of pine—ITALIAN juniper, finest in the world! Yet from prize harvest, only the most succulent, fragrant juniper berries pass muster for Hiram Walker's Gin—America's favorite!

4.

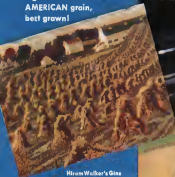
Cassia is the thick brown aromatic bark of a rare CHINESE tree! Hiram Walker brings this "bark without bite" clear across the world to add its pungent, thirst-quenching touch to Hiram Walker's Gin!

5.

Credit the U. S. A. with the most important ingredient of all... AMERICAN grain, best grown!

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Hiram Walker's Gins are distilled from 100% American grain, with fruits, herbs and spices from all over the world. Hiram Walker's own Controlled Condensation Process preserves the flavor strength of these ingredients scientifically. Thus there can never be the slightest variation, today, tomorrow, or a year from now!

Hiram Walker's DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN—90 Proof. FIVE O'CLOCK COCKTAIL DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN—85 Proof. FIVE O'CLOCK SLOE GIN—Flavored with Imported sloeberries—70 Proof. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Ill.



# Shipboard Sensation

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



**She evades close-ups...Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**

**H**ERE is a girl who should own a smile like sunlight dancing on wind-swept water—a rippling, dazzling, flashing smile! The merest parting of her lips should reveal teeth that are bright, that glisten with a beautiful lustre.

But how distressing for her (and how *bocking for you*) if when she smiles she reveals dull teeth and flabby gums, tragic evidence of dental ignorance or deliberate and unforgivable neglect.

#### NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

*Don't let such neglect penalize you. Any time your tooth brush shows that warning tinge*

of "pink"—see your dentist and *see him promptly*. You may not be headed for serious trouble but it's safer to have your dentist's assurance. Many times, however, the verdict will be gums that are the victims of our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and exercise—and, very often, gums that will respond to the wake-up stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Massage a little Ipana into your gums when you brush your teeth. Lazy gums awaken. Circulation quickens and stimulates the gum tissues—helps them

to a new firmness that keeps them healthier. The theory of Ipana and massage is approved by many American dentists—is taught in many schoolrooms all over the land. And right at home Ipana and massage can be your dentist's able assistant in the care of your teeth and gums.

Start today to use Ipana and massage—to help keep your gums firm and healthy—your teeth brighter. And your smile will then be a smile you can be proud of—*radiant, winning, lovely!*

**LISTEN TO** "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday night, over N. B. C. Red Network, 9 o'clock E.D.S.T.



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PRICELESS EYESIGHT  
WITH  
G-E MAZDA LAMPS



Eyestrain begins when children are even younger than those in this picture ...and it persists throughout life. On an average, only 3 out of 5 children reach college age with normal vision; and only 2 out of 5 reach forty with good eyesight.

Protect your family: 1. Have their eyes examined regularly, and corrected if necessary; 2. Give them plenty of good light. A very important step in securing good lighting is to use only good lamp bulbs. Insist on MAZDA lamps made by General Electric. Look for the G-E mark on the bulb and you will be sure to get lamps that do not waste electricity and that STAY BRIGHTER LONGER.

40-WATTS AND SMALLER



For better light  
from the lamp  
you read by, try  
a 100-watt G-E  
bulb. Only 20c

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**  
MAZDA LAMPS

VOL. CIII NO. 2

H. P. BURTON  
Editor

Hearst's International  
*combined with*  
**Cosmopolitan**  
(Trademark Reg. in U. S. Pat. Office)

AUGUST  
1937

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Cover Design "Sun and Sand and Sea"  
by Bradshaw Crandell

Plaid cotton, jersey-lined swim suit by Sacony

Published monthly by

Hearst Magazines Inc., 37th St. at Eighth Avenue, New York City

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST  
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ON THE RADIO, I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC ROUND-END BRISTLE, I'VE WANTED TO TRY THE TOOTHBRUSH. NOW WHILE THE SPECIAL SALE IS ON - BRUSH AND POWDER FOR ONLY 49¢ - I'M CERTAINLY GOING TO DO SO.



ANY DENTIFRICE APPROVED BY THE AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION IS SAFE. I SEE PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRAND TOOTH POWDER IS ONE OF THE FEW ON THE NEW A.D.A. "ACCEPTABLE" LIST.



WHY I'VE ALWAYS PAID 50¢ FOR THE BRUSH BY ITSELF!

THAT'S RIGHT, BUT WHILE OUR STOCK LASTS YOU GET THE TOOTH POWDER WITH THE TOOTH BRUSH FOR ONLY 49¢. THAT SAVES YOU 1/3 THE REGULAR PRICE.

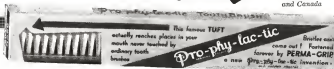


# SPECIAL NEW Pro-phy-lac-tic POWDER AND BRUSH

BOTH FOR

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*Stores cannot sell more than  
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at special price to any one customer*

You don't know... and we don't know... whether you'll like our new Pro-phy-lac-tic Brand Tooth Powder better than what you're using now. So we offer a 25¢ can, practically as a gift, to induce a trial.

You get the powder and a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush for the price you would ordinarily pay for the brush alone. And as you know, Pro-phy-lac-tic is the *only* tooth brush with Round-End bristles, the *double-action* bristles especially designed for both tooth cleaning and gum massage.

We make no claim for our new dentifrice that it is the powder your dentist uses. But we do believe it is the kind of

powder which dentists would prefer you to use, because it has been awarded the seal of the American Dental Association, and "accepted" as SAFE FOR CLEANING TEETH by the Association's Council on Dental Therapeutics.

Don't pass up this opportunity to get two top-quality products at a saving. The supply is limited. The bargain is real. Stop today at any drug counter and get Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush and Powder for only 49¢. In fairness to other customers, please don't ask for more than two combinations at this special low price.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



The American Dental Association represents 40,000 members of the dental profession. The Association's Council on Dental Therapeutics has awarded this Seal to Pro-phy-lac-tic Brand Tooth Powder. The Seal signifies that dentifrices bearing it have been accepted by the Council as safe for cleaning teeth.

# Over the Editor's Shoulder

THERE are not many people who will bet everything they have on love—give up pride, home, family, comfort for love, even if it is not returned. It is of such a girl that Grace Perkins writes in "Crazy Kid," which we shall publish soon as one of the *Cosmopolitan* book-length novels complete in one issue.

Miss Perkins lives all year round on Cape Cod, in a big house close by the ocean. There she has a garden, does a great deal of entertaining, looks after her children, her writing and her husband, who is also an author. They have just returned from a two months' holiday trip to the Orient. The household rings with work and with excitement, and there are secretaries around each corner.

"THE MADNESS OF MYRA LYNN" is the title of Kathleen Norris' strange story about a woman who believed she was somewhere else. "No Men in Her Menus" is what Royal Brown calls his story about a millionaire who peeled bushels of clams for love. We shall publish these stories soon. Why do we speak of them together? Because they have one quality in common. Both stories deal with the impossible and make it magnificently possible. A really bewitching trick.

CAPTAIN JOHN D. CRAIG, whose story of movie-making under the sea, "Danger Is My Business," we shall publish soon as a long nonfiction feature, has an exciting new job. The British Admiralty has given him a contract to take all the undersea photographs in connection with the attempted salvaging of the treasure on the *Lusitania*.

The tragic vessel has lain at the bottom of the sea off Ireland for twenty-two years now, sunk deeper than any diver has ever been able to go. But that was before Captain Craig invented a new type of diving suit, and assisted with the invention of a special camera and lamps to resist enormous water pressure. As you read this note, he is at work on his hazardous venture, taking photographs of the wreck many fathoms down below the restless waves.

WE INTERRUPT publication of Paul Gallico's "Farewell to Sports" because we are in a hurry to give you his poignant story, "Fighter's Wife." Next month, however, we promise you another chapter of his valedictory as a sports columnist. He will take the tennis great apart and show you the works.



Illustration by Mead Schaeffer for Grace Sartwell Mason's novelette, "Hide the Body," coming soon in *Cosmopolitan*.

SMALL, DARK, smart and pretty is the description of Isabel Moore whose story "Two Loves Have I" appears in this issue. Mrs. Moore has done advertising and magazine work, but now that her first *Cosmopolitan* story is published she has retired from the more or less pleasant paths of commerce to the stern solitude of a writer's life. She tells us that she keeps as regular hours at her typewriter at home as she did at the office. She had written for years before selling a story—the usual history behind an author's success.

THE ENGAGING, unassuming, humorous Prince Christopher of Greece begins his memoirs in this issue. Related to most of the crowned heads of Europe, Prince Christopher is not oppressed by that relationship, but has a definitely 1937 point of view on the position of royalty. Kings and Emperors bound through the pages, sometimes jeweled with dignity, more often in the Mother Hubbard costumes of family life. Whether you have a secret yearning after titles or are a passionate democrat, these memoirs will delight you.

In next month's installment Prince Christopher tells the whole story of his romance with Mrs. Leeds, who became his wife. He also tells how his niece, the Princess Marina of Greece, became engaged to the Duke of Kent, brother of King George VI of England. The two young people, members of a house party, were left alone seated at opposite ends of a long sofa. Re-entering the room an hour later, Prince Christopher found them still on the sofa, but NOT at opposite ends. He retired hastily.

SINCLAIR LEWIS tells us of his liking for I. A. R. Wylie's Coronation story, "We Have Come Through," which appeared in our June issue. One line touched him particularly—the little boy's question to the stranger: "Is that the real king?" Praise from Mr. Lewis is praise from an expert. And we hear that another writer was deeply moved by this story—Fanny Heaslip Lea. If you missed it, look up this Coronation classic.

THE CONTENTS PAGE of *Cosmopolitan* is like a menu—we try to see that each dish is wholesome, well prepared and delicious, but we keep the menu varied, to interest a variety of tastes. Mrs. Fromkes writes us from Paris, France, to say: "What a relief to turn to the simple restful love stories from this turbulent, bitter, vicious world."

Jessie Spaulding, in Philadelphia, says: "I have never read anything I enjoyed more than Talcott Powell's articles on the 'Land of the Lindbergh'."

(Continued on page 6)

# "This Book is Yours Free"



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with Our Compliments

**T**HE coupon in the corner of this page will bring you hours of delightful reading, without charge and without obligation. The book is not an advertising brochure but a handsome, cloth-bound volume containing stories and essays by some of the foremost writers in the world today. Nearly 200 pages. Read the table of contents above and mail the coupon at once because the available supply is not unlimited and you will not wish to be disappointed.

Four short stories: One from *Theatre*, by W. Somerset Maugham, an excursion by that world-famous author into a woman's innermost life. Another, out of the Norwegian, a chapter from Trygve Gullbransen's masterpiece, *Beyond Sing the Woods*. A third by Vincent Sheean, from his novel *Sanfelice*, a story of poisonous intrigue and lyrical romance in the revolutionary epoch of Neapolitan history. Fourth—the story of a Russian peasant, suckled by a sow, who rose to some importance in the Soviet—from *One Life*, *One Kopeck*, the forthcoming book (August 2nd), by Walter Duranty, the author of *I Write as I Please*.

Not a dull line! Not a word you will not read with intense interest. A representative selection of the best story-telling being done today. The gamut of varieties—psychological, lyrical, romantic and hard-hitting—in that order. You will not wish to miss it!

Besides the fiction, here are facts: A glance at spy systems through 33 centuries, selected from the thrilling *Story of Secret Service*, from the earliest Oriental assassins to the espionage of political police today, by Richard Wilmer Rowan.

A cross-section from Philip Guedalla's story of the century 1837-1937, with all its wars

and political upheavals, the most indelible events of the past *Hundred Years*.

One of the exciting chapters from Negley Farson's *WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR*, which explains why this book was one of the great best-sellers of 1936.

An intimate peep into the private lives of the amazing family, *The Du Mauriers*, which dates its beginning from the famous "affair" between the Duke of York and the notorious Mrs. Clarke.

An added chapter for Johnsonians— anecdotes by the celebrated Boswell from the first complete edition of the *Tour of the Hebrides* ever published in England or America.

An expedition into the trackless forest with Donald Culross Peattie for naturalist-guide, selected from his celebrated *Green Laurels*, the *Lives and Achievements of the Great Naturalists*.

First hand observation of the fighting on all fronts in the wars of this generation—selected adventures from *I Found No Peace*, by Webb Miller, who has heard gun-fire and watched its effect in Mexico, France, Ireland, Morocco, India and Ethiopia—and is now in Spain, war correspondent for the United Press.

Finally, one of the most gorgeous sea-experiences ever written by an English gentleman,



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ORIENT HEYWARD — NOTED BEAUTY MODEL—NOW A  
B. P. SCHULBERG STAR IN HOLLYWOOD

## Over the Editor's Shoulder

(Continued from page 4)

Circle," Nova Coggan, of East St. Louis, Ill., demands more stories by Vivien Bretherton on "the 'teen-aged youth, Beezy." W. T. Lasley of Burlington, N. C., says: "I want to thank you for and congratulate you on including Helen Christine Bennett's 'What's the Matter with Father?'"

AMONG THE THINGS we are accustomed to think of together (like sweetness and light, bread and butter, song and dance) are Jack Goodman and Albert Rice, the writing team whose gay short stories appear in *Cosmopolitan*. The two young men are quite separate entities, however, and each has written a story for us by himself. Jack Goodman's "Love, Love, Love!" is in this issue, Albert Rice's "Weather Girl" is coming soon. It concerns a deep, dark, delightful plot between a gent yacht salesman and a lady weather reporter.

SOMETIMES WE THINK that the way to learn about affairs at home is to go away on a trip. Reading "Girl About Town," Annice Brink's column in the Boston American, we came upon this item, which was news to us:

"Lee Stephenson of Auburndale posed for the June *Cosmopolitan* cover by Bradshaw Crandell. She says: 'The handsome man who modeled the so-stern West Pointer couldn't pose when I could so we never even saw each other until the very last sitting!'"

### FASHIONS IN FICTION

THIS MONTH'S *Cosmopolitan* cover girl is photographed below, wearing the beach ensemble in which she posed for Bradshaw Crandell. The swim suit is plaid cotton over jersey, cut on dress-maker lines, and has a matching beach coat which is so perfect in detail that it can be worn as an evening coat over light summer frocks. This and the printed-wool swim suit in an illustration for "Love, Love, Love!" are by Sacony. The white lace evening dress with a hip-length circular cape pictured in "Ten-Goal Lady" was designed by Nanty Frocks; the polo clothes are from Spalding.



# Three little words by Noah Webster...

dry: lacking sweetness

## tell why you'll like Paul Jones



WE'VE lifted three little words out of the dictionary to tell you one of the reasons why so many gentlemen find keen satisfaction in Paul Jones whiskey.

The reason is this: Paul Jones is a *dry* whiskey—robust and deep-flavored—yet utterly lacking in sweetness. And it's this *dryness* that gives a whiskey, (champagne and sherry, too), its tang and brisk flavor.

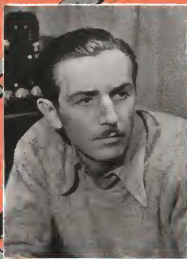
In fact, the pleasing *dryness* of Paul Jones, coupled with its other forthright qualities, will quickly convince you that this noble liquor fully merits the renown it has enjoyed as "A Gentleman's Whiskey" since 1865.



★ ★ ★ ★

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Four Roses, Old Oake Pepper brand, Mattingly & Moore—all blends of straight whiskeys—90 proof. Also Paul Jones Four Star Blended Dry Gin (90 proof), distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.

This advertisement does not offer this product for sale in dry States: it is offered for sale only in compliance with all State and Federal Statutes.



The creator of Mickey and Minnie Mouse and the Silly Symphony troupe is one of Hollywood's most retiring geniuses.

## The Cosmopolite of the Month:

# WALT DISNEY

by Gene Fowler



SOME cloud-sitting Joves of Hollywood, enthroned for a little hour among the thunders of self-praise, are unable to comprehend the world fame of quiet, mousy Walt Disney.

He never has had a paid publicity agent. No bankers, radio pashas or taploca magnates own shares in his small but thriving studio. He seldom uses the words "me" and "mine." He has yet to patronize those voodoo asylums for exhibitionists—certain cocktail lounges and night clubs. Nor does he choose to wear the robes of high priest in a community where even the altar boys are apprentice geniuses.

Honors fall upon him like confetti, and he is confusedly grateful. He is happy that his work is known. He is equally happy that he, as a person, is permitted the luxury of privacy.

In Hollywood, a genuinely accomplished person may experience an undreamed-of anonymity. Einstein, Millikan, Rachmaninoff, Katharine Cornell or Eugene O'Neill can stroll down Sunset Boulevard at high noon with none of the headline worshippers to startle with shallow huzzas. Disney, too, can walk in peace, unrecognized.

The artistic sire of Mickey Mouse is accounted a heretic for rejecting the surrealistic moods of Hollywood earth shakers. He wears ready-made suits and shirts of the middle-class Chicago stamp.

Another caprice of Hollywood's thirty-five-year-old Aescop is that he eats what he wants, when and where he wants it—frequently in lunch cars. The caviar and chutney addicts cannot risk the stigma of kraut with its peasant implications.

Disney, the modern Aescop, now seeks to be Homer; to progress from the fable to the epic. He is investing a million dollars (of his own money) in the screen's first full-length cartoon feature, to be released at Christmas-time. It is a fairy tale, a bridge between fable and heroic legend. He has chosen for this purpose the story of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." If it fails, Disney's elder brother and business manager, Roy, will have a nervous breakdown. If it succeeds, Walt will create a feature cartoon annually, drawing upon story materials now inaccessible for fables and shorts.

Such experienced showmen as Darryl Zanuck and Walter Wanger predict Disney's success with "Snow White." There are some others who have doubts. They always do have them when pioneers are at work.

Disney toils from morning till night on the 1,600,000 sketches, backgrounds and animated figures of Fairyland, 200,000 of which ultimately will be photographed for the eight reels of "Snow White." This labor permits him no time to debate the merits of his project outside his own studio walls.

The creator of Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphonies is capable of radical dreams, but his feet are still rooted in the brown earth. His fabulous tales have an aura of reality. He strives for expert characterization rather than for "gags" or plot points. His stories are elemental, universal in appeal, simple and convincing, even though his trees talk and his grasshoppers play fiddles.

The unpoetic financiers, at first skeptical, now would like to profit from Disney's screen-poems. He has no ear for their blandishments.

"If I didn't control my product," says Walt, "my characters would behave as the commercialists wished them to, and I would lose the principal thing I have fought for—artistic independence and the right to produce better pictures. As in any good-sized business, we borrow short-term money from banks. But such is their confidence in our product that no strings are attached to the money."

The tumultuous ones of Cameraville are unable to analyze any success attained without the boiler-factory frenzies of I-am-I. They fling sprigs of papier-mâché to the loudest of their yea-saying laureates. They gain short sequences of notoriety; the lasting recognition comes to the shy young men—the Irving Thalbergs, the Frank Capras, the Disneys.

The indifference of Disney to personal aggrandizement (Continued on page 23)



# RURAL NURSE PRAISES 3 PLYMOUTHS *"NEVER ON SICK LIST IN 166,000 MILES"*

*The Car that  
Stands Up Best*—Plymouth "goes through" in all kinds of weather... over good roads and bad... Nurse Margaret W. Davison has "averaged over 20 miles per gallon... never had the head off an engine!"

## Still More Reliability, Economy, in the Big, New Plymouth

**D**AY AFTER DAY, rain or shine, Nurse Margaret W. Davison visits the sick. "Never yet," she says, "has Plymouth failed me!"

All over the country, owners are reporting 18 to 24 miles per gallon... savings in all ways. And they praise the safety of Plymouth's *double-action* hydraulic brakes... its all-steel body.

Look into Plymouth... it's the car that stands up best. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.



### PRICED WITH THE LOWEST

Today, you will find Plymouth is priced with the lowest. The Commercial Credit Company has made available — through De Soto, Chrysler and Dodge dealers — convenient terms which make it easy to buy a new Plymouth.



THE MOST RELIABLE of "All Three"—the beautiful new Plymouth DeLuxe 4-Door Touring Sedan

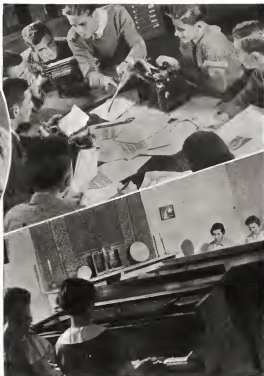
"Besides standing up great... my Plymouth handles so easily it's a pleasure to drive," says Nurse Margaret W. Davison, Maryville, Missouri.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' Amateur Hour—Columbia Network, Thurs., 9 to 10 p. m., E. D. S. T.

# PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



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**SCHOOLS** are meeting the changing times with programs designed to develop initiative, imagination and resourcefulness. New courses emphasize the value of practical as well as academic training in these formative years.

Thoughtful parents realize that they can no longer select a school at random. They must know whether the school will make the most of their boy's or girl's latent abilities.

As schools organize to meet present-day conditions the Cosmopolitan Educational Guide becomes increasingly helpful to parents who are seeking the best educational and recreational advantages for their children.

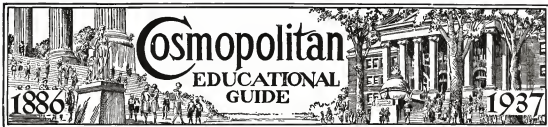
On the following pages you will find a wide range of schools in every section of the country. The form on page 18 indicates the important information your correspondence should cover. If you have a particular school problem we shall be glad to make suggestions.

**Cosmopolitan Education Department**

*May G. Linehan, Director*

57th Street at 8th Avenue

New York City



## MEXICO

**GOBERT COLLEGE** MEXICO CITY, MEXICO  
Unusual opportunities for American girls. Languages, modern art, dancing, swimming, hockey, etc. Flexible courses. Catalog, Secretary: 189-A Waverly Place, New York City. President: Dr. A. C. Soper, L.L.D. (Formerly on Boya Mier and Sarah Lawrence faculties).

## NEW ENGLAND—GIRLS

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 Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Courses: 1 yr. B.S. Degree, 2 yr. B.S. Degree, 3 yr. B.S. Degree, 4 yr. B.S. Degree, 5 yr. B.S. Degree, 6 yr. B.S. Degree, 7 yr. B.S. Degree, 8 yr. B.S. Degree, 9 yr. B.S. Degree, 10 yr. B.S. Degree, 11 yr. B.S. Degree, 12 yr. B.S. Degree, 13 yr. B.S. Degree, 14 yr. B.S. Degree, 15 yr. B.S. Degree, 16 yr. B.S. Degree, 17 yr. B.S. Degree, 18 yr. B.S. Degree, 19 yr. B.S. Degree, 20 yr. B.S. Degree, 21 yr. B.S. Degree, 22 yr. B.S. Degree, 23 yr. B.S. Degree, 24 yr. B.S. Degree, 25 yr. B.S. Degree, 26 yr. B.S. Degree, 27 yr. B.S. Degree, 28 yr. B.S. Degree, 29 yr. B.S. Degree, 30 yr. B.S. Degree, 31 yr. B.S. Degree, 32 yr. B.S. Degree, 33 yr. B.S. Degree, 34 yr. B.S. Degree, 35 yr. B.S. Degree, 36 yr. B.S. Degree, 37 yr. B.S. Degree, 38 yr. B.S. Degree, 39 yr. B.S. Degree, 40 yr. B.S. Degree, 41 yr. B.S. Degree, 42 yr. B.S. Degree, 43 yr. B.S. Degree, 44 yr. B.S. Degree, 45 yr. B.S. Degree, 46 yr. B.S. Degree, 47 yr. B.S. Degree, 48 yr. B.S. Degree, 49 yr. B.S. 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(Continued from page 8)

is not a pose. It conceals a mighty energy. In his own studio, he becomes a ball of fire. There is no woolgathering expression in his eye, no shy or self-conscious mannerisms. He has five hundred adjutants, and he drives them hard. If Disney in public seems as mild-mannered as a nasuturium, in his own laboratories he is as ruthless as a gouty field marshal.

Although an insular personality, surrounded and submerged by his job, Disney is not a freak, a hermit or a brooder. He feels that he must conserve his vitality for the long hours of work. He finds time for exercise, mainly horseback riding. He is a medium tall, dark and slender man, much stronger than he seems at first glance.

**A**T SIXTEEN, Disney was a pupil at the McKinley High School, Chicago. He studied cartooning at night in the Chicago Art Institute. He quit school in 1917 to become a news butcher on trains between Chicago and St. Louis. Afterwards he applied for a job as a postman but was rejected because of his youth. Disney returned to the post office next day with a false mustache and some penciled wrinkles, and obtained the job. Postman Disney always rings twice.

He carried mail until 1918, when he tried to enlist in the army. This time he again employed make-up, but literal-minded army doctors said he was too young to carry a gun. He went overseas as an ambulance driver for the Red Cross.

On his return in 1919, he worked for a Kansas City advertising agency. He quit after two months and entered business for himself, drawing cartoons for stereopticon slides. Soon afterward he borrowed a camera from his boss and began to "produce" animated cartoons in a garage. He sold seven of these to a New York distributor who promptly went broke. Disney found himself in bankruptcy.

Walt had one fairy-tale film left on his hands. Down at the heel in 1923, he promoted a ticket to Hollywood by taking movies of babies in Kansas City and selling them to parents. There was no band at the Santa Fe station when Walt came to Los Angeles. He sought work for four lean weeks, then remembered the old fairy-tale film, the residue of his bankruptcy. He sent it to New York.

Brother Roy now reached the California scene with \$250. Walt began to eat again. He once more entered the cartoon business, and hardly had he set up a makeshift camera when word came that the old fairy-tale print had been well received in New York. It was the first of the "Alice in Wonderland" series.

Disney taught his brother to handle a movie camera and hired two girl assistants. He married one of them, Lillian Bounds. He did all the drawings for the "Alice" cartoons and created Oswald the Rabbit. The Oswald series was popular but Disney sought to improve it. One of the studio executives asked, "What for? We're making money, ain't we?"

Walt and his wife entrained for New York to appeal to the head of the firm. That executive declined to throw away money on cartoons; so Walt resigned. On his way back to Hollywood he decided to make pictures for himself. While in an upper berth, the laboring Disney mountain brought forth Mickey Mouse.

The first silent Mickey Mouse appeared in 1928 and failed. The advent of sound gave Walt the idea of harnessing it to his cartoons. He devised a method of synchronizing action and sound which is still utilized by cartoon producers.



"Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" The Three Little Pigs in person, with Walt Disney (left) and Frank E. Churchill, who wrote the song hit.

"Steamboat Willie," the first sound cartoon, met with instantaneous success.

In 1929, Disney found that color photography had not been used widely, partly because it was expensive and partly because most producers wanted to let well enough alone—a policy known as Hollywood inertia.

Disney produced his first color Silly Symphony, "Flowers and Trees." It was not an especially big money-maker.

Although the Disney trade-mark was widely known, it was his color classic, "Three Little Pigs," released in 1932, that made Disney world-famous.

Disney did not have enough money to warrant Hollywood salaries, nor did he believe that Hollywood people with their studio clichés would be sufficiently attuned to the Disney imagination and technique to be useful to him. So he began to train young artists in his way of doing things. He searched for talent in small towns and encouraged prospective animators to submit "samples" by mail. Whenever he saw possibilities in these "samples," he would send for the young man, start him on a course of training.

Nineteen hundred thirty-three was for Disney a year of self-appraisal and decision. "Three Little Pigs" and other Silly Symphonies had made of him a world figure, credited with having created a new art form. His position was secure. His financial resources at last seemed promising.

However, his negative costs had risen to \$35,000 for each Silly Symphony. He had one hundred men and girls on his staff and was issuing between twenty and twenty-two pictures a year. He had developed eight or nine master animators to a maturity where they had begun to express Disney, not Hollywood. That is, they could approximate in their drawings what Walt visualized. He also had at his command both sound and color.

Yet he was in a dilemma. He could continue improving his technique, striving toward his main objective of freedom of self-expression, training men capable of carrying out his ideas, but such artistic progress would build up negative costs to a point where he would bleed to death financially. On the other hand, he could mark time, enjoy "fame"

and continue to turn out shorts of commercial quality but strictly within the limits of his budget.

As a restless artist, a pioneer, an adventurer, or even a good businessman—which he is—a conservative policy meant stagnation. And for Disney that would be as welcome as death.

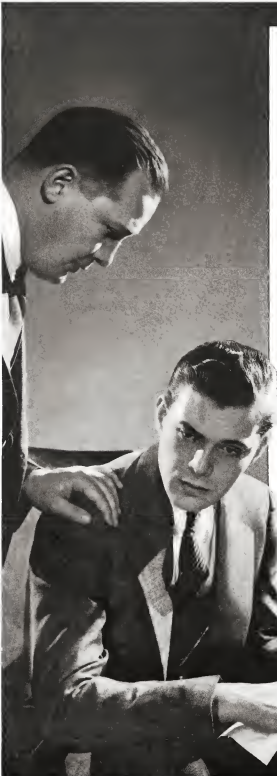
After considerable self-communion, Disney announced to an astonished staff that he contemplated a feature-length picture to cost \$250,000. That budget since has been increased to \$1,000,000.

After choosing "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" as his potential masterpiece, Walt had to build up his staff over a period of three and a half years. He undertook research and experiment to develop a technique and technical equipment capable of achieving a never-before-dreamed-of quality in cartoons. One of his gigantic cameras cost him \$25,000.

**T**WO HUNDRED and fifty Disney aides today are at work exclusively on "Snow White." As many more carry on in the regular channels of Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphony releases. Walt supervises every phase of production in both divisions. One of his regular and jealously beloved chores on the "shorts" is to serve as the piping, small "voice" of Mickey Mouse.

Disney's stars come magically from little paintpots and ink bottles. Yet they are entirely real and desirable, for their province is to make people feel less alone in the world. They express encouraging truths in the habitations of fable or allegory. They make more tolerable our strange journey in a prosaic cosmos where all worth-while roads lead uphill.

After these Disney monitors have made their entrances and their exits, they return in a wink to their homes, the little pots and bottles. They disillusion no one with café bawls. They hold no preview parades in Zulu furs. They flaunt no crown jewels or carnival feathers. They know no divorces, scandals or gauche anobneries. These pleasant sprites of the Disney fairyland never can be unmasked or degraded. Nor does their creator stand on the houseposts to eulogize himself through a gilded megaphone.



## Even your best friend won't tell you

JOHNSON couldn't understand it; he and Marie had had their little "tiffs," but they didn't explain why she had sent back his ring . . . nor did her brusque note shed any light on the broken engagement. Puzzled and disheartened he sought his best friend. Perhaps he could offer some explanation. And so he could . . . yet he withheld the truth. The subject is so delicate that even a close friend won't discuss it.

**IT'S INSIDIOUS.** The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you yourself rarely know when you have it and even your best friend won't tell you. At this very moment you may be suffering from this all too common condition . . . needlessly offending others . . . and doing nothing about it. It is unfortunate that everyone offends this way at some time or other! Too much eating, too much smoking are contributing causes.

**DON'T GAMBLE.** Don't run the needless risk of offending. All you need do to put your breath beyond reproach is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. It is a marvelously effective deodorant . . . and a deodorant is what you need in correcting breath conditions.

**HOW DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.** The wonderful, freshening, invigorating effect of Listerine Antiseptic will simply delight you. It sweeps away decaying deposits from large areas on teeth, mouth, and gums. It kills outright millions of odor-producing bacteria. At the same time, it halts food fermentation, a major cause of breath odors, and then overcomes the odors themselves. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, more wholesome.

**ALWAYS BEFORE SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS.** Always take the pleasant precaution of using Listerine before social or business engagements; you'll never have to worry about your breath; you'll know it will not offend.

Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Missouri

**LISTERINE**  
Checks Halitosis (Bad Breath)



*Dandruff?*

Do you know  
that even stubborn  
cases are curable  
with Listerine



**TO OUR QUESTION:**

*What Interests You Most in This Cosmopolitan World of Today?*

R.F.H.

**Lincoln Ellsworth**

*Noted Explorer*

**answers**

# The South Pole

DRAWING BY R. F. HEINRICH

**T**HE SOUTH POLE is my greatest interest, because it is the absolute opposite of everything implied by the word "cosmopolitan." The cosmopolitan world is a world of cities and beaten ways, of tunnels and traffic jams and anthill hotels, apartment houses and office buildings. It is a world of elbows in your ribs and people blocking your way.

These things I hate. How glad I would be if I were starting tomorrow on an expedition to the South Pole, no matter how slender its chances; but no power on earth could get me into a crowded train in the New York subway!

Since I was a boy in Chicago I have hated cities. I can't breathe in them. At present I have to remain in New York for a few months. To get away from the poison of crowds—poison to me—as far as I can, I have taken an apartment on top of a tall building. What good does it do me? I am up high enough to get all the noises of seven million people jammed senselessly together.

I turn off the steam radiators, but a tepid, secondhand warmth filters up through thirty-six stories of human living quarters and makes the place stifling. Civilization's black dust drifts in through the open windows. I hate it all,

from the stony-faced flunkies down at the main door to the panorama of steam jets puffing from the roofs of New York.

There is but one alleviation—the Central Park zoo far below me. There the sea lions are barking in their tank; and now and then, over the rumble of the streets, the mutter of elevated trains and the walling of sirens, the air shudders with the deep-chested roar of a lion. Poor devils, they are prisoners too.

If I cared to, I could lead an existence regarded by most people as enviable: a city apartment, summer and winter homes, luxurious travel, everything the heart is supposed to desire. Not for me. As soon as I could escape from school, I streaked for Canada and spent the

next five years dragging a surveyor's chain and sighting a transit for the Grand Trunk Railway as it pushed through to Prince Rupert on the Pacific. That made a civil engineer of me and fixed me forever as a man of the outdoors.

Then followed work and projects that kept me in places where one could fill one's lungs with clean air—Alaska and the placer workings above Nome, the barren plateaus of the Andes in Peru, the Rockies from end to end, Labrador, Siberia, across the North Pole with Roald Amundsen, and finally across the Antarctic continent alone.

My nature craves extremes. I like the terrific heat of (Continued on page 134)

# Storm Girl

A dramatic illustration of a young girl in a small boat on a stormy sea. The girl is seen from behind, looking out towards a large, dark, rocky island in the background. The sea is turbulent with white-capped waves. The sky is dark and stormy. The overall tone is somber and adventurous.

by Joseph C. Lincoln

**A COSMOPOLITAN COMPLETE BOOK-**



"Oh, I hope we're in time!" Emily gasped, "Poor Uncle Sim! What shall I do?"



**LENGTH NOVEL**

*McClelland Barclay*

*There is the tang of salt, the sweep of sand dunes in this dramatic story of Cape Cod and a girl whose life was marked by storms*



## A COSMOPOLITAN COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH

**D**ESIRE COLEMAN was waiting for Simeon Coleman to come home. There was nothing unusual about that; Desire was accustomed to it. She was systematic and punctual, and Simeon was neither. During the winter months when she and he were alone in the house at East Trumet, her rising hour was always half past six. In the summer months, when the bedrooms were all occupied and, as Simeon said, "You couldn't stretch out a leg without trippin' up a boarder," she was downstairs by six. From November until the middle of June she prepared and cooked the meals herself, and they were always ready at regular hours.

During the boarding season, when Emma Bassett did the cooking and Lottie Cahoon waited on table, they were just as regular—Desire saw to that. The family washing was done on Monday, the ironing on Tuesday; the bread and cookies were baked on Saturday. And on Friday evening Desire went to prayer meeting, and on Sunday morning she went to church. She was that kind of woman.

But Simeon was distinctly not that kind of man. Desire was a Knowles before she married Laban Coleman, and Simeon was Laban's younger brother. During Laban's lifetime Desire and her husband occupied the rambling gray-shingled house at East Trumet, close to the beach, and took summer boarders. Laban died when Desire was forty-eight—she was fifty-two now—and Desire and her niece, Emily Blanchard, the only child of Mercy, Desire's sister, lived together. Mercy had died when Emily was born, and Seth Blanchard, the girl's father, was killed by lightning while raking quahogs in the bay during a thunder-storm.

The other quahoggers had rowed ashore when the storm threatened, but Seth refused to move. "All you fellows are

lookin' for is a chance to quit work," Seth called after them. "I ain't sugar nor salt, and water won't melt me." So he stayed on, and the lightning hit the end of his thirty-foot quahog rake and passed through his body. They found him dead in the bottom of his dory when they rowed out an hour later.

Then Emily, who was thirteen, came to live with her aunt Desire. When she was eighteen she went to Boston to study bookkeeping and stenography at a "business school." After seven months of this, through a girl friend, she obtained a position in the Gloucester branch office of a Boston firm dealing in marine chandlery, boat outfittings and supplies. She had been home but once since she left the business school.

Simeon—Emily called him "Uncle Sim"—had spent the larger part of his life cod fishing on the Newfoundland Banks. He ran away from home when he was sixteen, and up to the time of his brother's death, his relatives saw or heard little of him. What they did hear was not greatly to his credit.

He was regarded as the black sheep of the Coleman family, so when, the year of Emily's leaving to attend business school, he walked in at his sister-in-law's door and hailed her with a boisterous bellow, the welcome accorded him was not too hearty. Old Mrs. Chapin, who was spending that summer at East Trumet because her doctor had ordered her to "rest her nerves," shot from her rocking chair as if someone had kicked it violently from beneath. "I give you my word, my dear," Mrs. Chapin confided to a bosom friend, Miss Caroline Seabury, the retired schoolteacher, "when I heard that dreadful howl I thought I should faint, and when I saw that awful rough-looking creature standing in the doorway I devoutly wished I had."

But Simeon was unconscious of the

effect his appearance produced. He walked into the Coleman House as if he owned it and greeted his sister-in-law and her niece as if he had been away only a few hours instead of years. That evening, when the three were alone, he informed his relatives that he was through with seafaring for good, that he had come back to Trumet to live the rest of his life, and that it was his intention to stay at the Coleman House.

"You need a man around this place," declared Sim. "Hain't been here half an hour afore I could see that. All right, I'm the man . . . Oh, now, now, Dizzy, don't look so scared. I ain't plannin' to live on you free gratis for nawthin'. I'll pay my way. Got a little cash put by in the locker—more'n you and the rest of Trumet figger I have, I'll bet. I'll pay for my board and keep, and if things go the way I hope they will, I'll do considerable more'n that. I've got some notions about this shebang. Yes indeed!"

Desire gasped a protest. "For mercy sakes, Sim Coleman," she sputtered, "don't call me that name! If you do, I'll—I'll—"

"Eh? What name? Oh, Dizzy? Ha, ha! What's the matter with it? Used to call you Dizzy when you was a girl, didn't I? Ain't started to put on airs, have you? . . . All right, all right; I'll call you Desire if you say so; anyhow, I will when I remember it and there's any outsiders around. My trunk and the rest of my dummage'll be down on tomorrow noon's train—or if they ain't, I'll know the reason why."

That was the manner of his coming, and he had remained ever since. At first Desire and Emily and the boarders had regarded him with distaste, but they got used to him and his ways as time went on. He was rough and loud-spoken and blunt, but his remarks and dry comments made them laugh, and among the

When Emmie came down to breakfast on her first morning back home, and found Aunt Desire scolding Uncle Sim, she felt as if she'd never been away from East Trumet even for a day.

## NOVEL

male boarders he became a real favorite. He purchased a secondhand motorboat, and during the summer he took out fishing parties. Even the old ladies, like Mrs. Chapin, tolerated him. A genuine "character" was their classification of Mr. Simeon Coleman.

Desire found him a very real help in the management of the Coleman House, especially after Emily went away. His boast about cash in the locker proved to be more than a boast. He not only paid board regularly, but he insisted on certain small improvements being made about the house and usually paid for them with his own money. He had become almost a partner in the business. Desire admitted that she didn't know what she'd do without him.

"Although there's times when he does try me almost to death," she always added, with a sigh. "He loves to torment me, and I never know what he'll do or say next. Just as liable as not to swear in front of the minister, and when I scold him for it, he looks innocent and says, 'Why not? Didn't use no words that parson don't use every Sunday, did I?' What can you do with a man like that? And when he takes a notion to go on one of them Boston trips of his, I don't draw a free breath till he's back again. He calls those trips vacations, but I call 'em spees, and I'll bet that's what they are, too. And mealtimes don't mean anything to him.

I'm always waitin' for him with the vittles on the back of the stove."

She was waiting for him now on the gloomy evening of this gloomy March day. She glanced at the clock on the mantel and saw that it was twenty minutes to seven. He knew that a quarter past six was suppertime. There was a storm coming up, too, and he knew that she was always nervous about storms.

And why shouldn't she be? There was

that prophecy about her family—or about Emily, which was the same thing—and hadn't it worked out true so far? Emily had been born during a storm; and Mercy, Emily's mother, had died during a storm; and Seth, Emily's father, had been killed by a storm.

Peleg Myrick had said the spirits told him that Emily was a "storm child" and that every important happening in her life would have a storm connected with it. Of course, old Peleg had been queer in the head and folks used to make fun of him, but all the same, he had prophesied right in—oh, lots of things.

She went to the window, lifted the shade and looked out. Black as black, the night was. The only lights in sight were those in the windows of the Trumet lifesaving station a mile away. The rising wind was whining about the gables, and the surf along the beach and on the outer shoals was roaring ominously.

Desire dropped the shade and turned back with a sigh. "Oh, dear, why doesn't Simeon come?"

And then she heard him open and close the kitchen door. A moment later he entered the dining room.

"Hello, old girl!" he hailed cheerfully. "Supper ready? Hope so; my appetite's got an edge on it like a guttin' knife. Couldn't have you keepin' me waitin' tonight."

His sister-in-law was a dependable

## Storm Girl

Doctor Watson. She could always be counted on to be surprised in the right place. She stared at him, sputtering like a damp candle. "Keepin' you waitin'!" she gasped. "My soul and body! And here I've had the table set for a full half-hour. Of all the provokin'— Where on earth have you been?"

He had shed his oilskin and heavy jacket and now stepped back into the kitchen to wash his hands at the tin basin in the sink. There was a bathroom in the Coleman House, but when they were alone, Sim invariably washed in the kitchen. "Habit's habit, Dizzy," was his explanation. "Bathrooms are scarce up on the Banks. Put off washin' long as you can and then head for the nighest bucket—that's the rule aboard a schooner."

"Where have you been, I ask you?" she repeated.

He replied between splashes and splutterings. "Oh, over to the life station. They're all stirred up over there."

"Stirred up? What about? Oh, my land, it ain't the storm, is it? I do hope it ain't goin' to be too bad."

He came back to the dining room and sat down at the table. "Storm? What storm? This ain't nawthin' but a good sailin' breeze, just enough to keep the flies off. No, no, it ain't the weather that's riled 'em up. Bill Ellis has made up his mind to quit the service, and all hands are wonderin' who'll have his job as cap'n, that's all. Ed Olson is Number One man, and he'd have it in the natural run of things, but—well, I don't know. Ed's pretty well along, and they're app'intin' young men lately."

"**W**ELL, WELL! Cap'n Ellis has been cap'n of Trumet station for ever so many years. I'll be sorry to see him go. And Mr. Olson ain't what you'd call young, that's a fact. There's young men over there, though."

"Um-hm, but there ain't ary one with much experience. The service folks may app'int somebody from another station. They've been known to do that."

"Who do you suppose?"

"Give it up. That's what all hands are guessin'. Sam Bailey, at Wapatomac, would be all right, and there's that young Brewster at Orham. He's Number One there now, and he got into the papers when he handled that wrecked three-master last winter. His cap'n was laid up sick, you remember, and Brewster was in charge of everything and did a fine job. The Coast Guard folks might decide to promote him."

"Brewster? Let me see. Why, I remember. Ain't his first name Chester? Came from here in Trumet in the beginnin', didn't he?"

"Yup. 'Chet' everybody called him when he was a young-one. His ma was widow of Elnathan Brewster, and they lived in West Trumet seventeen or eighteen year ago. Moved away afterwards. Seems to me I heard she was dead. West Trumet," reflectively. "My, my, how I used to know that place. There was a girl over there. Now what was her name? Lettie—Lettie Crull—um-hm, that was it. Some of the boys used to go over to see her. Ho, ho!" with a

reminiscent headshake. "Lettie Crull! Yes—yes."

Desire straightened in her chair. "Everybody knows that Crull tribe," she announced. "We won't talk about them."

"Now, now, Dizzy," gravely, "you ain't chuckin' any asparagus at Lettie, are you? Why, as I recollect Lettie was a real popular girl."

"Humph! Popular, I shouldn't wonder! Simeon, what are we goin' to do for a cook this comin' summer? Emma Bassett can't come this year, and what to do without her I can't think. She's been with us every summer since Laban's time. She was considerable more than a good cook; she was a wonderful help with the managin'. I'm gettin' old and seems sometimes as if managin' this big house chuck-full of boarders is more than I can stand."

Sim's answer was prompt. "You hadn't ought to stand it," he declared. "Emmie ought to be here to help. She's a born manager if ever I saw one. What you ever let her traipse off up to Boston to waste her time keepin' somebody else's books for 'em is more'n I can see."

"Why, how you talk, Simeon! I didn't let her go any more than you did. She wanted to go. Emily's an ambitious girl, and she didn't want to spend her life in East Trumet. She wanted to get on in the world, and I don't blame her."

"Get on!" scornfully. "And how far has she got? Workin' in a little one-horse shop down to Gloucester. I know that store. 'Bout as big as the kitchen out yonder. If she was in Bradley and Company's main place up on Commercial Street in Boston she might have a chance to get somewhere, but that Gloucester branch—bah! Besides, as nice-lookin' and smart a girl as our Emmie ain't goin' to be anybody's bookkeeper for long. She'll get married, of course. If she don't the young fellows are a darn sight dumber than they was in my time."

Desire thought she saw an opportunity. "Humph!" she observed. "If gettin' married is a sign of smartness, I don't see where you come in. You've been a bachelor all your life."

Simeon regarded her

solemnly over the rim of his teacup. "Now, Dizzy!"

"Don't call me Dizzy. I've asked you a million times."

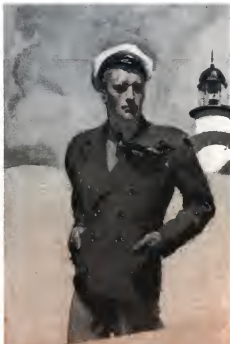
"Sorry, Desire Huld, I should say."

"Never mind the Hilda. Plain Desire's enough."

"But I couldn't call you 'plain' Desire—not and speak the truth, I couldn't. You're a wonderful well-preserved woman for your age. Yes, indeed."

"My age! Anybody'd think I was Mrs. Methusalem, to hear you. Oh, do be still."

"Aye, aye, skipper. But I can't let you find fault with me because I ain't married. Besides, how do you know I ain't? I've been around considerable in my time."



"If I thought a person like Captain Chet Brewster could come between us—" Bradford began angrily, but stopped short as Chet himself appeared over the dune.

## Joseph C. Lincoln

How do you know there ain't a Mrs. Sim Coleman up in—er—Greenland or somewhere cryin' her eyes out this minute? And another one in—er—Novy Scotia, say! And three or four more scattered round hither and yon? I might be a reg'lar — what's-his-name? — Brigham Young and forgot to mention it."

"I shouldn't be surprised if you was, far's that goes. I don't know where you've been or what you've been up to all those years."

"No, no-o. That's right, so you don't; but think of the fun you have guessin'. There, there, old lady, I ain't ever married, you can bet on that. I've seen too many sailors get married and be sorry for it afterwards to take a chance on

my own account. Ho, ho! Why, I remember one time up in—" He paused and passed his cup for a refilling.

Desire poured the tea and, as he did not finish his sentence, offered a reminder. "Well, what?" she asked. "Up in where?"

He sighed. "Never mind, never mind. We won't fetch that up. It's too sorrowful. Don't press me, don't press me, as old Cap'n Reilly used to say when he was reachin' for the whisky bottle. Who started this marryin' foolishness, anyway?"

"Nobody but you. You was talkin' about Emily, and you said—"

"Yes—yes. Of course. What I said was that Emmie ought to be down here this

summer helpin' you instead of wastin' her time up in Gloucester."

Desire drew a long breath. "Well," she admitted, "I own up I'd give 'most anything to have her here, but I shan't be the one to coax her."

"Humph! Heard from her lately, have you?"

"I had a letter about three weeks ago."

"Didn't say she was comin' home, did she? No, she wouldn't. Three weeks ago would be too early."

She gazed at him. There was suspicion in her look. "Now, what do you mean by that, Sim Coleman?" she demanded. "Have you—"

He interrupted her by rising from the table. "Where (Continued on page 152)



McClelland Barclay

*Four million crooks cost us fifteen billions a year, says J. Edgar Hoover—and what do we do when we catch them? We just turn them loose to kill and steal again!*

International

Wide World

# The Menace

**S**HOT IN the back by one paroled convict while arresting another.

That is the final saddening entry in the service record of W. W. Baker, latest special agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation to die in the line of duty. The latest, it should be added, up to the time this article was written.

No man can tell when he may fall to a criminal rat's gun, fired without warning, usually from behind.

In sex crimes, robberies, murders, thefts and virtually every other form of illegal activity, the tragic results of mismanagement and abuse of parole are adding to the burdens of the taxpayer. Crime is costly, and it is not just the gaudy, widely publicized gangster or racketeer who hits every home in this country.

Who ever heard of John Florenza, the cabinetmaker's helper, until he assaulted and murdered Mrs. Nancy Titterton in her own apartment? Florenza tried to use as an alibi the statement that he had reported to his probation officer at the time of the murder.

Who ever heard of Robert Suhay or Glenn John Applegate until April sixteenth of this year, when Suhay shot down Special Agent Baker at Topeka, Kansas, as he attempted to arrest Applegate for the robbery of a bank at Katonah, New York?

Suhay, who shot Agent Baker in the back, was only twenty-four years old, but he was already qualified for high crime and had been reporting to his parole officer in New York up to the time of the Katonah robbery.

Applegate, apparently Suhay's idea of a great man, had taught him by precept and example to have contempt for parole. And here is how:

On October 16, 1930, Applegate was arrested in New York City under the alias of Gerald Lewis, charged with assault and robbery with a gun. On a plea of

guilty he was sent to Sing Sing on a five-to-ten-year sentence, but was transferred to Great Meadows Prison at Comstock, New York, whereupon he began to scheme.

He knew that criminal aliens are customarily paroled if deportation to their native countries can be arranged. He remembered an English underworld character in New York by the name of Alfred Power and assumed the latter's identity at Great Meadows. Gradually he developed an English accent. From English prisoners he learned details of Liverpool, and of Saint George's Industrial School in London, in which Power had been confined.

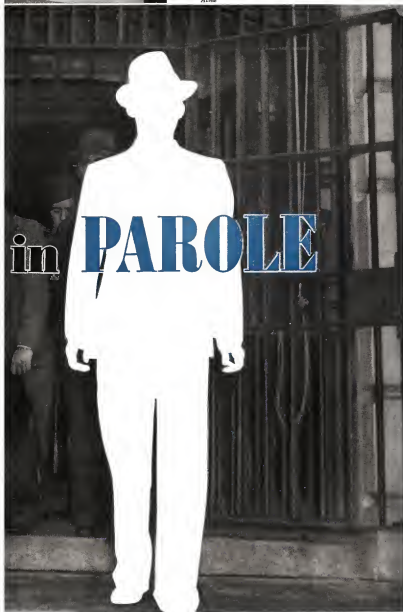
And so, in the fall of 1936, he came up for parole. He convinced the parole board that he was Power, and the upshot was that he arrived at London as a deportee from the United States about November twentieth.

Less than a month later he stole the pay vouchers of an English sailor and worked his passage back to the United States, jumping ship at New York to take up his career with Suhay.

Now, this is the most curious thing of all. When his fingerprints were taken at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, after his arrest there for Baker's murder, so far as anybody knew the prisoner was Alfred Power, a criminal alien illegally present in the United States.

But those prints were checked against the seven million-odd prints on file with the Federal Bureau of Investigation and

Wide World.  
Martin Munhac



in

# PAROLE

by

**J. Edgar Hoover**

*Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation,  
U. S. Department of Justice*

**AS TOLD TO**

**Frank C. Waldrop**

Out of prison after serving a fraction of their sentence, into further crime, arrest and return to prison—that is the record of thousands of criminals released by corrupt and mismanaged parole systems.

made his fraudulent plea.

Now, none of these criminals I have been discussing was of any consequence in the underworld's Who's Who. They were just the sort of run-of-mill graduates of our penal system whose contempt for the law might easily lead them to shoot you tonight for your watch. The cost of arresting them, convicting them, imprisoning them, paroling them and repairing their damages, if that is ever possible, runs into astronomical figures yearly.

I hope it will not be forgotten that I am a friend of parole. Every person sentenced to prison for less than life must come out sometime, and it is obvious that everybody gains if he can be released from the distorting influences of the cell block and set to useful work as soon as possible. But while that standard argument of unreserved parole enthusiasts looks fine in the abstract, it

we found "Alfred Power" was Glenn John Applegate of Temperance, Michigan; that he had been arrested for grand larceny in Toledo, Ohio, on May 14, 1924, and was wanted in Philadelphia County, Pennsylvania, for robbery.

Applegate says that his fingerprints were not checked in New York when he was brought up by the parole board for deportation. Had they been, obviously he could not have

somehow fails to convince alongside the concrete evidence of the way parole is administered today.

Take the case of Rufe Persful. Rufe is one of this country's most ardent advocates of parole, and one can well understand why. The generosity of his native state of Arkansas has allowed him to kill five persons and wound six in the course of four paroles.

Just now Rufe is on Alcatraz Island on a Federal kidnapping charge, and the prospects of a fifth exercise of clemency are indeed (Continued on page 135)



**A COSMOPOLITAN NOVELETTE**



**The**

*by* **Rita Weiman**

ILLUSTRATED BY ARMANDO SEGUSO

"Sorry," Phil muttered to Elaine, as Cliff sprawled at her guests' feet. "It was stupid of me to lose my temper."

*How often have you wondered about the "folks next door"? In this dramatic novelette, tragedy, mystery and love all come to one man because of a woman on the other side of the wall*

**T**HE BUILDING is tall, its top set back from its body, rather like a giant with head and neck tapering from thick, square shoulders. There is nothing unique in its appearance. It has the same smooth, cream facade, the same rows of small-paned windows, the same formal entrance, the same puppet doorman, as innumerable other apartment houses that line both sides of the immaculate avenue. Stone gods, they seem to be, regimented in perfect uniformity.

The foyer of this particular building is marble-walled. Your eyes meet the soothing green of growing plants. An attendant takes your name, announces you, and, if an acceptable visitor, you are directed to the particular elevator that whisks you upward and lets you out in a small oblong of hall at either end of which is a door.

The architecture of the house admits of no beehive contact among its tenants. There is no feeling of being tucked into a hole in the wall with a dozen other holes ranged side by side. The passenger service is divided into three sections—south, west and east—and each elevator serves two flats exclusively on each floor.

Obviously from furniture pushed about with complete disregard for the shining hardwood surface.

In the kitchen the linoleum was partly ripped up. Around steam and water pipes was insect powder; yet ants infested the sink, roaches scamped in every direction. A stale odor of food still sifted from the greasy stove. Another odor—the fumes of whisky and gin—rolled out from the pantry like ether from a sick-room.

In the smaller of the two master bedrooms, the impression of little hands marked the wallpaper where the cow jumped over the moon, and Bopeep, Puss in Boots, Jack and Jill, Mother Goose, Red Ridinghood and Boy Blue scampers in faded gaiety.

The pink paper of the large bedroom was streaked and welked as from liquid splashed over it. The crystal chandelier, half of whose pendants were broken or missing, had no sparkle. The side brackets were fogged with dirt.

The real estate agent pulled off the rose-taffeta fluting that still draped the radiator cover. It fell to pieces in his hands, and from behind the radiator a

seemed that her surroundings must reflect her twinkling joy of life.

Quite a few years older, the groom was handsome in a smooth symmetrical way. His clothes fitted snugly to a perfect figure. There was a cold, clean distinction about his appearance, as though he might have been cut out of an advertisement of What the Well-Dressed Man Is Wearing and pasted against the sundial on which he leaned. His sleepy-lidded eyes wrapped their gaze around his bride. Crisp blond hair was brushed back smoothly. His slight smile under a clipped mustache exhibited even white teeth. He looked to be in his early thirties but it was difficult to guess his age.

The real estate agent gazed at the photograph a long time, then shook his head a bit sadly. The picture had been taken seven years before. Seven years is said to be a cycle in human life. A lot can happen in such a cycle. Evidently a lot had happened here of which he knew nothing except the finale.

He would have liked to ring the bell across the hall and casually make some excuse to talk to Mrs. Chester. But he

## FLAT Next Door

Instinctively you know that the people resident within these walls have been carefully investigated socially and financially before being granted leases. No one living here need look askance at his neighbor. It is all exceedingly well-bred, well-conducted and surveyed with the Argus eye of a selected staff.

On a certain August day of the past year, workmen were hurried into a flat on the ninth floor in the south section. Although the lease would not expire until October, the tenant had paid the rent in full and moved to a hotel. The young man from the real estate office, calling to take a look at the vacated premises, had been shocked beyond belief. Never would he have believed that within the smooth shell of this building an apartment could bear such an appearance of ill-use.

Dust lay thick on woodwork and walls. Patches of plaster had broken away. Furrows zigzagged across the floors,

dusty photograph dropped on the floor. Gingerly he picked it up. Across the back was scrawled, "Cliff and Elaine—the day of days, May 31, 1929."

Being new on the job, he had no acquaintance with the Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Farnham who had lived here. Yet from the condition of the place, he gathered the sort of people they were. Really, it was deplorable. And nice Mrs. Chester across the hall, who must certainly have found such neighbors distasteful, had never uttered a word of complaint.

He turned over the photograph, totally unprepared for the face that smiled from a film of tulle. Never had he seen anything lovelier. It was as though the girl were suffused with sunlight filtering through the tree branches that formed her background. Eyes, lips, hair curling from the veil, gave forth radiance. Impossible to reconcile this girl with the gloomy disintegration of the flat. It

resisted the impulse. Mrs. Chester was a charming gentleness with a genius for minding her own business. If she knew anything about the Farnhams, it was a story she would keep to herself . . .

I, Linda Chester, forty and a widow, whose life has been so sheltered from childhood, suddenly have to render a momentous decision that will make or break the lives of other people.

My husband, who died ten years ago, was an eminent jurist. Often we talked over cases that passed through his court. I must try now to imagine him beside me, giving me the benefit of his wisdom, sanity and judgment. As though I might hear his voice, I must turn to him for guidance. With all the documents in this strange case before me, I must constitute myself judge and jury. Through none of my own seeking, inexorably I find myself like Justice with scales in my hand.

## The Flat Next Door

Letters and newspapers, added to my vivid memories, tell a story of which all the details—save those contained in a small, locked, gray-leather volume—are known to nobody in this world except myself.

For me, the flat next door is peopled with ghosts; not ghosts of human beings but of events that trail their hideous garments in thoughts one does not dare to speak. I shall write them down to clear my mind of their horror, perhaps to dismiss forever the suspicion that lurks there. I shall put them on paper, then destroy what I have written as one washes away the murk of fog and dirt from a windowpane in order to clarify one's vision.

Seven years that seem as many centuries have passed since the Farnhams moved in and Nellie, my maid, told me the lady next door wanted to borrow some household utensils.

I went into the hall and saw a girl with hands in the pockets of a flowered bungalow apron, looking like a child in a pinafore. She was so utterly young that for a moment I stared without thinking to invite her in. Little and delicately made, she had an unruly mass of shining auburn curls that made her sensitive face seem smaller than it actually was. Her eyes, the blue of clear water, were black-lashed. Her skin was creamy.

"My name is Elaine Farnham." Her smile brought a faint dimple to one corner of her mouth. "And this is a bad introduction. You'll put me down as a neighborly pest who has everything except the practical things she ought to have."

I said I'd be glad to help her get settled. She went on to explain:

"I really did tell Marcia to buy whatever she needed, but she's made up her mind not to like New York shops. Nothing suited her." She laughed and indicated the open door of her apartment, through which rolled the sonorous voice of a Negro. "Marcia is the big black person who's bossed me all my life and just now is taking it out on the furniture men."

"Why ain't you bring dat stuff yesterday?" I heard. "Now you-all ruin' mah new carpet."

Within a few days I discovered that to Marcia everything in the place was hers, including little Mrs. Farnham. Marcia made me think of a brooding black beast. The pad-pad of felt slippers which she always wore had the sound of an animal's paws. Her large body moved with strange jungle agility. When she opened the door her bulk spread across the doorway, a protective sentinel.

There was something quiet and fateful about Marcia, something that rendered her broad face expressionless until her eyes leaped at you. They were eyes with the frightening quality of a jaguar's peering through underbrush. They were eyes constantly on the defensive. Only when they rested on her mistress did their sharp penetration soften to something approaching tenderness.

Elaine Farnham explained that first day, "She's heartbroken at leaving the South. You see, she's been a Jennings—

that's my family—standby ever since I can remember. My father died when I was little and Mother five years ago."

"How do you like us here?" I asked.

"Oh, I'd be happy anywhere with Cliff."

Her husband's name left her lips lingeringly, as though they kissed it in passing.

When I saw Clifford Farnham I understood his attraction, not only for the girl he had made his wife but for almost any woman. His immediate charm rested in the way he addressed you, quite as though no other person were in the room. He singled you out with a sort of tender intimacy.

Later, I found out he was a customers' man for Camden and Heathcote, one of the lesser Wall Street brokerage firms. In contrast to Elaine Farnham's frankness, I never learned more from her husband than the fact that he was a Californian by birth. He and Elaine had met on a world cruise and been married immediately after their return.

His friends belonged to the set who like to do a round of cocktail parties. They used to drop in late almost every afternoon, men groomed to a nicety like himself, women with strident voices and sharp features.

The hard brilliance of these women bewildered Elaine. At the frequent cocktail parties I noticed their attitude toward Cliff Farnham's wife. They neither patronized nor snubbed her; they simply ignored her existence. Men, on the other hand, swarmed toward her fresh young beauty. Discovering after a time that she was terribly in love with Cliff, they lost interest.

For several years Elaine kept pace with her husband. Every night the flat would go dark after their guests left. Then she had to stop going out. Cliff went without her.

Except for the theater and concerts or an occasional small dinner party, I am not a socially active person. I love my home and books and the cheer of a log fire. So I fell into the habit of having Elaine in on evenings when I heard their door slam. I'd never had a child of my own and there was something wistfully appealing about this girl so alone in the midst of the crowd with which her husband surrounded her.

She covered his absence night after night with, "Of course he'd stay at home if I asked him to, but why should I? I'm not such good company right now, and he loves people to be gay."

Her visits kept up until my only brother, Philip, who is a civil engineer, returned from South America after an absence of three years. When she stopped coming, I knew it was because she preferred not to meet strangers. But I was sorry. I had a sure sense that Phil could have diverted her in his quiet way.

Phil was then twenty-eight, with a boyish face that had pencil-thin white lines of laughter where the sun had failed to penetrate. The rest of his skin was a deep, warm brown. Even his rough, dark hair was sunburned. He had broad shoulders, stooping a bit, and nice gray eyes. His curious absent manner of looking past a person often gave those who did not know him an impression of rudeness. But this was due to the fact that

his work took him into strange remote parts of the world and his hearing was more uncannily acute than his sight. A whisper in an adjoining room reached him distinctly.

About midnight a few days after his return, he was reading by the fireplace when suddenly he looked over his book, "New folks next door?"

"They moved in just after you left."

"Does he make a habit of abusing his wife when he's tight?"

"What do you mean, abusing his wife?"

"Well"—Phil shrugged—"depends on geography. Now where I've been building bridges, when a man gets plastered—"

"Don't be silly!" I cried. "The Farnhams are devoted."

"H'm," Phil observed and gazed blankly at the wall separating our living rooms. "Must be a special New York brand of devotion. Or are those just pet names?"

I listened a full minute before the man's voice talking rapidly came through the wall. Like a telegraph operator, Phil clicked off what he was saying.

"That's outrageous!" I was on my feet. "We ought to do something."

"Best thing we can do is mind our own business."

"But you don't understand. His wife is a darling and—"

"Maybe she likes it. Lots of them do."

Phil chuckled, and his impersonal amusement infuriated me. Of course he was right about not interfering, but the shock kept me awake most of the night. I kept asking myself how often the girl I had come to love had to face this kind of thing. She had never even given me a hint of it.

The night Elaine's baby was born, Cliff Farnham could not be located. Marcia and I took her to the hospital and waited during the long hours. Marcia sat, an immobile black bulk, voicing not a word. Farnham stumbled in at four a.m., just after they brought Elaine from the delivery room. He was staggering-drunk.

Marcia got him out of the place and into a taxi before he knew what struck him. That same afternoon he was back again, bending over his wife's bed, immaculate with the oversmooth, slightly pasty appearance achieved by an expert masseur.

"Darling," he murmured, "they wouldn't let me see you. I've been here all night, ever since I got Doctor Glerston's message. From the way I paced the floor, you'd have thought I was having the baby."

Bending tenderly over her, he gave her his irresistible smile. She touched the top of a crown of yellow fuzz in the curve of her arm.

"Allow me to present to you Miss Nancy Farnham," she announced.

I turned from the baby and her mother, from Cliff Farnham kissing them. The thought that those two belonged to him hurt in a way that made my heart contract.

Marcia was waiting just outside the door. "He behaving himself?"

"He's all right."

"H'm," she rumbled. "Ah dumped him in a ice-cold bath."

"Marcia," I asked, "does it happen often, his going on benders like this?"



"Often enough, ma'am. Next day he jes' go down on his knees an' cry lak a baby an' promise never to do it again."

"And does she always forgive him?"

Marcia's jaguar eyes glared. Then tears came to them. "She love him lak a fool."

Cliff Farnham managed not to miss a day at the hospital. Promptly at three-thirty he appeared, smiling, gracious, with a wealth of fresh flowers and words of endearment.

The day he brought his wife home, Phil and I were on our way out as Farnham helped Elaine from their car. I recall as though it had been yesterday how she looked. Against the dark fur collar, her hair in short curls under a blue beret glistened. I had the curious impression of a blue flame behind her eyes.

I introduced Phil. My brother made a brave attempt to wax enthusiastic over the baby.

"Oh, she's not much more exciting than a sack of potatoes to a man," laughed Elaine. "But I can see all sorts of indications that she's going to be Miss America of Nineteen-fifty."

Phil said he hadn't a doubt in the world and kept his gaze on the baby's mother.

When he turned to Cliff, I noticed a  
(Cont. on page 125)

In the shadow of the Taj Mahal Elaine asked no questions of Cliff or of herself. She wanted only to hold forever the romance he brought her.

Below: The wedding of the Duke of Kent and Princess Marine of Greece. Right: The Russian Imperial Wedding Crown, worn by Romanoff brides, in which are 200 diamonds.

# Mid



Standing: The Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales; Princess Eugenie of Greece; the Duke and Duchess of Kent; Grand Duchess Kira of Russia; King George VI, then Duke of York. Seated: Lady Mary Cambridge and Princess Elizabeth.

*The newsreels, the press and the radio have given us royalty on parade . . . but in this, probably the most intimate account ever written by one of them, you can actually see them for the first time as they see themselves*

**MY FATHER** was King George I of Greece, born Prince William of Denmark, brother of Queen Alexandra of England, and brought to Athens in 1863 to found a new Greek dynasty. My mother was the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine and granddaughter of Czar Nicholas I.

I was born at Pavlovsk, my grandfather's house in Russia, in an immense and rather drafty salon that had been

# Pleasures and Palaces



The Royal Palace at Athens; Prince Christopher of Greece and his first wife, the late Princess Anastasia (formerly Mrs. W. B. Leeds).

Brown Bros., Lionel Green, Artists

## THE MEMOIRS OF Prince Christopher of Greece

converted into a bedroom for my mother. My first years were spent in the palace at Athens, a gaunt structure of stuccoed white marble, built about 1850 by my father's predecessor, King Otto. It was hideous, like a huge cardboard box, but set as it was on a hill dominating the city, it had a certain majesty.

Judged by modern standards, it was excessively uncomfortable. There was only one bathroom in the whole palace, and no one had ever been known to take a bath in it for the simple reason that the taps would scarcely ever run; so every morning tin tubs with spouts were brought in, and in these my brothers and I had to take cold plunges. I used to lie in my warm bed awaiting my turn, inwardly registering a vow that if I were a king I would abolish bathing in my country.

But despite its shortcomings the palace in Athens was a wonderful place to me then. In itself, it would have been a joy to any child. The long dim galleries and unused rooms made endless appeal to

the imagination. The vast entrance hall with its massive stone pillars and the grand staircase—used only on state occasions—were ideal for hide and seek.

Then the delight of bicycling on wet afternoons through the enormous ball-rooms that ran the whole length of the palace! My father, although habitually strict enough to keep us all in awe of him, was the best of playfellows and could generally be persuaded to lead the procession, winding in and out among the pillars, and after him would come the whole family in order of seniority, I bringing up the rear on my tricycle. We would start off in stately fashion, and then get going faster and faster, until as often as not we smashed into one another and came to earth in a tangled heap, shrieking with laughter.

My first years were uneventful enough, for I was not a strikingly original child. Being the youngest of a family of eight is not conducive to a sense of self-importance, and any display of temperament would have been sternly

discouraged by my brothers and sisters. I ate and slept, studied as much as I was obliged to, and spent most of the day playing with my brother Constantine's eldest son George (afterwards King George II of Greece), who was born two years later than I. We became firm friends, and in any dispute allied ourselves against the rest of the family.

No one could have had a simpler home life than ours. The rigid etiquette that made life a burden to most royal children of our generation was never enforced by my parents. We were not allowed to be conscious of our rank except through the responsibilities it entailed; and consequently it was not regarded by any of us as a matter for congratulation.

The presiding deity of my nursery was an Englishwoman, Mrs. Long, and she certainly had no illusions as to the privileges of royal birth. She believed in the good old maxim of implicit obedience to one's elders, and any insubordination was rewarded with a box on the ears.

Visits to Russia with my mother were



Below: The late King Christian IX and Queen Louise of Denmark, and the former royal palace at Copenhagen; Kaiser Wilhelm II as the ruler of Germany.

Louise Green,  
Cuber Service



my idea of perfect bliss. I used to lie awake for nights before, tasting in anticipation the delights ahead of me. I knew so well what they would be, and like all children, I appreciated them all the more because of it, for it is only as we grow older that we seek variety. There is perhaps something to be said for the time when repetition never wearies, and the story we have heard till we know it by heart is always the best.

The magnificent Imperial train which waited for us at Sevastopol was one of the thrills of the journey. With its thick

the house of my mother's father, the Grand Duke Constantine, and I would be clasped in grandmother's arms and told to "go and open the parcel you will find in your bedroom." That was a glorious moment, for although I had the tact not to mention it, I had been thinking of this particular parcel throughout the journey, wondering what I should find in it. Whatever it was, it was certain to be something I had wanted.

Grandmother was a very beautiful woman, even in her old age. She had been born a princess of Saxe-Altenburg,



Brown Bros.



Acme

Above: Czar Nicholas II of Russia, who bore an extraordinary physical resemblance to his cousin, King George V of England (right).

a royal house famous for its lovely women. She was especially proud of her small waist and tiny feet, and to make sure that they would not expand, she slept every night in tight corsets and shoes. At Christmas she had silver and ivory chance knives made in the shape of her foot, and these she gave as presents to friends and relations.

Grandmother spent long hours at her toilet, was always immaculate, with every hair in its place, and carried herself as erect as though she had a ramrod down her back.

No marriage was ever more truly one of love than that of my parents. My father was only twenty-two when, acting on the entreaties of his counselors, who urged the necessity of a queen for the country, he went to Russia to find a wife. Fifteen-year-old Grand Duchess Olga, still in the schoolroom, was not the one selected for him, but he met her by chance one day when visiting her parents, and from that moment his fate was sealed. A few months later they were married. The bride was such a child that she brought a whole family of dolls with her to her new country.

For the entry into Athens she wore a little dress in the Greek national colors of blue and white, and the crowds in the street shouted themselves hoarse in welcome. Her shy youth and beauty conquered their impressionable hearts that day, and through all the vicissitudes of our house, she at least never lost their love.

Our household was a Tower of Babel. My parents spoke German to each other and English to us children. We spoke Greek in the nursery and schoolroom. My French sister-in-law, born Princess Bonaparte; spoke French to everybody, and my brother Nicholas' wife, the Grand Duchess Helen, spoke Russian to my mother and English to the rest of the family. When our Danish and Russian relations visited us, conversation was



Right: Prince Christopher's parents, King George I of Greece, born a Danish prince, and Queen Olga, born a Russian grand duchess.



Brown  
Braz.



still more versatile. The only person who could talk with equal fluency all round was my mother's cousin, Princess Therese of Bavaria, who spoke twenty-two different languages perfectly.

Like all Russians, my mother found languages easy to learn. When she arrived in Greece she spoke neither Greek nor English, but in less than a year she had learned both. I must have inherited something of her facility, for I mastered English and Greek so easily that I could claim either as my native language. French and German I was taught by my tutor, and I picked up Italian through hearing my English nurse and Marianna, the Greek nursery maid, speaking it to each other. Russian came to me naturally on my visits to Russia.

The gift of tongues became an absolute necessity every summer when we all went to my father's old home in Denmark, for the entire family of uncles, aunts, cousins and relations by marriage used to gather there, and at least half a dozen different nationalities were represented.

My grandparents, King Christian and Queen Louise, loved nothing better than these reunions at one of their palaces, Bernstorff or Fredensborg, for then they could tyrannize affectionately over their six sons and daughters—middle-aged kings, queens and princes to the world, but to their parents still children, to be praised or scolded when occasion arose.

My father, who was not prone to accept advice, would listen with humility while grandfather aired his views on the government of Greece, and the Princess of Wales had to receive many a lecture from her mother on the subject of managing a husband.

Yet we, the thirty-six grandchildren who composed the younger generation, had no awe of Appa and Amama, as we called our grandparents. They delighted in spoiling us, after the way of grandparents the world over, and we knew it and bullied them until we got everything we wanted. My discovery that my father, hitherto as infallible as the

Deity, actually feared grandfather was a surprise not unminged with unholy pleasure. It demanded a complete readjustment of my philosophy.

Those weeks in Denmark were regarded by all of us as a glorious holiday. The grown-ups left the cares of state behind them; the children were released from the school-room. My grandfather encouraged us in our escapades and joined in them himself.

There was an elderly lady in waiting whom we loved to tease. She had a long and very red nose with an upturned tip which fascinated me. One evening I stared at it until inspiration came. Stealthily I shook out a little pepper into my hand and blew it gently in her direction. A second later she was convulsed with sneezing.

My cousin Princess Victoria of England had seen my maneuver, and we giggled until grandfather asked to be told the joke. In spite of my warning glance, Victoria told him; but instead of reprimanding me as I had expected, he burst out laughing. Then he took up his own container of cayenne and attempted the same experiment on the old lady, but he only succeeded in getting the pepper up his own nose. So there were the two of them, sneezing till they cried.

My grandmother died when I was very young, but I remember her, white-haired and angelic-looking, being wheeled round her rose garden in a Bath chair, holding a huge pair of shears in her hand. Her roses were her hobby, and the one deadly sin in her eyes was for any of us—except my sister Minnie—to gather them without her permission.

She was a gentle little woman who preferred to rule her own home rather than a kingdom. She could have reigned alone in Denmark, for the Crown descended to her, but instead, she gave it to her husband, Prince Christian of

Schleswig-Holstein. She thought much of anniversaries, remembered everyone's likes and dislikes in food, and presided with a beaming face at the luncheon table, helping us all to the main dishes.

We children loved the informality of these luncheons. There were no servants in the room, and everything was kept hot in chafing dishes on a side table. We got plates, knives and forks from a side table and then took what food we wanted from a bewildering assortment of dishes.

One of the things I liked best was a soup called *olebrod* which I have never had anywhere else. It was made of black bread and black beer boiled together, and you ate it out of a soup plate which you had previously lined with brown sugar. Over it you poured thick cream. Written down on paper, it sounds a strange concoction, but actually it was delicious. Another dish I was fond of was a Danish raspberry jelly with cream.

Dinner was a very formal affair, with the Master of the Household arranging the seating and everyone entering the great dining hall on the stroke of six-thirty, arm in arm in a stately procession. We all dispersed to our rooms afterwards, to meet again in the drawing-room at nine o'clock for tea and cakes and a session at loo, a curious old card game which had been played at the Danish Court for centuries.

I used to try to attach myself to my aunt Alix (wife of (Continued on p. 179)

# Love, Love, Love!

*When a man's business  
is writing about love,  
it seems unfair to have  
his vacation interrupted  
by the real thing*

THERE I was, about five miles off Nantucket Island and something like a thousand feet up, when the autogiro's motor started coughing like Camille.

I decided that maybe it would have been wiser of me to take a nice, safe boat. I considered that I shouldn't have bought the autogiro at all; that perhaps I had been hasty in trying to get away from it all in just this way; that maybe getting away from it all was something I was about to do only too well.

My mind was blank as far as all the things I had learned about flying went. The control board and I looked at each other with a wild surmise. I began to lose altitude rapidly.

In spots like that, your whole past is supposed to flash before you, isn't it? Only a little of mine did, though—the part which made me get that infernal autogiro in the first place.

Love did it. And not the way you think, either. I wasn't lovesick; I was sick to death of love, which is an entirely different thing. No one event made me get the giro; a whole lot of them



Anito's throw was a little short. I lost the clam and came up sputtering.



ganged up on me. I had worked all winter on my play, "Love Rushes In." I had been busy fourteen hours a day all spring in Hollywood, working on the script for my picture, "Love in the Alps." The writing of my magazine serial, "Love's Labor Won," had been sandwiched in between, somehow. And during the year I had twice been engaged to be married.

The first engagement broke up because my fiancée accused me of taking my romantic utterances and putting them in the play. The second, because the girl insisted that I had used a number of our romantic scenes for a series of radio shorts called "Love on the Air."

"And I suppose," she said, after having thrashed this out at great length, and in a loud voice, one night at the Heron Club, "that all this will just make dialogue for some new piece of trash!"

"Monologue," I said absently. I was counting the number of columnists who were straining their eardrums listening.

She looked at me with brief hatred and said, "Epilogue."

I had already rented a small house in Nantucket for the summer. It was to have been a quiet, restful retreat for my bride and me after our wedding. For the next month I tried to get someone to take it off my hands.

I didn't succeed. The only thing I succeeded in was persuading one columnist that it wasn't a good idea to refer to me in his column as John (Young Love) Leland.

He was surprised when I persuaded him. He had once stayed four rounds with the intercollegiate heavyweight champ. After I had picked him up, dusted him off and bought him a drink, he was tickled pink to find that I had lasted for nine with the same man.

I was, therefore, stuck with a place in Nantucket until October, at which time I was due back in Hollywood. Of course, I could have gone to Europe or to



## by Jack Goodman

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

"Well, there's been a hitch somewhere," I admitted.

She ignored that. "Jump in," she said, in such a matter-of-fact voice that anyone would have thought she spent her entire day plying back and forth from autogiro to autogiro. "We'll get a big boat with a block and tackle to get your diving outfit off that flat."

I climbed in and took a good look at her. It gave me quite a turn.

About two months before all this, one of my stories, "Love Disposes," had appeared in Anderson's Weekly. The magazine had illustrated it with a two-page spread of a blonde in a bathing suit whose impact on the reader was like one of those incendiary bombs, but pleasanter.

This girl in the sailboat, also in a bathing suit, might have posed for that picture herself if it hadn't been for the fact that she had red hair.

I must have been looking at her a little severely. In the first place, she reminded me of that illustration. In the second, I was peeved that the giro, which I had bought as a substitute for going into a monastery, should have plumped me into a sailboat with a personable young woman. It was too much like one of my own plots.

"Why are you frowning?" she said. "You didn't get hurt, did you?"

"Only my pride. I'm sorry I came so close. I must have given you a scare."

"I felt a little hunted," she admitted.

"I saw you were in trouble and that you were headed straight for me, so I came about. Then you changed your course, too, so that you were headed straight for me again."

I was about to say the giro showed good

Hawaii, but if I did I would meet a lot of people. And I didn't feel like meeting people.

I could have stayed in town and buried myself in my work (which is all my work is good for, according to critics of my first and last novel). But somehow the idea of writing a love story—that's the kind of thing I generally write, by the way—made my gorge rise, and I decided to do a few things I'd never done before. Learning to fly and buying the giro were two. Flying it to Nantucket to spend the summer alone was another.

All this raced through my mind as the giro's motor sputtered like a contradicted movie producer. Land was still a good three miles away, and I couldn't have been more than two hundred feet up, when I saw a little sailboat. I was headed right for it.

I managed to change my line of flight sufficiently to avoid it. That occupied my entire attention for a couple of seconds

because it was hard to manipulate the sixty or seventy thumbs I suddenly seemed to develop.

All I had been taught about the gadgets on the control board came back to me just in time to make a perfect landing—or what would have been a perfect landing if there had been any land.

As it was, my next move was aquatic. I felt myself sinking inexorably into the water until it was about up to my shoulders. Then the ship evidently settled on some mud, because I stopped sinking.

I must have looked pretty silly, for the girl in the sailboat, not seventy yards away, was smiling broadly.

It took her only a few seconds to get over to me. Being embarrassed, and unable to think of anything better to do, I tried thumbing a ride.

"I thought only hitchhikers did that," she said.

## Love, Love, Love!

judgment but checked myself quickly. That was the sort of remark I had resolved not to make all summer.

"It was my first time up alone," I said apologetically. "A man named Gordon has always kept his eye on me before. He sold me the giro. I've been worried about giving it a name, but from now on it's 'Gordon Setter.'"

She smiled. It was an annoying smile because it was the sort I always describe in my scripts with one of those ecstatic little anatomical paragraphs. You know the type. It goes something like:

Her just-right mouth parted, revealing dazzling white teeth. Her face looked as if a soft light had suddenly been switched on somewhere inside. It was the sort of smile which makes any right-thinking man breathe a little harder than is normal.

I know that's supposed to be the kind of stuff you see only in stories, but damn it, here was just that kind of smile! And there I was, affected by it just like one of my own juvenile leads. I sniffed at myself and eyed the girl aloofly.

My aloofness disappeared quickly, although I struggled to keep it. She was much too nice. On the trip back to the dock I found out that her name was Anita Craven, that she was spending the summer in Nantucket with her father, that her free-lance fashion drawing in the winter financed her summers and that she handled a sailboat as easily as I handle a knife and fork.

She didn't so much as flicker an eyelash when I told her my name was John Leland. Either she wasn't a reader of tabloids or she was too nice to point out that she knew all about the episode at the Hens Club.

I happened to mention something about Dartmouth, and she said, "Dartmouth? Is that your college?"

I said it was.

"It's Victor's, too. What year?"

"Twenty-four," I said. "And who's Victor?"

"My fiancé. That's his year, too."

I remembered only one Victor in my class. "Victor Standish?" I said.

"Yes."

"Oh," I said. Victor was the intercollegiate champ with whom I had stayed nine rounds. In an informal vote, Victor had been unanimously elected most unpopular man of his class. I decided not to mention that. "How nice," I said. "What is he doing now?"

"He is in oil heating."

"M-m-m-m," I said absently. "Heats oil, does he?"

I was thinking of the time when Victor had kept Dink Johnson staggering on his feet for ten rounds in one qualifying match at school, though he knew that Dink's girl was at the ringside.

Anita laughed. "No, silly," she said. "He sells oil heaters. He comes up from Boston to see me week ends. He'll be delighted to see an old classmate."

I decided that Victor's character must have mellowed a good deal. Otherwise he could never have gone and got himself engaged to such a grand girl.

The rest of the way in we talked sailing, a subject I have always wanted to know about but somehow never got around to. She brought the boat skillfully alongside a mooring and rowed me

ashore in a dinghy. She spent the next three hours with me helping to arrange for the salvaging of the giro and my baggage, which was still on it.

When I eventually landed in my cottage that night, I did a good deal of brooding. I didn't like the fact that several times I caught myself planning what to say over the telephone to Anita Craven that would get me a date with her quickest. That hadn't been my idea at all in coming to Nantucket.

I became peeved at myself. It was absurd that this girl should take up so much of my thoughts. I tried reading a book. I tried listening to the radio. It wasn't any use; I couldn't concentrate. I went out for a walk on the beach and came back hastily when I saw a vulgarly large moon drooling over half the ocean.

I had arrived on a Monday. Before the week end I was in love with Anita. And furthermore, it wasn't my fault.

After all, it was only polite of me, on Tuesday morning, to walk down the beach the few hundred yards to where she was lying in the sun. I don't know whether you are familiar with Tom Never's Head. It's in the Siasconnet part of Nantucket Island, and it is sparsely settled. We were the only people on the beach, so I could hardly ignore her.

Then, too, it was only decent of her to ask me to go sailing with her that afternoon and the next. And clammimg on Thursday, as a reward for letting her father beat me at casino.

Her father was a charming old man whose life, since the death of his wife nine years before, had consisted entirely in being affectionate to his daughter. Before retirement, he had been a professor of astronomy out West.

"He likes you," Anita said. She was waist-deep in Nantucket Bay at that moment, digging for clams in one of the bay's shallow spots. "He told me you asked him some really intelligent questions about variable stars. And variables are his—ooo! I've found something!"

She went under and came up with a clam which, judging from his size, had been living on beer and cream puffs.

"That's the biggest one I've ever seen!" she said. "Here!"

She tossed it at me, but her throw was short. I made a frantic grab and lost my balance. The clam tumbled into the muddy bottom at the same time I did.

I emerged sputtering. Then I shook my head gravely. "The act *still* ain't right, hon," I said. "We ain't got the timing right. We ain't got the precision."

She caught me up as if we had been talking that kind of nonsense together all our lives. "Gosh, Flash," she said, shaking her head sadly, "I'll never make the big-time grade. I give it all I got, but still it ain't got no class. You take that Palace booking by yourself, Flash. Me, I ain't Broadway material."

I suppose that is a pointless piece of horseplay. But from that moment on, I knew that Anita was going to be hard to stay away from.

We piled about a hundred clams into the boat before the end of the day, and while we were sailing in I began to get hungry. I decided to try a couple of clams.

"How do you open them?" I asked.

"Why, we can (Continued on page 148)

# Fly

by  
**Donald  
E.  
Keyhoe**

Former Aide to  
Col. Charles A. Lindbergh

Ground-school instruction in a model plane.



# YOUR OWN Plane —and Go Anywhere!



The Sportman Pilot,  
Widely World, Acme

A light cabin plane costs no more today than a medium-priced car. Right: New type autogiro, convertible into an automobile.

*Do you yearn to spread your wings—to taste adventure—to make a pass at danger? Then fly your own plane, for it is easy to learn, it is not expensive, and once you have your license the sky is yours!*



**Y**OU'D NEVER take Jim Thomas for a birdman. Most of the time you'd find him at his drugstore, in a sleepy little town down South. But smoldering somewhere within him was man's ageless longing for wings—a yearning that led him, one afternoon, out to the flying field. Not a word to anyone, but a student-pilot's license tucked in his pocket.

"How long will it take to teach me?" he asked a surprised pilot.

"Three to ten hours, spread over a week or two."

Doc shook his head. "Have to make it today, before my wife hears about it."

The pilot chuckled. "All right, doc; grab a helmet."

Off they went in a trainer for a dozen lessons crammed into one grueling afternoon. Take-offs and climbs, countless turns, glides and bumpy landings. Doc's

first touch of the stick was at two, but at six-nineteen he was flying high in the blue—alone!

Jim Thomas, from druggist to birdman in four hours and nineteen minutes! No headlines. Just another American sprouting wings to fly for the fun of it, as thousands are doing.

You, too, can learn to

fly! Anyone over sixteen, with good health and a moderate sum, can become a private pilot. Light planes with a three-hour fuel range and a cruising speed around seventy can be had today as low as \$1285, on installments. A serviceable plane cruising at a hundred miles an hour is within reach of anyone who can buy a medium-priced car.

Thousands of airports and landing fields, as well as the vast Federal airway system, offer their facilities to the private pilot. On week ends and holidays, pleasure spots formerly too remote are quickly accessible by plane.

The public has begun to realize all this. Several light-plane factories are going at full speed to keep up with the demand. In 1936, sixty-six percents of all domestic civil aircraft were of this type.

The Air Commerce Bureau is now testing several "foolproof" planes: one with a single control and three wheels for easy landing; a small autogiro with folding rotors, and a tailless plane, also three-wheeled. One model of the tailless ship has detachable wings and, like the giro, can be converted in two or three minutes from a plane to an automobile.

But even the present light planes are reasonably safe from accidental stalls and tailspins, and it is this type which

has raised the number of student and private pilots to more than forty thousand. In this growing flock are salesgirls and debutantes, matrons and businessmen, a millionaire's wife and a swing-band leader, divinity students and actors, soda jerkers, professors, policemen, college youths and coeds.

It is expected that two newly proposed Federal regulations will soon be adopted; they will stimulate private flying. One waives physical examination of student pilots until they are ready to solo. The other requires instructors to be specially qualified and licensed by the Bureau of Air Commerce.

Like many student pilots you may at first have no intention of becoming one, but some day you'll get the fever. Perhaps at an air show your eye will be caught by a trim little cabin monoplane.

Through its open door you glimpse two seats side by side. In front of one is the control stick. Farther in front are two pedals. The stick holds a fascination, and you reach in, cautiously move it. An alert, young salesman-pilot immediately pops up from nowhere.

"Hop in and try the controls," he urges. You have a strong suspicion that you should go quickly (Continued on p. 141)





# FIGHTER'S *W*ife

by Paul Gallico

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH TESAR

*When a ring champion starts slipping, the woman who loves him takes it over the heart*



Polo was battering Mickey beyond

**F**EBRUARY 19. I am going to quit my job on the paper and marry Mickey. I cannot help myself. I love him. I cannot help what people say. He will not always be a fighter. He will listen to me because he loves me. I cannot hold out against him any longer. I will not.

They will change when they see how good I am to him; how I will take care of him. Oakie loves him, too. Oakie loves him as though he were his son. Surely Oakie will learn to love me, too, then.

Mary Ellen Ryan, spinster. Mrs. Michael O'Brien. I will be Mickey's wife. I will share with him beauty and sorrow. I will bear his children. I will protect him. I will be at his side night and day because he has need of me.

Only I love him because he is Mickey, and my boy; to the world he is the middleweight champion. Hymie Soskin is good to him because he is his fighter. Hymie says he would not let Mickey be hurt. I wonder whether he is speaking the truth. I would never let Mickey be hurt. There is no agony I would not take to myself to spare Mickey a hurt.

I watched Jimmy Oak take care of Mickey once. Oakie is tender with him. Men have a tenderness, too. Oakie will be jealous of me. He has been Mickey's trainer so long. And yet I love Mickey more than anyone because I would die for him. Mickey promised Hymie he would not marry until he was the champion of the world. He is that now. Hymie will not stand in his way then.

Mickey begged me so today. He pressed

his dark, dear head to my breast and said, "Mary Ellen, do not let me go alone any more. I don't care for anything but you. Those are bad days when I am not with you."

I have loved Mickey ever since he moved onto our block seven years ago. Black hair, blue eyes, laughing mouth, and a man. Old Doc Riley says that it is dangerous to marry a fighter—that they are not like other men, and that they pay a great price for success. Mickey is not like other fighters. He is so gentle with me. I will make him stop in time.

I have never seen Mickey fight in the ring. The sport writers say that he is so clever and yet a killer. They say he has no mercy. The boy I held in my arms has mercy, and is good. He has kept himself clean. He has fought five years, and no one has ever been able to say a word against Mickey O'Brien.

I spoke to Father O'Hara about Mickey and his love for me, and told him that I was afraid of the things I had heard and read about the ring and what it did to men. It was Mickey who boxed so that Father O'Hara could have a new altar. I remember he sat fingering his pipe for a long while before he answered me.

He said, "Mary Ellen, do you love him?"

I said, "Father, I do. I—I—" I stopped because I could not find words,

but he knew from my trying that I did.

He looked down at his pipe and said, "Perhaps; perhaps. There is nothing that a redhaired Irish girl cannot do when she sets her mind to it, is there now?" He looked at me as though I would answer his question, but I did not understand. He added, "Marry the boy, Mary Ellen. Make him a fine wife. Take care of him. I know and love you both. Take him from the ring when you can." He looked at me and went on slowly, tapping his fingers with his pipe, "Soon."

Good-by, Mary Ellen Ryan. I pray to the dear Lord Jesus to bless me for the last time as I am and to make me strong, to give me sympathy and understanding and to abide with me. For when I open this book again, I shall be Mickey's wife.

FEBRUARY 23. Mickey and I were married today. Father O'Hara married us in the chapel of Our Blessed Lady. Hymie Soskin was Mickey's best man. Mickey



recognition. But Mickey's manager kept yelling, "Don't stop it, referee! He's all right. He's the champion. Don't stop it!"

was frightened, but I heard Hymie whisper to him, "Git in there and punch, kid. Ain't I always in back of ya?"

Oakie wasn't there, Mickey said. "He's a funny guy. Leave him alone. He'll come around."

I listened to Father O'Hara speak the ceremony, but I was looking for Oakie to come in, too. I knew that Mickey was hurt because Oakie wasn't there. I would have seen him, had he been there. He is large and moon-faced, with the small mouth of a baby, and he worships the ground that Mickey treads. Mickey kissed me and said, "You're mine now, Mary Ellen." Hymie kissed me and said, "I gotta get my cut, don't I?" Then he said to Mickey, "Okay, kid, you got a new manager now." Mickey pawed at him playfully and then suddenly lifted me high into the air with both hands at my waist and said, "You're mine, acushla, mine, mine, mine!" Father O'Hara gave us his blessing. Mickey and I went away to Florida.

On the train I was curled up with my feet under me and Mickey's arm around me. He was reading *Si* Gordon's sport column called "Working Press." I read along with him. There was one paragraph about Mickey. It said:

Well, Mickey O'Brien has married his little pink-haired Mary Ellen, and *Working Press* congratulates the greatest middleweight who ever drew on a mauling mitten. Love is a wonderful thing, and this column is all for it. Nevertheless, and just to keep the records straight, from now on, I will have to begin to pick against Mique when he goes to the post. I never knew a fighter who was much good after he got married. That walk down the aisle must do something to their legs.

I caught my breath and cried, "Oh, Mickey!" Mickey laughed and said, "Si thinks he knows a lot about boxing. He hasn't been right in ten years."

"Mickey, could it be true?" I asked.

My husband pulled my hair down over my eyes and kissed me and said, "Honey,

with you in my corner I can lick any twelve guys in the world on the same night. Don't pay any attention to that dope. Si's a bachelor. That's what's the matter with him. Darling, you don't know what I've got inside of me when I hold you this way. I've just got to bust somebody on the nose or explode. If you weren't two notches under a flyweight, I'd try to train down to your weight. You just watch me go the next time out."

Mickey is gentle with me, and I am so proud of him. His body is so beautiful. It is brown and strong, and his skin is as soft as silk. There is not a mark on him except a scar over his right eye. "It was a guy with a left hand as good as mine," Mickey explained.

Everybody knows Mickey and likes him. He is popular. Once a man came over to our table in the Florida Club. He had a battered face and a thick nose and twisted ears, and he spoke in a low, husky voice. Mickey introduced him as Italian Joe Rocco. Rocco slapped Mickey



Mickey, dressed in his old training outfit, was in the bam punching savagely at the heavy bag as though in preparation for a comeback.

on the back and said, "How's it, pal? I seen nearly all of your fights, pal. You're okay, pal. I'm trainin' for my comeback. I'm gonna make a comeback. Glad to see you, pal." He went away with a queer walk. He shambled.

"Poor guy," said Mickey. "He's punchy. He's been washed up for years. They all get that way when they don't quit in time." Mickey saw the look on my face. He put his hand on mine and said, "They'll not catch your Mike that way. When they start punching me around, I'll hang 'em up quick."

I said, "Mickey—oh, Mickey, would you? Would you?"

He said, "Darlin'," and took both my hands in his. He looked at me for a long while before he said, "Why not? I've got plenty of jack put away. Hymie and Oakie made me save it. We could buy a farm out in Jersey and raise chickens. I've always wanted to run a farm. Would it make you happy, kid, if I quit the racket?"

I could only say, "Oh, Mickey!" and then stop because of the tears in my eyes. I never dared dream that it could happen so quickly, so easily; that Mickey himself would suggest it. He leaned across the table and kissed my eyes. I asked him, "When, Mickey? When can we?"

He said, "I don't know, honey. Soon. Hymie's got a couple of overweight matches signed up out of town. We'll pick up a little easy dough, cash in on

the championship, and then——" He made a gesture of saying good-bye with his hand. "Is that all right?"

I tried to tell him with my eyes how much I loved him, how happy he had made me.

That night something strange happened.

I woke up hearing someone speak. There was light in the room from street lamps and from the moon. Mickey was sitting up in bed. His face was changed. There was something wrong with his mouth. He said, "Go on, ya bum, get out of here!"

I said, "Mickey! Mickey, what is the matter?"

He was looking at me, but there was nothing behind his eyes. He said, "Scram," and then he laughed. I shook him. He put his fingers through my hair. His eyes came alive. He said, "What's up, honey?"

I was shaking. I put my head on his shoulder and said, "You were talking, Mickey. You were strange."

He looked at me as though he did not believe me and said, "I must have been dreaming. Talking in my sleep, eh?" Then he took me in his arms and kissed me again and again. He made me forget. I can only remember it now.

MARCH 6. Yesterday I went to Bill Murray's camp at Orangetown. Mickey is there training for his tour. I did not tell him I was coming. I drove out in the

car Mickey had bought me. I found it easily because as I approached there were signs with arrows pointing tacked to trees. They read: "This way to Murray's camp. Sparring today. 3:00 P.M. Mickey O'Brien. Middleweight champion of the world." That was my husband.

I parked my car. There was an enclosure with a canvas fence around it. Men were going in through a small gate at which there was a ticket booth. When I reached it, the man inside stopped me.

He said, "One buck, sister." I told him, "I am Mrs. O'Brien."

He said, "Oh, yeah! Does Mickey know you're coming?"

I told him that he didn't. He said, "Wait'll I get somebody." He called out of the back of the booth, "Hey, Singletooth, c'mere! There's a dame here says she's Mickey's wife."

A man came to the gate. He grinned at me. He had only one tooth. He was the handy man around the camp. He said, "Yeah. Hello, Mrs. O'Brien. Wait a minute. I'll go get Hymie."

Hymie Soskin came and nodded to the man in the booth and said, "Okay, stupid. It's Mrs. O'Brien. Come in, Mary Ellen. Mickey's going on in about five minutes. Does he know you're here?" I told him that he didn't. He said, "C'mere. I'll get you a seat. We're working outdoors today."

We passed Oakie. He was standing by the ring putting vaseline on some big gloves. I smiled at him and nodded, but he did not smile back. He looked through me.

"He didn't see you," said Hymie, though I had said nothing. "He's putting some stuff on the gloves so nobody won't get cut. Ya be all right here?" He showed me a bench close to the ring and walked away. He passed a group of sparring partners sitting outside the ring and said something to them. I saw him nod toward me.

When he went on, they all looked over at me. Their faces were not friendly. Oakie had his back turned. No one came near me. I felt suddenly that they all hated me. They did not want me there.

Hymie did not come back. The man called Singletooth climbed into the ring and sprinkled some powdered rosin on the canvas from a box. He did not look at me.

Then a man came around the ring and stood before me. He was huge. He must have been four inches more than six feet. He was bulky but had a pleasant face. He wore a mustache. He said, "I'm Si Gordon, Mrs. O'Brien. May I sit next to you?" We shook hands, and he sat down. He asked, "This is the first time you've ever seen Mickey work?" I told him it was. He nodded, but said nothing.

I had an impulse. I could not help myself. I had (Continued on page 114)

*A story with a kick in it—*

*like that famous southern drink*



# Mint Julep

by

**Frank Richardson Pierce**

DRAWING BY ROBERT GELLERT

**MARTA VARNELL** called me on the telephone early Monday morning, and I could tell by her voice she was bursting with excitement. "Tommy Rand is back from some Oriental place," she said.

"Tommy Rand is always coming back from somewhere," I suggested, I have my own opinion of Tommy.

"But he has brought back those legendary matched pearls Dad wanted for his collection," she continued. "I think the natives call them Frozen Tears of a Virgin, or possibly it's the Tears of a Frozen Virgin. Anyway, Tommy had a perfectly thrilling time getting them. Come over tonight, sip one of Dad's mint juleps, and Tommy will tell us all about it."

"I'll do anything for one of your dad's juleps," I answered.

"Sometimes you aren't the nicest man in the world," she tartly suggested. "Most people think Tommy is grand."

Of course you have never enjoyed one of old Dan Varnell's juleps. But unless you have taken vows and retired to a monastery, you know something of Tommy Rand. He leaps at you from newsreels and short subjects. He pops out of Sunday magazines and cigaret advertisements. He is six feet two inches, weighs a couple of hundred pounds, and is broad-shouldered and with the right kind of teeth for a man who already has more than average good looks. Icy blasts from the arctic and tropic suns have seasoned his skin and given him a custom finish.

Sometimes he is pictured with the record sladang he killed in Indo-China. There is a background of jungle, fierce half-naked natives and a snake hanging from a tree. There is a rifle resting lightly on Tommy's custom-built arm. I think he is wearing a pith helmet, or maybe the helmet is in the picture of

Tommy and his record tiger. The cigaret people like the sladang picture because Tommy had a tough time of it and he is smoking to quiet his nerves.

It is positively not a picture of a man who has been dressed up, his hair brushed and a cigaret thrust between his fingers for the occasion.

The picture of Tommy followed by porters carrying the tusks of his record elephant is frequently published, too. And to round out the pictorial account of Tommy's triumphs, there is an early photograph of the record brown bear he killed on Kodiak Island. He is wearing a caribou-skin parka faced with wolverine fur. The hood is thrown back, and you can see it is Tommy, all right.

And now Tommy was all set to complete his bag by taking a record girl—Marta Varnell.

Marta called me again that afternoon to drop a word of warning. "The Newells, next door, are trading their daughter and several million dollars for an old established name," she said. "The wedding takes place at nine. There will be floodlights, newsreel cameras and crowds, so you'd better allow yourself plenty of time

to work through the traffic jam. I've asked Jim Trent to come along, of course."

The unthinkable Newells got on the right side of the market and had made so much in so brief a time one was inclined to look for mirrors and invisible wires.

On the way out, my heart bled for Jim Trent. He was in for an evening's beating. As a high-school junior he had fallen in love with Marta, a freshman. His fascination—and the number of his rivals—had grown with the years.

He had a youth's normal desire to distinguish himself in Marta's eyes, but there was little distinguishing done by the men in our class except Tommy Rand. At graduation he was voted the handsomest man in class, the man most likely to succeed and the most inspirational player on the football team. Jim Trent wasn't mentioned.

It was much the same at the university. Tommy occupied Marta's time, and when he was in training, or away with the team, Jim served as pinch hitter.

Tommy was already at the Varnells' when I arrived. He shook hands, asked me how things *(Continued on page 120)*

# A BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT

# V

# acation Land

U. S. Department  
of the Interior



**I**F YOU'RE still undecided where to go for that motor (or trailer) vacation this summer, why not head for America's believe-it-or-not vacation land—the great Southwest?

Get out your atlas and look at the region: the southern half of Utah and Colorado, and the states of Arizona and New Mexico just below. Here is a wonderland filled with marvelous things to see! Carlsbad Caverns, the White Sands, the ancient Indian "City of the Sky," Mesa Verde National Park, Rainbow Bridge, the Hopi Indian Reservation where you can see the famed snake dances, Boulder Dam and the remarkable lake it has created, the Petrified Forest—and, of course, Grand Canyon.

To reach most of these spots, you'll have to cross a certain amount of what used to be called the Great American Desert. But don't let that alarm you. The altitude is high, there's no humidity, the nights are cool; and today, comfortable tourist camps, and trailers equipped with icebox,

water tank, fans and so on, have pretty well tamed the desert. You'll enjoy it!

Last summer, about 250,000 persons visited southern New Mexico to see Carlsbad, White Sands and Lincoln National Forest (where there are hotels and camping grounds and plenty of comfortable cottages).

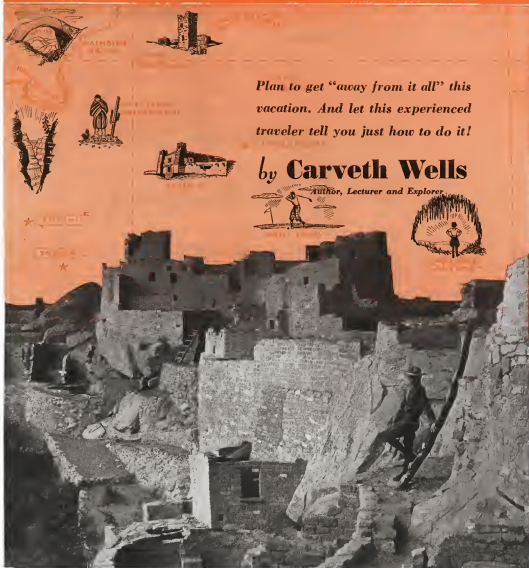
You'll agree that there is no sight in all America more amazing than Carlsbad Caverns, the greatest cave in the world. One of its many tremendous rooms is big enough to accommodate the entire population of Detroit! So gigantic are its stalactites and stalagmites (they took millions of years to form) that I felt like a midget beside them.

Did I promise you some believe-it-or-not? Well, you won't be disappointed. Go on one of the two parties conducted into the cave every morning by government rangers. Easy grades make the descent a simple affair. No matter what temperature it is outside, the cave is always at cool fifty-six degrees. When you reach the depths, you'll find a post office, a restaurant, and electric elevators that rise through 750 feet of solid rock to lift you to the surface!

You can get a drink of ice-cold water from a well that's in the ceiling of the restaurant, and can watch the water draw the water from the bottom of this topsy-turvy well! At five o'clock in the



Map drawn by George Annand



Above: Cliff Palace, Mesa Verde National Park, Colo. Left: The author in his trailer, and Rock of Ages, Carlsbad Caverns; N. M.

evening you'll see the amazing flight of the 3,000,000 bats that live in one section of the cave and emerge daily at this hour to feed. It is estimated that every night these creatures eat eleven and a half tons of insects which they capture in the air as they fly!

Plenty of parking space at the Caverns, or you can stay overnight in the near-by town of Carlsbad. At Carlsbad, which you can reach from east or west over U. S. Route 80, there's a bathing beach, with boating and fishing—in the desert!

As you drive through this country, you'll see thousands of cactus plants. Do you know why they have that protective armor of spikes? These plants are reservoirs of water, and the thorns keep

animals from eating them for the precious fluid they contain. Note how Nature has designed bushes and trees to prevent evaporation of their moisture: if the plant has leaves, they are tiny; many have no leaves at all; others coat theirs with shiny varnish.

Anyone at Carlsbad can direct you to the next wonderland—the White Sands of Alamogordo, easily reached over an excellent highway via the town of Roswell, New Mexico. Here you'll view a dazzling sea of pure white crystals of alabaster thirty miles long and nine miles wide—a fairland not duplicated anywhere else in the world. In this astonishing region, the animals are white, the lakes are red, and you play

golf with balls that are black! You can toboggan down the alabaster slopes as you would on snow.

Summer is the time to see America's beautiful Painted Desert in northern Arizona, which is visited by at least a million people every season on their way to those wonderfully colored spectacles of southern Utah, Zion National Park, Bryce Canyon and Cedar Breaks.

The Painted Desert is a land of mystery over which hovers that weird phantom, the mirage. You can chase imaginary lakes that move away as fast as you approach them, and perhaps will have the luck to see palm trees and cattle floating upside down in the sky.

In Utah, first (Continued on p. 119)



*Hope learned that there are more ways than one to make a girl come down off her high horse*

**F**ORTUNATELY, Hope Randall's grandfather was a man of discernment. He loved his charming granddaughter, but that she could be a handful of that commodity known as dynamite he had been well aware. And ever since her parents had been killed in a motor accident, he'd had no idea of leaving her alone in this world with five million dollars.

Which was why he selected the conservative old law firm of Tracy, Hawes and Tracy as trustees of his estate and delegated to them the power of authorizing all expenditures of Hope's above twenty thousand dollars a year until she was twenty-five. Then he departed for Valhalla, hoping for the best.

By the time Hope was twenty-two, Tracy, Hawes and Tracy had found that she could be one of the most difficult young women on earth at times. She had a limpid, low voice and one of those lovely oval guileless faces that could have represented the Spirit of Innocence, but she shot from the hip.

She had a yen for a deserted light-house on the Massachusetts coast as an ideal spot for original week-end house parties and battled Tracy, Hawes and Tracy until they paid for it. She bought an island off the Florida Keys to establish a bird sanctuary; financed the defense trial of a woman notorious for having rid herself of a brutal spouse—via a 38.

But when she announced her intention of buying a string of twenty-six polo ponies and establishing a stable, that was the straw that snapped old Mr. Tracy's patience. He had weightier affairs on his mind, and he took the whole problem that was Hope Randall and presented it to his son, who had just returned, sunburnt and fit, from the polo matches in Aiken.

"You can worry with this for a while, Dyke," he said. "From now on, her ideas, impulses and expenditures are your responsibility. You and she have a common ground in this polo business. She wants to buy twenty-six ponies."

"Huh?" said Dyke. "Twenty-six—whew! That makes my eleven look like plikers."

Which was certainly saying something, because Dyke was no piker in the saddle. He had an eight-goal rating from the United States Polo Association, had been on one Open championship team and in the finals a couple of other times, and had ridden at Number Two for the American internationalists in the Argentine; a tall, hard-hitting young man who could swing a mallet from the back of a

# Ten-Goal Lady

by **David Garth**

*Author of "Four Men and a Prayer"*

ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. JACKSON

riding horse with power and accuracy.

"I don't know what she wants with all those ponies," his father admitted, "but see if you can't argue her out of it."

Dyke looked thoughtful. The last thing he wanted was any part of the activities of Hope Randall, who was, in his opinion, a little crazy. But after all, he was a junior partner in the firm of Tracy, Hawes and Tracy, and Hope was a caring care of Tracy, Hawes and Tracy for the next few years.

"All right," he sighed. "I'll do my best. She's an awful nuisance, but a trust is a holy thing."

"Remember, Dyke," counseled his father, "she is really very young. Diplomacy and a measure of firmness are all that is required."

Dyke nodded. "I know to what part of that babe firmness should be applied," he commented. "She'd do no riding for a while!"

The obstreperous Miss Randall lived on Long Island in a rambling white house with sloping roof and stone chimneys surrounded by a wide circular drive that led from the road through an avenue of old elms. Dyke dropped in the next afternoon on his way to the near-by

Hope, riding at Number One on the practice team, was playing magnificent polo.

West Farms Polo Club. He drove in under the porte-cochere and stopped behind a long blue roadster from beneath which there extended a pair of sports oxfords and slim ankles.

Dyke regarded them uncertainly. "Hey!" he said. "Is that you, Hope?"

To his amazement, it was. She crawled out from under, an astonishing Hope Randall in slacks and sweat shirt, with a purple bandanna around her curling honey-colored hair. She had a wrench in one hand and a pair of pliers in the other, and a smudge across her straight short nose.

"Oh, hello, Dyke," she said.

Dyke got out of his car and walked



over. "What the dickens are you doing?" "A little repair job. Love to tinker around with engines."

Dyke sat down on the running board and regarded her with interest. She seemed a capable-looking mechanic, what with wrenches and pliers and smudges and things.

He had to admit that Hope was an attractive person. Her face was as exquisitely cut as a cameo, and her eyes were a wide appealing dark blue.

She took off a pair of disreputable-looking cotton gloves and sat down on a step of the porte-cochere. "Well, Dyke," she said, "how have you been and what's on the good old mind?"

"I thought I'd drop around and tell you that if you ever want money to finance a revolution in Timbuku or grow coconuts in Labrador you'll have to see yours truly. From now on I'm the guy who countersigns all your checks."

"How nice!" Hope approved. "Your father is a wonderful man and I like him tremendously, but he and his partners could make things difficult at times."

Dyke nearly choked on that one. He cleared his throat. "Don't you get the idea that I'm a pushover, my child. For example—how about these twenty-six polo ponies?"

"I'm buying out Steve Galen's stable," Hope said. "Getting a reduced price

because I'm taking his whole stock. There are some doubtful ones among them that I can't risk passing up. One in particular. Marvelous animal, though Steve says he's hard to handle. I'm going to call him 'Krakatoa.'"

"You're going in for polo in a big way, aren't you?" asked Dyke.

"Oh, I've already played a good deal," she informed him. "Out on the Coast last winter. Wonderful game, isn't it? I love everything about it, Dyke—the sound of horses' hoofs, the creak of leather, the crack of the mallet."

Dyke began to see difficulties ahead, and it didn't make things any easier that he felt as she did about polo.



Dyke Tracy—hard-riding American Internationalist.

"But," he protested, "twenty-six! What in thunder do you want that many for?"

Miss Randall shrugged. "Maybe one for every letter in the alphabet. Save the wear and tear on names."

"Really? Well, look here, Hopeful One. Twenty-six ponies is out of the question. It's foolish to have so many, especially when you're new to the game."

Hope's eyes seemed to become a shade darker. "That mid-Victorian brownstone monument of a law firm of yours," she said ominously, "is a constant thorn in my side. I don't want any trouble with you, Dyke."

"I don't want any trouble with you, either," he said. "But here's one time when you're not going to get your own way. You get those ponies over my dead body!"

Hope looked at Dyke through her long dark lashes as though getting what she wanted over his dead body would be cheap at double the price. "I'll get them," she promised—"all twenty-six of them. And one of these days I'm going to play against you in a game and ride circles around you."

"THAT'S another time when you won't get your own way," said Dyke. "Ranking polo teams can't be crashed by any woman, whether she has money or not. Any time you ride against West Farms, I'll admit that you have more than a big bank account and a spoiled disposition."

Maybe, he reflected, that wouldn't come under the heading of diplomacy, but there wasn't any sense nursing her along. A pitched battle had to come sometime—it might as well be now.

"The lad who fired the first gun at Fort Sumter started something, too," Hope said.

He grinned. "So they say," he agreed. "I'm scared to death. Tell you what I'll do, Hope. If you want to pick three ponies out of that string and I see you're paying a fair price for them, I'll put it

through. Otherwise, baby, I'm afraid you'll play your polo on the ground."

"Must you go?" said Hope. "You're so charming."

"Think it over," Dyke advised, "and let me know what you decide."

Hope bestowed upon him a long unfavorable glance. "Don't worry. You'll know, all right."

Dyke drove away thinking what a pity it was that such a charming girl should be such a spoiled brat.

"The lad who fired the first gun . . ." Ha!

There were all kinds of ways of saying no. Old Mr. Tracy had been paternal about it, which was different from the flat negative of the composed young man with the blunt chin who was now in charge of Hope's affairs. She hated him all the more when she remembered how she'd cheered for him in those days when she and her grandfather had watched him in Opens at Meadow Brook.

She spent two desperate days trying to figure a way out of this humiliating position. George Dykeman Tracy II certainly held the cards. She couldn't borrow because he had to approve either the security or the loan. And the terms of her grandfather's will stipulated that she could not sign away any of her inheritance. All the money she could scrape together left her twenty-five thousand short. Miss Randall became more wrathful with every passing day.

And then one afternoon her butler announced Mr. di Paolo. Boker, the butler, had long since become resigned to the sinister-looking individual with a white scar over one eye who dropped around every once in a while.

"Louie!" said Hope, pausing in the midst of a restless pacing of the living-room floor. "Show him in, Boker."

She always saw him, and that would have been something to cause Tracy, Hawes and Tracy to mop their conservative brows. They knew nothing of Mr. di Paolo, known as "Blackie," "Two Rod"

and "Smart 'Em Up" in various police precincts and among the underworld citizenry.

Hope had found Louie di Paolo late one night on a deserted side road off the parkway as she was driving in from Connecticut. Her headlights picked out a limp object huddled at the side of the road. She had stopped to investigate and found a man more or less perforated with bullet holes and barely breathing.

But there had been that spark of life, and Hope went into action. She dragged the limp form into her car and cut loose for a hospital. She picked up a motorcycle policeman on the way and behind a screaming siren arrived at a hospital in time to save Louie di Paolo's life.

She came to see him several times while he was convalescing. His pedigree, of which she was soon informed, meant nothing to Hope. He was a human being who had been left to die in a ditch.

As he lay on the hospital pillow, his narrow black eyes had looked at the lovely blond girl with humble devotion. "Lady," said Blackie di Paolo, "if there's anything I can do for you any time at all, name it."

"Get well," directed Hope. "Behave yourself, and ride with friends after this."

But Louie di Paolo hadn't let it go at that. He made pilgrimages to her home every so often to see if everything was okay and to repeat that she knew where she could always find him.

He came in this afternoon and stood with his rakish snapbrim in hand.

"HELLO, Louie," said Hope. She tapped the toe of one shoe restlessly on the floor.

"Hello, Miss Randall," said Louie. His jet-black eyes watched her keenly. "Is there somethin' rotten, Miss Randall?"

Hope laughed. "I need twenty-five thousand dollars."

Louie's narrowed eyes flickered. "Twenty-five grand?" he repeated. "You need it bad?"

"You bet I need it bad," said Hope.

Louie di Paolo jammed a hand in one coat pocket. "Don't let it worry you, Miss Randall. I can get you twenty-five G's in no time."

Hope looked at him. "See here," she said, "don't you go sticking up any banks."

Louie waved a hand. "Beer was my racket," he said. "I made my pile and been layin' low ever since. If you want twenty-five G's, all I got to do is stick up my own safe-deposit box."

Hope smiled. "That will be fine, Louie. But I can't pay you back right away."

Louie waved his hand again. "Forget it, Miss Randall. Any time. An' there's more where that came from. I'll have it for you tomorrow."

Which might have been termed a straight left to the chin for George Dykeman Tracy II.

The first inkling Dyke had of Hope Randall's sudden affluence was when he came off the field with his West Farms team after a fast practice session and saw Steve Galen, who owned a well-known training establishment, at the wheel of his car on the side lines.



Hope's charm and beauty masked a reckless and impulsive spirit.



Dyke stopped beside the car. "Hello, Steve," he greeted. "Hear you're selling your string."

Galen nodded. "I don't think you'd have been interested in any of my horses except one. I'd have given you a chance at him, but he can't be handled. Won't take a man's hand on the bit."

"I'm sorry I crabb'd the sale to Hope," Dyke said. "But she's just a kid with more money than sense."

Galen looked at him uncertainly. "You crabb'd it? Why, Hope Randall bought them the day before yesterday."

"Her check is no good," said Dyke. "Has to have our countersignature."

"She didn't pay by check," said Galen. "She paid cash."

Dyke drew a deep breath. "Well," he said slowly, "I'll be damned!"

He phoned Hope about it that evening. He was informed that the money

had been advanced to her by a friend.

"All right," he said. "But if you don't tell your friend that we don't recognize loans like that, you're playing him, her or it a dirty trick."

"My friend is in no hurry to collect."

"Some friend!" said Dyke, and hung up.

Hope was strangely quiescent in the next three weeks. There was no sign of her activities. (Continued on page 86)



The author's Great Dane, which he taught to caddy in one lesson, and Miss Blanche Saunders of the American Kennel Club with a star pupil.

# Fido's ABC's

Who wears the leash in your family, you or your dog?

by **Howell N. White, Jr.**

**Y**OU have a dog, perhaps. But is he your dog? Don't laugh. He belongs to you; he worships you. But is he your dog, or is he your boss? Does he do what you tell him to, or do you do what he wants you to?

I know he's smart; he's probably a good deal smarter than you give him credit for. He'll sit up to beg for food; he'll shake hands; he'll lie down (if he wants to); he'll come when he's called (if there's nothing more important in the wind). But does he always do what he's told, promptly and briskly? And what is he worth to you? Is he worth half an hour a day of systematic training?

Of course he is. It isn't as if the training were a chore. You'll like it, and so will the dog.

It's a funny thing about dogs. They like to obey; and they enjoy performing the tasks you set them; but they also like to fool their masters if they are not held to the mark.

The early education of a dog is in many ways similar to the training of young children. They need the same kindness, the same understanding and the same firmness. But I have found that dogs are a good deal easier to train

because they are far simpler beings. You should talk to a dog as you would to a child just learning to talk. No baby talk. Use simple language, and always apply the same word to the same object. An automobile is always an *automobile*, or it is always an *auto*, or it is always a *car*. The words may be interchangeable to you, but they are not to the dog. You always *take* a walk, even when you are going for a hike, or merely taking a stroll.

I have heard it said that a dog never understands individual words; that the whole meaning for him is in the inflection of the voice. That, to be sure, conveys a large meaning; but almost anyone who owns a dog will agree with me that the dog does understand individual words. For example:

One of the first lessons I taught my Dane pup was to *pick up* an object from the ground. It was a hard lesson; it took several days before he performed the task perfectly. A week later, when I was expanding the *pick up* into *fetch*, I said to him, "Chico, pick up your leash."

The leash (which I had always called a *lead*, and never a *strap*) was fastened to his collar and dangled from his neck to the ground. It was quite a different problem from picking up a wooden

dumbbell. And yet by dint of much twisting, Chico got the leash in his mouth. He wagged his tail and smiled to show how well he understood.

Again: My cousin Sam has a fox terrier that loves to ride. He learned the word *car* soon enough; before long he would go into a frenzy of joy if Sam even spelled out *c-a-r*.

Today, some remarkable work is being done in the training of dogs. A short while ago I visited the Seeing Eye, the dog school in Morristown, New Jersey, that trains dogs for the blind. Cautiously the animals guide their masters around obstructions; they sit at street crossings and will not move until the road is safely clear of traffic.

More recently I visited the training kennels of Mr. Henry East and those of Mr. Rennie Remro, both in North Hollywood, where dogs are trained for the movies. Few of them are featured players; they are merely humble "props." Even the stray dirt-covered cur biting a flea in a crowded street scene, and must be, a trained dog. When the trainer points out an actor and says, "Stay with him," the dog must follow that man wherever he goes.

The dogs must all be trained in silent cues. When the trainer signals the dog to stop in his tracks, to lie down or to sit, the dog must obey without a sound. Most dogs are capable of similar training.

The Obedience Test Club of America, organized under the sponsorship of the American Kennel Club, has drawn up a set of rules for obedience-test competitions. There are three classes: Novice, Open and Utility.

Let's look at the requirements for a candidate in the Novice Class. The dog must:

1. Heel on leash.
2. Heel free.
3. Come when called.
4. Sit down for one minute away from handler.
5. Lie down for three minutes away from handler.

Easy, shucks! Fido can do these things as easy as pie; but would he? Try him out sometime before you study such advanced subjects as tracking, exercising scent discrimination, retrieving over an obstacle and seeking back.

Let us say you have a dog between a year and two years old. He may be a blue-ribbon winner, or a plain All-American mutt; no matter. He is just the right age to begin.

If your dog is not house-clean, that of course should be the first lesson. To the old-time (Continued on page 142)

An expert on "living alone and liking it" discusses the problem of the single woman who tries to do anything else



**M**ORALS meaning, in this case, men.

It's a ticklish subject to tackle, at best. Whatever attitude you take, half the world is sure to call you old-fashioned, and the other half is certain to call you too modern. You lose, either way.

Every woman has ideas on the subject. We all Look On, if nothing more. I am conscious that many of my own ideas aren't those of my mother, for instance, or her generation. My mother wasn't narrow-minded; her friends aren't today; but my mother had, and her friends still have, an inner conviction, not achieved by reason, that Sin is Sin, and that everyone knows what Sin is.

The women around me today are not so sure. Reasons are wanted, with a few definitions. The question no longer is whether some rule forbids Affairs, but What Do They Do to You—if anything?

No woman who works in an office can fail to observe that many women are wondering, at the very least.

And when so many women wonder, some of them are bound to talk, and even the shiest, most timid of Live Aloners can't help hearing them. The talk is that a self-respecting, pay-her-own-way lady determined to have an affair with a man can have it, without losing friends or position.

You, of course, are an entirely moral woman, in the strictest pre-Bernard Shaw sense of the term. You wouldn't dream of having an affair yourself. But you have heard things—and seen things. And you wouldn't be human if it hadn't occurred to you that perhaps—just possibly—there might be circumstances that would make it justified. For someone else, needless to say!

There is that handsome brunette at the next desk who is always being called up by the same masculine voice. You have gathered that she is not bothered by the inhibitions that have stopped you (stopped you just this side of several possible adventures). And do you so strongly disapprove of her?

# Your Morals —if Any

by Marjorie Hillis

*Author of "Live Alone and Like It"*

ILLUSTRATED BY  
ELMORE BROWN

That is a question to be skipped by hastily. The truth is that you are slightly in awe of her, and more than slightly envious. For she knows a lot of things that you are still wondering about. Your mother would have called her Bad; you wonder if she is not courageous.

For you know, deep inside, that, good or bad, the Great Leap requires a lot of courage. It may not be the highest type of courage, but it's courage of a kind.

A certain amount of sex gets into even the most efficient offices, as well as everywhere else. When it doesn't, people go out for it as they go out for air.

The question is, what do they find? And is it worth the trouble? For one can't help seeing that there's practically always trouble.

Let us glance directly at the problem that seems to keep so many women in a state of uneasy confusion, a curious, illogical betwixt-and-between state of mind in which they admire, or half admire, other women for doing what they wouldn't do themselves.

It is confusing. Unless I've learned nothing whatever from all the reading-in-the-bath that I've been advertised as doing, the publications of the last few years have strongly suggested (I won't say they've promised) that the daring Leapers acquire at least a certain physical bloom which, to put it conservatively, is worth the Price. They are

Children of Nature, lovely creatures who flower like the rose, and the shrinking virgin, the poor Live Aloner, is at best a bud that withers before it opens.

This may be so; but as one steals a look at these Adventurers, before, during and after taking (and one does look at them hard), it is disconcerting to discover that the much-talked-of Bloom is so often wanting. In fact, if one were completely honest, one would admit that the lady of affairs is apt to look a little shot. It makes one wonder if this broader life is all it's cracked up to be.

Of course, these ideas come in waves. Years ago, all the best authorities insisted on hinting that a dash of sex was a Life Prolonger, Beauty Aid, Fountain of Youth or Revitalizer, according to what you read. But lately the idea seems to be slipping; the wave has receded and gone back to Mother Ocean. Now, it's hard to find a book that tells us we'd be better women and lovelier things if we could only have our Man and our Moments.

I have worked with a great many girls and women. Occasionally, one has been foolish enough to tell me the sad story of her love life, usually during the final upheaval (there is always a final upheaval, if she's the kind that tells), and I've come to the reluctant conclusion that an affair is a wearing, difficult game which no one will tell you how to play. Apparently, you have to (Cont. on page 143)



# HOLLYWOOD

## Fables from Filmland

*"People who play great love scenes together almost always feel them. We deny it. We laugh about it. But we lie" . . . Here is the third story in a notable sequence, the whole of which will reveal the inner life of the famous community where publicity is really pitiless and glamour a stock in trade*

**T**HE CALIFORNIA morning fog lay heavy over Beverly Hills, so that the dawn was wet and gray. The giant eucalyptus trees dripped with it, making a drumlike splash upon the slate roof of the stately brick house which was pointed out to Hollywood visitors as the home of Jeffrey Charane.

Behind the leaded panes of the upper front windows the alarm clock went off noisily. Jill Charane shut it off. It can't be six o'clock, she thought. I just got to sleep. She yawned and turned over to look at Jeff. Her first glance caught his profile, and she smiled sleepily. Jeff's profile kept a sort of defiant impudence, like that of a bad little boy. The slight heaviness around the jaws and the brutality that underlay the sweetness of his mouth were hidden from her.

"You're very nice when you're asleep," she said and slid out of bed.

She was a small, clean-cut woman, black hair dusted with silver, seal-brown eyes set wide apart in a thin face. Her skin was too brown, but she carried her head high, and the wide mouth was a little crooked, as though much given to smiling, and she had a high-bridged, beautiful nose.

Coming back from her shower, she got into bed again and said, "Darling, it's half past six."

"Aw, Butch!" said Jeffrey Charane, and burrowed deeper into the pillow.

Jill Charane thought of the eight years

during which Jeff had said, "Aw, Butch!" every morning. Not always in elegance like this; not always in a great bed with sheets of fine scented linen and a puffed satin quilt. There marched before her dreadful hotel rooms smelling of heavy soap and old plumbing. A room where the Sixth Avenue L drowned conversation and shattered love-making. The sleazy silks and gaudy lamps of a cheap Hollywood apartment.

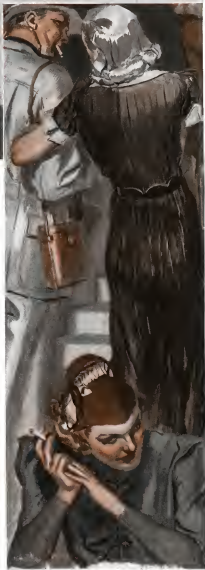
Yet in all of them, for eight years, Jeff had said, "Aw, Butch!" every morning. In all of them, they had had each other.

Loudly Jill said, "This hurts me worse than it does you. But the show must go on."

Jeff opened one blue eye, flung an arm around her and put his face against her shoulder. "Have a heart," he said plaintively.

For a moment she held him, her mouth turned up in a half smile. Poor lamb. He did so hate to get up. But nothing could make him remember that the night before.

Much later that day she thought that if the curtain of the future had lifted for one moment, she would have let him sleep; she would have held him with clutching fingers.



But there was no rift in the curtain, and she said, "Get up! Right now. No more nonsense. Don't you want to go and act in a big moving picture and make all the little girls' hearts go pita-pat?" When he didn't move she added grimly, "Jeffrey Charane, you know you have to be made up and on the set by eight. Do you want me to take a wet washcloth to you?"

# WIFE

by Adela Rogers St. Johns

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. SCHABELITZ



He sat up stretching, smiling that disturbing smile that always weakened her resolution. "This is a hell of a time to ask a man to go to work."

"Not when you think of your pay check, it isn't," Jill said.

"It won't take me more than half an hour to shower and shave and get some coffee, will it?" asked Jeff.

"You putter," said his wife. "It isn't a

thing I tell lady reporters when they ask about our home life, but it's true. In spite of your fan mail, it's my humble opinion that I'm the only woman in the world who'd actually live with you. No foolin'—get out of here."

"You'll be sorry," he said, reaching for a blue silk robe as he got out of bed. "The way you abuse me." He went into the bathroom singing, "Some of

"I've got money to invest in your husband," Sol told Jill, "but without you I don't invest one cent. With you I'll make him great."

these days—you're goin' to miss your baby."

Jill listened to the noise above the shower's accompaniment—"You'll be so lonely. You'll want me only. You'll miss me, honey, when I've gone away"—and smiled to herself.

Jeffrey Charane is certainly America's new heart-throb, and all the glamour girls in Hollywood are fighting over him—for a leading man, of course. I want to know why.

One famous columnist had written that.

Jill knew why; had known for eight years.

At the beginning of his Hollywood success she had been startled. Yet, loving him, she understood why other women, seeing him on the screen, fitted him into empty hearts and frustrated longings. His slow, intimate smile, his tall, slack grace, his dangerous strength and still more dangerous weakness had filled her own heart and dreams from the first.

There had been times when she had been shocked by the open love women made to him, and then she had been very angry and Jeff had laughed at her. But she had never been afraid.

He came out of the bathroom in shorts, looking wide awake and eager and pleased with himself. It's one of his good mornings, Jill thought with pleasure. They'd been to a party at April Miller's the night before, and Jill didn't know how much he'd had to drink. She couldn't always keep track of how much Jeff drank. At home, she always knew just when to serve dinner so that he didn't drink too many nightbells; at parties she could sometimes sense the exact moment when he would be willing to leave. But last night she'd been playing bridge—if you were a Hollywood wife you were expected to play bridge and stay out of the way—and Jeff had been somewhere with April.

Chips came into the bedroom and said, "Good morning, Mrs. Charane. You better step on it, boss."

He was a little man with bowed legs and a roving eye. He had once been a character actor with them in summer stock in Maine, and now he was Jeff's dresser and handy man. He liked Jeff, but he adored Jill.

Jeff came over and stood beside the bed. His wife regarded him with that quizzical, crooked smile of hers. She thought, There are times when I could break your neck, but I do love you.

"If you're going out to the track this

## Hollywood Wife

before you got your contract. She is Sol's wife."

"She's a troublemaker," Jeff said. "That's why it's better to go," said Jill. "In a small town like this it's wiser to steer clear of trouble. Then I'm coming to the studio to see about costumes for the Farleys' party."

"What is it this time?" Jeff said, but he looked pleased. He liked costume parties.

"You have to go as your favorite character in fiction," said Jill unhappily. This costume business was all very well for actors and actresses, but it was tough on the rest of them. "Mine is Mowgli, and I can't possibly go in just a wreath of white flowers."

Jeff swung his polo coat over one shoulder like a cape. "Hi, I've got an idea. Let's go as Jack and Jill." He began to sing. "Jeff and Jill, went up the hill— By, Butch. See you later."

From the window Jill Charane looked out at the dripping gardens. Nobody would believe how difficult it was to keep a garden in Hollywood. Jill had given up all hope of a tender, fragrant garden, such as she had planned when she expected Jeff to make a hit in the theater. She had thought then that they'd live in Westchester or Long Island. She missed the changing seasons in this land where there was always fog and rain, or hot sunshine, and the earth never seemed to turn. Sometimes the fog seeped into her soul and the endless sunshine burned her dry.

But of this she said nothing to Jeff. They had so much, and Jeff had no memories. It was the only thing about him that frightened her. In shared secret memories lay the things that wove them into one. But Jeff had no memories. Nobody in Hollywood seemed to have any memories. They lived each day as though the present were endless. They did not want to look back; they dared not look ahead. To Jill Charane, who loved to look back and who looked forward to the best of life, it was strange. These people in Hollywood believed that time had been halted for them by some magic wand.

The big roadster, with Jeff at the wheel, swept down the drive, and Jill waved. It was a little ceremony she had instituted. It gave her a nice, safe, normal feeling. Her husband, like all other husbands, had gone to work.

Then Mrs. Jeffrey Charane put on her glasses and began her morning routine. It took time and care to run the big house as magnificently as Jeff wanted it run, and as economically as Jill managed to run it. There wouldn't always be twenty-five hundred dollars a week coming in.

Volney Grant dialed the number of April Miller's dressing room. When he discovered that she had come in, he went across to the new white building that held her suite of dressing rooms on the top floor and went in without knocking.

A most deceptive young man was Volney Grant, slight and tall, with a gentle voice and a modest, pleasant manner. Innes Fallon, the greatest agent

in Hollywood, had once said to Sol Seibert, "There are some things about your lot I don't like, but you've got the best press agent in the business." Yet there was nothing in Volney Grant of the high-pressure stuff of which press agents are supposed to be made. People did things for him because they liked him and because he never lied. He took everybody into his confidence; and he put them on their honor; he relied on them. That was his method. "After all," he said to Innes Fallon, "it's simple nowadays getting things in the papers. They eat up anything you give 'em. My real business is keeping things out."

When he saw April Miller, in a satin robe before a bright fire, he stopped in the doorway and stood looking at her with his gray, short-sighted eyes. Her beauty was a commodity he had been selling for five years, and it was amazing that it had not changed at all.

Beauty was a tough thing to sell; it was fairly common. But April's held some dream quality. There were faces like that on the Botticelli angels. The purity of line, the halo of golden curls, the delicate, small mouth—all perfect, all fitting, until you read the eyes. Long eyes, thick-lashed, under full soft lids, they were hot and greedy and lustful and vagrant. They were the eyes of the huntress, and they moved constantly under the soft lids, like a cat's eyes.

**T**HERE WAS a time when Volney Grant had failed to read those eyes. The mockery in them now, he knew, was in memory of that time. April Miller had not been famous then, and she had smiled upon Volney Grant, whose business it was to make women famous.

She said, "It's too early for callers, darling."

"Don't think of me as a caller, sweet," Volney said. "Just a member of the family. Look, my pet, I am very busy trying to convince the public that 'Pamarribo' is the epic of the ages. Have you seen it? No? Then you don't comprehend the magnitude of my task. It cost two million bucks. You mustn't be a trouble to Uncle Volney."

"I never am," April said, smiling at him.

"No?" said Volney Grant. "I know—I know. The public regards you as a spotless dove, one of the minor angels. But it may be that I have had some small hand in the matter."

"You've been sweet to me," April Miller said, but behind the dazzling smile he could see her mind working carefully.

"Yes," said Volney Grant. "Now, you be sweet to me. I am too busy to go through all that business again—to keep your dear little halo on straight once more."

Her indignation was pretty. Volney Grant felt bitter because he saw through it instantly. She said, "I don't know what you mean, Volney."

"Do I have to remind you of—Tommy?" Volney Grant asked.

He knew it was cruel, but he was so sick of glamour girls. He hated them as a bartender hates liquor.

In the still room there was a ghost—a bright young ghost with an adoring



afternoon," he said, "put fifty on Born Right for me."

"I'm going to a luncheon at Madeline Seibert's," Jill said.

"What d'you go round with that old battle-ax for?" Jeff asked.

A flash of temper lighted Jill's face. "Don't be an ass, Jeff," she said. "You were glad enough to get invited there

## Adela Rogers St. Johns

smile, a dreadful ghost with a jagged red wound across the temple.

"You blamed me for that," said April. "It wasn't my fault."

"You forget," said Volney Grant. "I burned his letter."

"But Volney," April cried out, "he was only a silly, half-crazy boy! Could I help it?"

"You forget that I also burned your letters," said Volney. "They were in his hands—that night."

Still her face was sweet and pleading, but she had dropped her eyes. She said, "That's—a long time ago. What—why—"

"To remind you," Volney Grant said, "that if anyone had read those letters you wouldn't today be sitting upon what is known as the pinnacle of motion-picture fame. And to remind you that you mustn't take any chances of getting into trouble. Some stars—but not April Miller."

"You're unjust," she said with dignity. "But what have I done now?"

"I just killed a nasty crack about you and Jeff Charane in Abe Schenley's column."

Her eyes came up, full of a flickering light. "They can't—"

"Not if you use your head," said Volney Grant. "May I remind you that Jeff Charane is happily married, and you are a vestal virgin?"

Breathing quickly, she said, "Suppose they did print something like that, what harm would it do? People like to think stars are in love with each other. Look what it did for Spain Laszlo and Kelly Aiken."

"May I remind you that you are not Spain Laszlo, that Kelly Aiken wasn't married, and that you are the lily maid of Hollywood?"

"There are such things as divorces," said April Miller.

The thin young man said, "The studio and the Old Man wouldn't be pleased if you got yourself talked about with Jeff Charane. It happens to be my business to know something about public reaction. You are very precious to us, April; we have a lot of money tied up in you—and in Jeff. I tell you that neither of you would be worth a thin dime if there was a scandal involving you."

"We've kept Jill Charane in the background, of course, but everybody knows Jeff's married to a damn fine woman. You may think you know the United States and the British Empire because you know New York, Palm Beach and Hollywood, but some things that have happened recently ought to show you that you don't. And I am too busy to bother getting you out of another of your stupid messes. Moreover, I am fond of Jill. She does a swell job in a tough spot."

"I'm fond of Jill, too," said April Miller. "But—"

"Never mind the buts, my pet," said Volney. "Take my word for it—you can't get away with it."

April's eyes were wide open; they were cold and arrogant. Mockery (Cont. on page 137)

As Jeff played his big farewell scene with April, Jill realized why his screen fans loved him so. No matter how many parts he played, he believed them all.



*Murder in Manila! And a crime solved  
by a native sleuth worthy of standing  
beside Charlie Chan himself!*

**T**HE moon-faced Chinese sitting on Jo Gar's right made cheerful gurgling sounds as he slapped yellow palms together. The racially mixed audience in the heat-soaked Manila Theater was enthusiastic; on the stage the famous English magician Hugh Black—The Great Black—bowed gracefully to the clatter of applause and the hum of many tongues.

The ancient curtain of the theater descended slowly, rose with the famous magician still in the center of the stage, bowing. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with black, wavy hair. He had poise, dignity. His movements were rapid and filled with grace.

Gesturing toward a small table near him, he stamped a foot heavily. Smoke rose from the table; there was a flutter of wings. Dozens of pigeons winged out over the audience, circling back to the stage as the curtain again descended.

There were wrinkles of fat in the neck of the aged Chinese seated beside the Island detective. He gurgled up at the winging birds.

The last one circled, dived back toward the lowering curtain, flashed under it. Jo Gar reached for one of his brown-



Princess Vlatkoff's lips

paper cigarettes. The curtain rose again, and The Great Black raised his arms above his head. Still the applause continued.

Jo Gar's gray-green eyes smiled; he ran brown fingers through his gray hair, half raised his tall, lean body from the uncomfortable seat. And as he lifted himself, he was conscious of the fact that the figure of the magician no longer possessed grace. The Great Black was slumping—slumping downward toward the stage floor, sprawling forward now, toward the footlights!

There was a hush in the theater, and then a sudden babble. Jo Gar stood erect, staring at the motionless figure of the great magician. Two of his assistants were kneeling beside him; they lifted him from the stage floor, moved backstage as the curtain came down. The babble of excitement in the theater continued. A voice spoke to the Island detective in Tagalog, the native tongue.

"Señor Gar! You saw that. He was struck—" Hadji Ratan, lieutenant in

# The GREAT BLACK

by **Raoul Whitfield**

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL



trembled a little when Hadi Ratan suddenly demanded, "Why did you quarrel with Hugh Black?"

the Manila police, was in the aisle beside Jo Gar's seat.

The detective said calmly, "You saw something strike the magician, Lieutenant Ratan?"

Hadi Ratan's lips curved downward. His dark eyes were narrow, aggressive. "You think it was a faint, perhaps, Señor?" There was contempt in his tone. "You observed the way he fell? I must hurry to the rear of the theater." He moved along the aisle.

The moon-faced Chinese plucked at Jo Gar's coat. "You see?" he muttered. "The Great Black—he is ill, very ill!"

Jo Gar smiled. "It is so," he said. "The performer is either very ill, or he has already—ceased to be ill."

A small Filipino attired in dinner clothes appeared before the curtain. He raised a hand and when there was quiet spoke in a shrill, shaken voice.

"The Great Black—the management regrets—it is that the famous one—he is sick. Please—it is regrettable—you will now leave quietly."

Jo Gar sighed. He spoke half to the moon-faced Chinese, half to himself. "I think it is that the famous one—has ceased to be ill."

A bright-eyed mestizo winked at Jo Gar as he moved slowly along the Escolta, main business street of Manila, from the lobby of the theater toward the stage-entrance alley. Behind him the audience spilled into the street. At the stage door an elderly Filipino looked into the detective's slant eyes, frightened.

"Señor Gar," he breathed, and stepped aside.

"I have come to see Señor Hugh Black. He is in the dressing room?"

The elderly Filipino shivered. "It is so, Señor. If you will go to the light . . ."

Along a dimly lighted corridor there was an electric bulb over one of the doors. When Jo Gar reached it, he heard the sharp voice of Lieutenant Ratan within the room, which was small and hot. The detective entered; his

gray-green eyes went to the lighted mirror of the dressing table, past photographs of actors and actresses hanging on the walls to the figure stretched on a Spanish-shawled couch.

As he noted the limpness of a dangling hand, he heard Hadi Ratan say, "You are the Princess Vlatkoff? That is your stage name?"

Jo Gar looked at the woman. She was seated on a small chair at the right of the entrance door. She was very beautiful; her face was oval; her features were delicate, her eyes and hair dark.

"I am the Princess Vlatkoff—Sonya Vlatkoff." Her voice was soft and husky.

Jo Gar said quietly, "Señor Black—he is dead?"

Hadi Ratan smiled, his dark eyes half closed. "I felt that you would come here, Señor Gar. It is good of you. You have often asked the Manila police. This is Doctor Montaloupe." He gestured toward a small dark-faced man. "He was in the audience and came to the stage by





"Tonight I have not come to slip tea with you and hear wise words," said Jo Gar wearily. "I have come for help, Ling Po."

way of an entrance behind the boxes. Señor Black was dead when he reached his side. A knife wound in his neck—the base of the brain."

The doctor said, "It is a wound that might have been made by a knife."

The detective looked toward the body. "A thrown knife, doctor?"

The doctor shrugged. "There has been much impact. When I reached the

magician's side, he had been carried in here. The weapon is missing."

Hadi Ratan spoke sharply. "You recall the Princess Vlatchnoff, Señor Gar? It was she who performed the knife-throwing act just after the intermission."

The detective nodded. His eyes went to the woman's white face, ran over her colorful costume. It was the same costume she had worn on the stage.

The husky voice of the princess broke the silence of the dressing room. "This police lieutenant suspects me of murder, Señor Gar." There was a strange flicker in her eyes, and then they were cold

again. "I have heard of you in Shanghai. I should like you to help me."

Hadi Ratan said, "That is very well, but I should like Señor Gar to know that Mr. Hugh Black came to the police two days ago. He feared for his life. He stated that a woman hated him, and that if death came to him it would be by a knife."

The Princess Vlatchnoff's hands were

clenched; she was breathing quickly.

The police lieutenant went on, "The knife was thrown from behind the magician. He was facing the audience. There were cabinets and mirrors on the stage for the purpose of illusion. The two assistants of The Great Black and two men who work the lights did not see the knife thrown. When I came in here Madame Vlatchnoff was alone with Mr. Black."

The woman looked at Jo Gar and spoke huskily. "My husband was a sportsman who loved swords, knives. It was with him I learned—" She broke off.

Hadi Ratan said, "To throw a knife excellently!"

Her eyes appealed to Jo Gar. "I have not yet been accused of murder, but I am suspected of it. I should like to retain you, Señor Gar. I am not guilty of murdering this man."

"I am not a lawyer, princess," Jo Gar told her, "but if you wish to retain me—if you wish me to seek the murderer—"

She said firmly, "I do."

The detective bowed. Hadi Ratan moved toward the figure on the couch.

"The coroner will be here immediately—and two of my men. Poor devil—he was a great magician, this Black."

"He is a great magician, Lieutenant," Sonya Vlatchnoff said quietly.

Hadi Ratan faced her. His voice was hard. "The princess chooses to doubt that Hugh Black is dead?"

Her dark eyes met Jo Gar's. She spoke in a husky, even tone. "Yes. I choose to doubt that The Great Black is dead."

The detective said softly, "And your reason for the doubt, Princess Vlatchnoff?"

There was silence. Then the woman said, "The dead man lying there, Señor Gar, is not The Great Black."

Jo Gar pulled on a brown-paper cigaret, his slender figure looting in a chair near the dead man. Don Castana, the coroner, was examining the wound; two of the police lieutenant's men stood near the door. Hadi Ratan paced back and forth, talking in a low voice.

"And you say, Madame Vlatchnoff, that after the trick performed by The Great Black about five minutes before the end of the show—the vanishing of a girl from a tank of water—it was the magician's habit to have himself impersonated by this dead man, unknown to the audience. This Richard Janisohn took the applause and did a few simple encore tricks. In the meantime The Great Black was dressing for the street."

Princess Vlatchnoff nodded. "Yes," she said. "He started it as a whim—he told me once how simple it was to fool an audience. Of course the impersonating make-up is very good. When it worked well, Hugh decided to continue the trick. It allowed him to leave the stage sooner, rest from the strain of his performance."

Jo Gar said, "The entire company knew The Great Black was replaced by Richard Janisohn (Cont. on page 122)

Claudette Colbert and Anita Louise (with the author) are among the famous Hollywood converts to Cosmetic Diet.



# EAT



## and Grow Beautiful

**HOW** WOULD you like to go on a Cosmetic Diet? Eat delicious and tempting foods that bring luster to the hair, color to faded lips, smoothness to the fingernails, sparkle to the eyes, and peaches and cream to the complexion?

It can be done. It's the latest triumph of food chemistry. And in my capacity as diet and beauty adviser to scores of Hollywood stars, women executives and leaders of society, I've seen the Cosmetic Diet work like a charm.

Eat and Grow Beautiful! It's an exciting, thrilling idea, isn't it?

Every gland in the body, every cell in that gland, depends for nourishment on the food you eat. And beauty, admittedly more than skin deep, is in reality as deep as the innermost cell of your body.

Supply the diet with sufficient iodine and your thyroid gland will function properly. It is this unobtrusive-looking piece of tissue in the throat which decides the texture and luxuriance of your hair and which can make you either excessively thin or excessively fat.

Have you observed what the addition to the diet of a little cod-liver oil, containing the Sunshine Vitamin D, will do for children suffering from malnutrition? Almost before your eyes, bowed, rickety legs become straight and strong. There are dozens of foods which have as dramatic effects on health and beauty.

The Cosmetic Diet is planned from these "champion" foods. In it there are no hit-or-miss tricks. Minerals, carbon, proteins, fats and vitamins—all are used to achieve some particular purpose.

What is your beauty handicap? Are you too stout? Too thin? Is your complexion blotchy? Are your eyes dull? Cosmetic Diet will help you!

Proof? Let's take from my files the case history of a world-famous fashion designer. We'll call her Miss R.



Miss R. was underweight. She had a blotchy, uneven skin.

I asked her what she ate. She said that she'd eat what everyone else at the table was having.

I asked her what she was using in the way of cosmetics. She rattled off what amounted to a roll call of all the expensive lotions, creams and powders on the market. She was surprised when I told her she would have to use cosmetics only to flatter—not to disguise.

"The skin," I told her, "is the mirror in which the general health of your body is reflected. Think this over for a minute. You are familiar with the pallor of anemia and tuberculosis, the yellow discoloration of jaundice and the dusky bluish color caused by certain forms of heart disease. Well, acne, pimples,

blotchiness and other disorders of the complexion are also results of internal disturbances. It may be that incorrect eating habits are causing the fat glands in the skin to over-secrete. It may be that constipation is flooding the blood stream with poisons."

One of the most important changes we made in Miss R.'s diet was to emphasize sulphur-rich foods. Without sufficient sulphur in the diet a beautiful skin is a hopeless dream.

"Sulphur for the skin" is not exactly a new discovery. Even in the days of the crinoline, "sulphur and molasses" tonic was a sure sign of spring. It wasn't the molasses that did the trick; it was the sulphur.

Modern food science provides a substitute for the (Continued on page 105)

*You've probably heard of brain food,  
but what about beauty food?*

*by* **Bengamin Gayelord Hauser**

*Noted Hollywood Nutritionist and Author of "Food Science and Health"*

*Indians say there is magic in mahogany:  
that it brings either great good luck  
or disaster—and here's a colorful tale  
of the tropics in which it does both!*

by **Tom Gill**

ILLUSTRATED BY  
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

# Heartwood

## *The Story So Far:*

**W**HEN RALPH JUDD rescued Beatrice Orme's dog from the icy waters of the Potomac River, Beatrice persuaded her cousin Guy Draper to give both Judd and his young pal, Jimmie Keets, a job. Since Judd was an engineer and Jimmie had worked under him at a CCC camp, they were well equipped for the work Draper had for them to do in the Costaragua mahogany forests.

Everything looked rosy at first, but Beatrice Orme's personal interest in Judd so roused Draper's jealousy that the two men quarreled before they had been twenty-four hours at the Hacienda Caoba, the home of Beatrice's uncle, Nicholas Colville, one of the most important men in Latin America.

Guy at first intended to send Judd and Jimmie back North at once but Don Ramon, influential son of Costaragua's President, was a college friend of Judd's, and using that as an argument, Beatrice persuaded Guy to send them instead to the woods with John Day, who was to be their guide while they made a survey of the Blair timber properties.

Draper's veiled but deliberate persecutions followed Judd into the woods. First, Big Dave, the man-killing half-breed who was woods boss of the supposedly rival Tropical Products Company, came, at Guy's command, to Judd's camp to pick a quarrel. Then Judd was bitten by a fer-de-lance which had been deliberately planted in his knapsack,

and only the courage and quick thinking of Colville's daughter Ann saved his life.

To make matters worse, the shadow of international revolutionary intrigue seemed to hover about the hacienda, and Judd realized more keenly every day that there was something real behind the sinister warning of danger which had been given him by a stranger the morning before he and Jimmie had sailed for Costaragua.

Judd avoided taking sides in the lumber-company rivalry until the night when Draper, at dinner, tried to persuade Colville that the Rio Bravo timber tract was of little value and should therefore be sold or leased to the Tropical Products Company if they wanted it.

Judd knew the timber was valuable and intimidated as much. Guy was furious, and as soon as he and Judd were left alone, he said, "Come down to the wharf, Judd. I'd like to have a word with you."

Judd followed him, knowing that the moment for a showdown had come.

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**D**OWN THROUGH the darkening garden the two men passed, then out across the pier, the hollow beat of their footsteps striking a dull resonance from the wooden planks. Not a breath stirred the dim waters of the lake, but with the coming of night, bats began whirling softly by them. A low moon climbed through a cloud-filled sky.

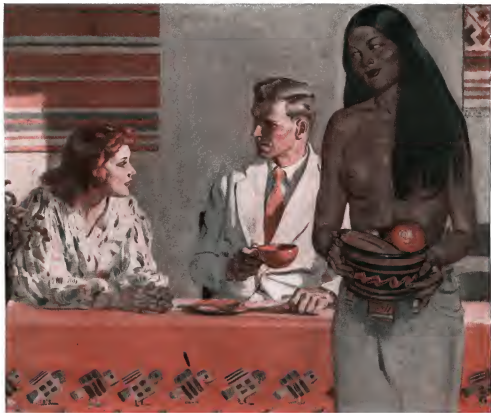


At the pier's end, Draper began pacing up and down. Judd watched him, his mind busy with unanswered questions: Just what did this Rio Bravo tract mean to Draper? Why should he wish it sold to a rival company? The wasteful planlessness back in the logging camps, the lack of organization, the worthless surveys, all seemed to fit together into a definite, purposeful pattern—a pattern that bulked bigger than the mere theft of timber. But exactly what game was Draper playing?

The sharp scratch of a match broke in on Judd's meditation. Draper had stopped to light a cigar, and in the brief flame Judd could see that the man's face was tense and drawn. At last he spoke.

"Judd," he began, "we all have to look out for ourselves in this life. You do, and I do. Once in a while our interests clash with the other fellow's, and then something has to be done. That's what happened tonight. The only question for you to decide is where your real interest lies; what's best for you in the long run. I'm not going to bluff; neither am I trying to avoid the issue. I want to lay all my cards on the table and make you a proposition. The final decision is up to you."

"I might argue with you about the value of the Rio Bravo tract, but I'm not going to. It's not important what either you or I think of it, but it is important what Colville thinks. It's important to me and to Beatrice—and it can be made important to you." Draper



"Suppose I say I'm willing to forget I ever saw the Rio Bravo timber tract?" said Judd. "I'd do anything in the world—anything!" cried Beatrice fervently.

paused, to let those last words take effect. "Judd, it doesn't fit in with my plans that Colville should think too highly of that Rio Bravo property. I want him to let the Tropical Products people have it. Does that sound queer to you?"

"No, not queer—just dishonest."

Draper winced at the cold, apathetic tone, and in spite of himself his voice grated back. "Let's lay aside the high moral attitude. Neither of us was born yesterday." With an effort he resumed his persuasive manner. "There's a big job ahead of us here, a job in which you can take a leading part if you want to; one that will give you a chance at real money instead of day wages. You can look on this offer as a bribe or not—I don't care a damn what you call it—but your future with me hinges on whether or not Nicholas Colville is willing to sell the Rio Bravo tract."

"Tomorrow he's going to talk to you about it, and the right word from you will persuade him to let it go. If he does let it go, I'll guarantee to take care of you and Jimmie. Your survey work will be finished inside of a month and jobs are still scarce up North. Why not stay here with me and build up a solid future for yourself? You could be woods superintendent on a decent salary, provided . . ."

He hesitated, and Judd finished the sentence. "Provided I lie to Colville tomorrow."

"Put it that way if you want to. After

all, you're under no obligation to protect Colville from himself."

"I'm not thinking of Colville—I'm thinking of Ann. My real obligation is to her," Judd answered.

"You mean about the fer-de-lance?"

"I mean if it weren't for her, I shouldn't be here."

"And if it weren't for Beatrice, you wouldn't be here—don't forget that. You and Jimmie were in a tight spot when she picked you up off the streets. Let's forget any gratitude you might owe me; let's keep our relationship a purely business one. But don't forget Beatrice. If you go up and sell Colville tomorrow that I'm a liar, you're going to hurt her as much as you are me—maybe more. Don't forget that when it comes to talking about gratitude."

"I haven't forgotten that." Judd's measured words came through the darkness. "It's only because of that I've been listening to you so long."

Draper detected a note of uncertainty in Judd's voice, and grasping at that first hopeful sign, he hurried on. "Don't give me an answer now, Ralph."

Never before had Draper called him by his first name, and a shadowy smile passed over Judd's face.

"It's best to sleep on things like this and think them over," Draper was saying. "This is probably the most important decision you ever made in your life. Whatever your decision is, I want you to talk with me again before you see



Colville. That's all I ask, and I ask it for Beatrice's sake—not my own. Promise me?" he asked.

He was pleading now, pleading for time, and after a moment Judd nodded. "We can talk again in the morning," he agreed.

"Thanks," Draper laid his hand on Judd's arm, then hurried back through the garden.

A low light was burning in the hall, and running upstairs, Draper tapped on Beatrice's door. Without waiting for an answer, he entered and locked it behind him.

Hair unbound about her shoulders, the girl was seated on the bed in her pajamas of thin Chinese silk. As Draper came toward her she frowned and leaned back on her elbows, watching him through half-closed eyes. When at last she spoke, a tired contempt for the man flattered her voice.

"You must be proud of yourself tonight, aren't you?" she asked. "What a fool you were ever to let Ralph Judd get inside the Rio Bravo tract."

"While we're on that subject, let's say a word or two about what a fool you were to bring him to the hacienda tonight." Draper's voice vibrated with anger. "If I had kept him out in the woods another month we'd have been safe enough. But you couldn't wait, could you? You had to have a little male adulation." With an effort, he checked himself. "We can't afford to quarrel now, Beatrice."

"Why not? I should think we could afford to do anything we pleased now. The game's up, and tomorrow I'm gone from here. I'm sick of you, Guy—sick to death of your bungling. You've ruined every chance we ever had."

Abject fright mounted to his eyes. "What did Colville say?"

"It's what he didn't say. I stayed with the old fool for half an hour trying to make him forget about the Rio Bravo tract. But I could see his mind working. From first to last you've done a grand job of mismanagement, Guy. You're so dumb you should have stayed honest."

Draper's hands jerked upward in anger. "Whose fault is it that Ralph Judd is here at all? Who found him? Who asked me to give him a job? Al? our trouble dates from the day you picked him up like a stray cur, and now, when he snarls at us, you blame it on me." Draper's lip

twitched. "I'm tempted to shut his mouth tonight for good."

Beatrice looked at him, the old contempt in her eyes. "You haven't the nerve."

"No? How about—"

Her hand darted to his mouth. She seemed to be listening, eyes on the door. At last she asked, "Why did you come here?"

Draper seated himself on the bed. "To get your help. We're not beaten yet."

"What am I to do?"

"Make Judd see reason."

"How?"

"That's for you to decide. Lie to him, make love to him." Draper tried to smile.

"That shouldn't be such an uncongenial task for one of your warmhearted nature. All I ask is that you keep him quiet about this Rio Bravo business."

The girl watched him with speculative eyes. A little color had mounted from her neck, tinting her cheeks, augmenting the appearance of full-blown vitality that was hers.

"You mean"—it wasn't easy to keep a

tremor of eagerness from her voice—"you mean I may do what I like, provided I keep him from talking?"

Again his hands twitched. "Some day, Beatrice, I may have to strangle you—and you'll probably never know the reason."

Wide-eyed, she smiled up at him. "That only means you're in love with me, dear." She pulled him down beside her. "Tell me—how long must I keep your wild forester on the leash?"

"A week, if you can; but two days at least. It's tomorrow I'm afraid of. I can't let him tell Colville tomorrow that I lied about that timber."

"And after?"

"After that I'll settle with Judd in my own way, myself."

"I can think of easier tasks than bringing Ralph Judd to heel," she said doubtfully. "He's a rock, that man. He's not the kind that you can move by throwing yourself at him. Sometimes I think that whatever happened to him in his past has made him—well—woman-proof."



## Tom Gill

"He seems to get along well enough with you."

She smiled at the thrust. "Better be glad he does." She placed both hands on Draper's shoulders. "I'll do what I can, Guy, but you're not making it any easier by being an old jealous cat. Try to remember I'm working for both of us. And don't worry, dear. I'll keep him quiet."

A little breeze stirred the curtains, carrying to him the perfume of the girl's body. His eyes were shining with a look

she knew of old—a look of adulation and utter yielding. He was whispering, "You're marvelous when you're like this, marvelous. He can't resist you. No man could resist you."

She moved nearer, conscious of her complete dominance. The warmth of her skin reached him through the thin silk, and hungrily his arms enfolded her.

Down on the pier Judd had not moved. With somber eyes fixed on the cloud-banked sky, his thoughts were dark as

Yet she had befriended him. Not once did Judd blind himself to the possibility that her motive might be to make use of him, yet in spite of that he knew he would spare her if he could. But how?

Gloomily he turned back toward the hacienda and mounted the stairs to his own room.

The light by Jimmie's bed was burning. The boy lay there, his eyes wide open.

"What's the idea of all this wakefulness?" asked Judd. "Are you celebrating



"I am complimented that they left you to guard me, amigo," said Don Ramon. His words were spoken to the half-breed, but Judd, listening outside the window, knew them to be a warning.



the waters of the lake itself. Fate! Even here in this tropical wonderland a relentless fatality seemed to dog his footsteps, forbidding him to stay, forcing him on. There could be no question about his remaining at the hacienda; there was only one possible answer to make to Colville the next day. His own line of action was clear enough—too clear. He had only to tell the truth, to brand Draper as a liar, and go. And by that very act condemn Jimmie and himself to exile.

Restlessly Judd stirred. What malicious stroke of fortune had led him into the Rio Bravo valley that day? Yet in his heart he could not feel regret—at least he would be able to pay part of his debt to Ann. He could prevent her and her father from being robbed. But first he would keep his promise to Draper and warn him that he intended to tell Colville the truth.

And Beatrice? Judd looked back toward the hacienda where a fluttering curtain outlined the window of her room. Tomorrow he would bring her sorrow, perhaps danger. Tomorrow he would be her enemy.

just because it's Saturday night, Jimmie?"

"No. Just waitin' for you." The shrewd blue eyes searched Judd's face. "Looks like we're in trouble again, don't it, boss?"

"What do you mean—trouble?"

"About that Rio Bravo tract. Colville sorta put you on the spot at dinner tonight. What's going to happen, boss, when the old boss sees you tomorrow?"

There was nothing to be gained by evasion. "Tomorrow," Judd answered, "I'm going to tell Colville that Draper is trying to swindle him out of what's probably the most valuable tract of timber in Costaragua."

"You mean that? Couldn't there be some mistake?"

"I'm afraid not, Jimmie. Draper and I went through that country together. He knows its value as well as I do."

Jimmie was silent for a moment. Then, without looking up, he asked, "Couldn't you sorta dodge the whole thing, boss? It's sure been pleasant here, and Guy Draper's done a lot for us."

"I know it. I fought that all out down on the pier. And I'll tell you something else. Tonight Draper offered me a permanent job here. He's willing to feather both our nests if I keep my mouth shut. All I have to do is make it possible for him to rob Colville and Ann. Would you have me do that, old son?"

"No—sure not." But the boy's tone was indecision itself. "I just mean there oughta be a way of side-stepping the whole business."

"We're up against one of the things that you can't side-step, Jimmie. It's too clear-cut, but I hate to drag you with me on this."

"I wasn't thinking of myself then. I was thinking of Beatrice. She's been pretty swell to both of us, boss, and it's going to cut her (Continued on page 106)



# Two Loves have I



Pat had seen the light go out of Miss Perry's eyes so that they looked beaten and empty and—old.

**P**ATRICIA GRANT sat back in the coveted corner seat of the subway, the morning paper lying unopened in her lap, her eyes closed against the harsh yellow light. She thought miserably, I might have known. Two loves always spell trouble, even when one of them is only a job. Well, not really a job. Really Miss Elvira Perry, whose name was written in gold on a frosted-glass panel behind which Patricia spent ecstatically happy hours from nine to five.

The other love was Ronald Arden. If she opened her eyes she could see him now, standing above her, swaying as he held onto a strap with one hand. She and Ronnie both lived with their families on Washington Heights and always rode downtown together in the morning. No, she corrected herself hastily, always *had ridden* downtown together. Because they wouldn't any more after this morning.

Pat let a tiny sigh escape her as she glanced up at Ronnie from between long

curling black lashes. His nice young face was set in firm—yes, almost stubborn—lines. She couldn't see his eyes because they were lowered to his paper, but she knew they were bluish-gray and that they could laugh down at a girl with the tenderest lights in them. And his wide mouth could break into the most engaging grin!

Patricia let her eyes close again. Life could be terribly complicated when you were twenty-one. Pat had never thought, for instance, that her love for Ronnie and her devotion to Miss Perry would ever clash. Her days belonged to Perry; her evenings to Ronnie. And two pay checks would go further than one, after they were married. To all of this Ronnie had agreed, saying, "If that's the way you want it, honey, that's the way it will be."

Until last night. Last night had spelled the end of the world. Ronnie had come bursting in at dinnertime and caught Pat's hands in his and cried in delirious excitement: "Goah, Pat, guess

what? I've got a raise! From fifty to seventy-five dollars a week. Now we can be married, angel child. Any couple can live on seventy-five a week." And then it had come. "Especially in California."

"California?" Pat had echoed incredulously.

"Yeah." Ronnie had answered, a little more quietly. "California. That's the catch. It means giving up your job, Pat. But California's the spot for anybody connected with aviation. Twelve months of flying weather a year. And they want me to open up a branch for them out there. It means being in California at least a year; maybe two. And it means my future, Pat—the chance I've waited for, dreamed about. Pat, will you marry me now and go out there with me?"

Pat had sunk weakly on the sofa in the Grant living room. She could hear Mama moving around in the kitchen, clattering the dinner dishes, humming to herself. And that's the way *I'd* be, she thought resentfully, only it will

An office may once have been considered a dull place. But nowadays a girl may have to decide her whole life before a filing cabinet

by

## Isabel Moore

ILLUSTRATED BY  
GEORGE HUGHES



and suddenly she was afraid of what Billingsley would do.

be California instead of Washington Heights.

Ronnie's eyes had pleaded with her; waited for her decision, not really believing that she would refuse him. Only—there were so many things that she couldn't tell Ronnie. She felt that it would be disloyal to Miss Perry even to think such things out loud, much less confide them to anyone. She couldn't tell Ronnie, for instance, that Miss Perry needed her more now than she ever had in all the five years Patricia had worked for her.

She couldn't tell him that Mr. Billingsley, the head of the agency, had said to Patricia just last week, "Miss Grant, I hope you're working very closely with Miss Perry these days. You know, Perry's getting old, might decide to retire any day now, and we always like to push people ahead. Of course, Miss Grant, you understand that this is—er—just between us girls?"

There was more and more of that lately. People saying, "Oh, that's some

of old Perry's doings again." Or, "Good heavens, why doesn't someone tell Perry this is 1937?" There was so much of it, in fact, that even Perry was sensing it. Pat knew she was, because Perry was becoming temperamental and slightly tyrannical. But Patricia didn't mind, because she remembered all the swell things Perry had done for her, like getting the company to pay half her tuition at a business school so that she could learn stenography, on the ground that it was a good investment for Billingsley. And then, later, making Pat her secretary at a considerable increase in salary.

No, Pat was devoted to Miss Perry, and she had to stand by her now. Besides, if Perry were let out, in spite of everything Pat could do, it meant a marvelous opportunity for Pat. A good salary; a pleasant job; a chance to meet interesting people. It meant an advancement toward which she had worked for five years.

But she couldn't tell Ronnie that, because Ronnie would say, "Nonsense! Perry's been there for fifteen years, and she'll be there another fifteen. That's all just office gossip."

So instead she had said, "Ronnie, you don't know what you're asking. I love my work. The day begins for me when I go into the office. I'd be lost with nothing to do but housework."

"There'd be—other things, maybe," Ronnie had offered. "The boss said if we liked it we could stay. And they (Cont. on p. 96)



California was the place for aviators and Ronnie was going there—with or without Patricia.



*Talk about a busman's holiday!  
Odd's recipe for "having a wonderful time" is seeing New York  
from soup kitchen to n.e.t. club*

## I GIVE YOU NEW YORK—



# The Greatest Summer



**T**HE VACATION season, tra-la, is upon us. Everybody I know has become a brightly plumed bird of passage, winging in to chirrup farewell before taking flight—to Europe; to South America; to the Orient; indeed, to the Hebrides.

And here I sit, the forlorn falcon chained to his perch—a sad-eyed bird who has not had a vacation in twenty-four years. Not that I haven't frequently changed my base, skeddaddling off to enjoy fresh scenes. But there has never been a day when that blank sheet in the typewriter was not demanding to be filled for my newspaper column.

There have been innumerable times on shipboard when I might have been enjoying deck games, as many others on trains when I might have shared in the camaraderie of the club car. But usually at the height of such festivities I would give a start, detach myself and sneak off to hunch over a typewriter and peck out something I rather imagined the world was waiting to read. How sublime is that phenomenon we call the ego!

Ergo, ego—as the boys used to say around the Colosseum. Here I am in true columnar tradition discussing myself, when vacation is the thought uppermost

in everybody's mind. As a catch-as-catch-can vacationist, I have my own ideas on the subject of "breathing spells."

If I did not live in New York I would make a bee-line for the Big Town, for, bromidical as it may sound, New York is the swiftest summer resort in the world. I know most of the conventional summer jaunts of vacationists and have tasted their raptures: the cool nights of the Adirondacks, the beauties of the Berkshires, the Cotswolds of England, the châteaux of France, the exquisite vistas from the Frontenac in Quebec, and the aquamarine splendor of a Mediterranean cruise. But I'll still take Little Old New York. "And," as the beloved Chic Sale used to say, "I'll tell you why!"

In twenty-four years of summering partly in New York I have experienced but two evenings when the weather was torrid enough to be uncomfortable. Always, owing to the nearness of the ocean, a breeze springs up; often in mid-July I have found a blanket comfortable in the heart of the town.

I defy the most experienced traveler to find a vista comparable with that from the parapet of the Empire State tower on a clear summer night, with the

breathless sweep of star-scattered sky above the fairyland of the lighted city.

And for young honeymooners who feel the romantic urge when the moon rides high I commend unreservedly a slow clop-clop in a horse-drawn hansom around the winding drives of Central Park. All sorts of natural beauties are here: quiet lakes, shadowy ravines, garden patches along the knolls and rising rocks that in the half light suggest the chalky cliffs of Dover. Too, there is the grim and ancient Egyptian obelisk. Two dollars will give any lucky couple a tingle long to be remembered.

I am stressing the simple things because I think that most of us are going back to simplicity. And in this category there is window shopping along Fifth and Madison avenues after nightfall.

Here are the supreme bewitcheries of the window decorator's art. Many of these displays are a block long and run halfway down a side street. They reveal all the things you and I would like to own in enchanting array.

Don't be afraid of appearing countrified in window shopping. It is a relaxation that has many notable addicts, such as Charles M. Schwab, Whitney Warren,

Summering in New York may include bathing on Long Island, riding or communing with nature in Central Park, dining outdoors at Rockefeller Center.

by  
**O.O. McIntyre**



# Resort in the World!



Europeans, Black Star, Goddess, C. P. Cushing

John D. Rockefeller, Irvin Cobb, Helen Gould Shepard and Lawrence Tibbett.

And as for dining out on a summer evening, New York with its sidewalk cafés has become a veritable Paris—I mean the Paris of the old days when one sat all evening over a *chocolat chaud*, watching the sidewalk flow.

New York sidewalk cafés have taken on this leisurely tempo. And from a

handful there have sprung up several thousands. The most notable collection, of course, is in that amazing block that blooms mushroom-like from Fifth Avenue west on Fifty-second Street.

Here is almost every variety of outdoor eating place the world offers: cooking in the style of Germany, France, England, Mexico, China, Japan. These cafés are reasonable, too, in most instances. I have frequently dined in one for a dollar and a half, and dined as well and as bountifully as I have along Montparnasse or the Grands Boulevards.

Of course, there are also the numberless night clubs—if you like them. Whatever may be said against night clubs, New York has the finest in the world. They range from the magnificence of the Rainbow Room in Rockefeller Center to the sany cavorting of the Village Nut Club.

No one ever becomes so bored in New York that he cannot enjoy an evening ride atop a swaying Fifth Avenue bus from the Plaza fountain to the Washington Arch. And it is well to stop off at the Arch to enjoy an adventure in serenity around Washington Square and the more peaceful streets of Greenwich Village. There are stretches here that have all the quiet of an isolated hamlet.

And always there is Battery Park at the lower tip of the island, with a commanding view of the harbor. Here one may be rewarded by seeing a speck on

not merely writing fancy; the setting has received exquisite praise from great nature lovers of every generation.

I have only scraped the surface of Manhattan's surprises for the summer vacationist. Multiply them a hundred times and you will still have enough left over for another visit.

And now a word to the New Yorker of small-town beginnings about going back home for his vacation. I can express the home-town viewpoint no better than by printing an extract from the letter of a mother whose son had just returned in after nine years in the metropolis:

My Jimmy, after his long absence, was touched by the way all the people in our town welcomed him home again. He had forgotten many of them but they had not forgotten him. He has been here for eleven days of his two weeks and there has not been a day he has not had several invitations to lunch or dine with old acquaintances.

My boy is no great success from the New York viewpoint, but back here success or the lack of it means little. They like him and want to see him and contribute to his vacation happiness just because he is one of us—a boy from our town.

This morning, before being driven out to our little country club, he came into the kitchen to say, "Mother, I had almost completely forgotten that people could be so thoughtful and kind. From now on

the horizon grow until it becomes a leviathan of the deep nosing to its berth. There are few more enchanting sights than that of a mighty liner plowing to port at night with all lights agleam.

The Hudson River, sweeping along against the beautiful background of the purple palisades of New Jersey, is another magnet for the visitor. Washington Irving's panegyrics on the Hudson were

I am going to make this my port of call at every vacation."

So you see, if home towns are old-fashioned in many material things they are also old-fashioned in hospitality. If you have been hesitating about going back for fear things have changed, perhaps this letter will hearken you. You will find that out home they are still rocking on front porches and looking forward to seeing those of us who went away.

# FOLKSONG

by

Louise Redfield Peattie

ILLUSTRATED BY MILDRED ARNOLD LONG

*When there's music in the heart  
there is always room for love*

**K**EEPING a one-room country school, you learn even more than you have to teach. When I entered the school yard that pale cold morning and saw the two little dark children standing close together and alone, I knew that this was something new to understand. They were a boy and girl, he the older, thin and chilly-looking with big dark beautiful sad eyes, such eyes as you can see in little monkey faces in the zoo. These children had the same look of having come from some curious lovely place far away, and feeling naked and exposed among strangers. For of course the rest of my chicks, who had come early to school, were staring at them.

The boy's dark mop of hair was uncultured—the thick curls made his neck look thin enough to snap—and the little girl's sandpiper legs had grown so far out of her dress that it no longer covered her knees. It was made of black velvet. That is not what children wear to a country school.

Johnny Gerkin had run the flag up, and it was snapping on its pole in the raw wind as I went across the yard. None of the children were making their usual noise; these little aliens had silenced them. The boy left his sister gently and came to meet me; he made a brave, very foreign bow, looking miserable.

"Good morning, Madame." (I am nineteen, plump and healthy and plain; I had

never been called "Madame" before, and I don't expect to hear it again.) "My sister and I have come to your school, if you please."

"Well, that's just fine," I said cheerfully. Like a blow the look in his eyes struck me, so old, so childish. "Come on in to the stove and let's make friends."

She was Trudi and he was Rudi, he said, standing beside my desk, holding her by the hand, Levy-Braun. I had to ask him how to spell it, and it looked back at me queerly when I wrote it down. About his family the boy was very reserved. There was only a mother, apparently. They had come to live in that little wretched cottage by the bridge out of the village.

His mother worked in the paper-box factory, he said. Before that, he added, when they lived in the city, she had tried to earn money by teaching languages and music. "Pianoforte," he said. I was drawing circles on a spelling paper, trying not to let him see me puzzle.

"And your father?" I asked him gently. "My father went again to Germany," the boy said solemnly, "and died there. He was a great man."

Trudi burst into tears. She had been a tight little ball of alarm. Now she dissolved and yielded herself completely



"Are you a pretty good cook?" Chris asked. "What

into my arms when I took her on my lap.

The boy listened to me comforting her and shook his head. "She does not remember our father," he said.

"I'm so afraid of the da-ark!" Trudi wailed.

Luckily I could make a joke of that, for the thin gilt sunlight was streaming into my schoolroom, brightening the colored-paper cutouts strung across the windows and the children's crayon drawings tacked on the wall. So Trudi began to laugh, and soon struggled out of my lap, and I gave her crayons to draw with and a desk down under my own.

Rudi came close and lifted his mouth to my ear. "She is afraid," he explained, "because she heard it said that they came to get him in the night. That is how they do it always."

I drew back and stared in horror at those large black eyes. You read the



I do not know I will learn," Helene said in her proud, remote way, and only the trembling of her hands showed how desperate she was.

papers, but it is a habit not quite to believe them. Levy-Braun. The race was in the name.

"My father was a liberal," he said. All that must have happened to that man might have been as far away from the rest of us as the other side of the moon, I thought, listening to the American flag snapping out there on its pole.

And it sounded as outlandish as a ghost story when I told it at the supper table that night. I boarded with the Engelkings, and their snug clean farmhouse had come to seem like home. They were mother and son. She was a cheery little old body, soft and neat as one of her own good dumplings, with crinkled white hair and blue eyes like a bright frosty sky. She doted on him, and in his silent way he was wonderfully loving to her—a big, plain man with a brown skin and graying hair, and hands that could

do anything he set them to. He was a carpenter by trade, but he kept the little plot of farm going, too—a couple of acres of truck garden, where the old lady liked to poke and dig in spring, and a meadow for the cow, and some white ducks and chickens.

"Ain't we got it nice?" she used to say, sitting contentedly with her hands in her lap, looking around her. "All we want, and Chris is so good to me."

And indeed to me, country-born as I am, the Engelking place seemed to hold the best things in life. There was sweetness in that house. But Mamma Engelking used to shake her head with a pretense of mournfulness. "He ought to get married, Chris ought."

"Nobody would spoil him like you, and he knows it," I said, laughing at her. She looked at me shrewdly, but there was nothing to see. Chris was the kind

of man a young girl can be friends with. You can't say better of any man.

I always thought there wasn't much emotion in him, until that night I told them about the little strange children and the way they lost their father. Then he turned copper-red under his tan, and his hands shook. He was so angry he pushed his chair back, away from the strudel.

"The poor soul," said his mother comfortably, dipping bread in her coffee.

"She must be a lady—the mother, I mean," I said. "The children have the most beautiful manners I ever saw."

I used to watch them with the other children; they were extremely polite, but they did not make friends. I thought they were hiding a constant fearfulness; their eyes were dark pits in their thin little faces. Their cheeks never had color. I thought it was (Continued on page 92)



# Star Rising

*Headed for fame, she bumps into—murder! A startling development in the exciting career of America's most up-and-coming young lady of the theater*

by

**Clarence Budington Kelland**

*Author of "Hard Money," "Dynasty," etc., and creator of "Mr. Deeds"*

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

## *The Story So Far:*

**W**HEN A Broadway columnist referred to Miss East Lynne as "America's Founding Number One," that lovely and eager young lady found herself on the first rung of the ladder of fame. Nor was the accolade undeserved, for East had been found in infancy in an empty theater and reared by six foster fathers known collectively as the East Lynne Benevolent Association.

But if the spot of notoriety gave Miss Lynne standing in the theater world she had set out to conquer, it also gave her a craving to see her name in print, with the result that she courted attention in night clubs, acquiring in the process an elderly admirer, Killian Van Kull, and a reputation for caustic wit. And inevitably, Broadway gossip linked her name with Van Kull's.

All of which was extremely distasteful to her childhood friend, Potter Lang, who seemed to take it for granted that she would marry him on his graduation from college, despite her insistence that her career came first.

Then there was Paul Saxon, who stood to inherit millions from his uncle. Saxon was also interested in Broadway's newest glamour girl, though there was no love lost between them. In East's own words, he was "up to something." The fact was that Saxon had some private information concerning her which seemed very important to him—so important that the veteran actress Maude Foxleigh, who shared the secret, was able to blackmail him with impunity.

And then one day, while keeping a luncheon date with Killian Van Kull,

East overheard a conversation between Saxon and Miss Foxleigh that revealed the actress' source of income. The knowledge frightened the girl and she confided in Van Kull. And at that moment, though she could not know it, exercised the power of life and death over another human being!

\* \* \* \* \*

**L**A TE IN APRIL, rumors commenced to circulate about the company that the play was to close. It had run successfully for six months, but business was showing unmistakable signs of falling off. To the minor members of the troupe this meant the return of uncertainty, haunting booking offices in search of a part. To the more improvident ones it meant lean days, pawnshops, more meal-times than meals—and weeks, perhaps months of idleness.

To East Lynne it meant something else, and she did not know exactly what. At first she was bewildered by the awakening—awakening to the realization that her job was not permanent and that the play was not going on forever. But, to her, it had its more agreeable features. To her young optimism and abounding self-confidence, it meant opportunity. It meant getting out of a rut in which she had found a growing contentment. It meant other and better parts in other and better plays.

True, she was not faced, as many of her associates were, by economic necessity. Nor had she had their experience of sitting on benches in the outer rooms of managers' offices. On the whole, she was glad—glad of the change.

She took stock of herself. In the past



six months she had learned much that she needed to know about the technique of her profession, and much more about life. But she had not progressed as she felt she should have progressed. Her genius had not been recognized, and she felt guiltily that this might be partly her own fault.

She had enjoyed herself. She had enjoyed the new life she led with its excitements and associations, but, thinking seriously about herself, she felt she had not labored as diligently as she should have to advance her artistic fortunes. She had given too much of her thought and time to living and to the enjoyment of life.

She had got herself talked about and written about, but that had helped only

her social life—if the life she lived could be called social. In short, she had done pretty well for herself as a girl, but almost nothing for herself as an actress.

She stopped Mather Hoskins in the wings. "I hear the show's going to close," she said.

"You haven't seen the notice go up, have you?"

"People who get information ahead of other people have a great advantage," she said with a smile.

"And you're looking for the edge?"

"Always."

"Do you know," he said, "I rather like you. I shouldn't, but I do. Maybe it's just admiration."

"Are you going to have another part for me?" she asked, and then paused to

reflect on his last observation. "What about me do you admire so much?"

He looked at her slantwise. "Your abysmal preoccupation with yourself," he said. "You'd stand on an old applewoman's face to be able to see the parade over somebody's shoulder."

"Not on an old applewoman's," she said, "but on any man's. You've never had the gorgeous experience of being a good-looking girl alone in New York."

"Would it have taught me something?"

"There was a rebel general who said the way to win battles was to gild thar fustest with the mostest men. If you were quick on the uptake, it might have taught you how right he was. If you're a girl in this town and want to keep right side up with care, you get there first—



East finished reading the part and set back. She did not need Draper's incredulous murmur to tell her she had done it magnificently.



"You darling! You gift of 'he gods!'" murmured Draper Stokes, as he led East before a wildly applauding audience.

and you never let anybody get there second. It's open season here for girls twelve months a year. There aren't any game laws. There's a hunter behind every café table. It's not a game a girl has to play with you wolves—it's tooth and claw to the bitter end. You know what every man wants, and while he's preoccupied with trying to get it, your job is to fend off with one hand and grab with the other.

"Of course I'm self-centered. Take one look at the girls who aren't, and see what's happened to them. Take your mind off defense for half a second and you're on the greased skids with your whole life in a mud puddle." She paused. "Where I differ from the rest—and I'm not blaming them, mind you—is that I

don't go in for ermine coats and diamond dog collars. I don't want what you've got—I only want to keep what I've got."

"You've done pretty well for yourself," said Hoskins.

"Meaning?"

"Meaning Killian Van Kull," he said. She was not angry, she was not insulted. In fact, she had grown accustomed to the implication and had hardened herself to ignore it. "Mr. Van Kull," she said, "is the only man I have met in New York whom I would describe as a gentleman. And just to keep your book-keeping in order, I'll tell you that I never have had a thing of value from him, herring food, drink and flowers—if I except charming and gracious companionship. And he never has had from me

anything except what he wants most in the world—friendship. Have I been clear?"

"As crystal."

"But you don't believe me?"

"Of course not."

"Then pass on to another subject," she said. "Have you a part for me in your next show? And I don't mean a bit. I mean a part."

"You've studied your profession so diligently in the night clubs," he said, "that you're equipped to star for any manager."

He was giving her something to think about later, whether or not she realized it at the minute.

"At least I've made people know I'm alive."

"As a wisecracking playgirl," he said;

"as a puller of nifties; as a girl about town who can blister the skin with a witticism. I prefer women who get themselves known as actresses."

"Have I played the part you gave me?"

"You're still on the pay roll," he said.

"Then where's your complaint?"

"I'm not complaining. I'm stating. My business is to write and produce plays and find adequate actors to play them. Now you—you have beauty; you are stage-struck; you're better than the average beginner. But your ambition seems to be to get off something good that will be quoted in the columns next morning."

"In words of one syllable—I'm a play-girl. I don't work. I don't take my profession seriously."

"Darling, you've smacked the nail on the head."

"Would you be surprised to know that I can understudy any part in this piece? Would you be stricken blind to learn that I know Marjot Ladd's lines better than she does, and that I have rehearsed her part before my mirror for hours and days and weeks? Would it astound you to know that on every matinee day when we are not working I am in another theater watching? Serious! I'm afraid, Mr. Hoskins, you are the sort of man who sees the froth at the top of the glass and doesn't realize that the good beer is underneath."

"Step into your dressing room," Hoskins said abruptly, and she obeyed. He closed the door. "Play Ladd's scene with Delancey Stoop in the second act," he directed. "I'll read his lines."

She went through the scene. At the end he snorted noncommittally.

"Would you like to hear me play Juliet or Rosalind or Portia, or even Lady Macbeth?" she demanded. "Would you like

the big scene from Emma Lowrey's play across the street, or from Mary Payton's at the Playhouse? I know them. Serious. Did you say? Mister, I was born to be an actress. I'm going to be an actress. Night clubs run from midnight until morning. What do you suppose I do with the long, lonely hours of daylight? I work!"

Hoskins squinted at her oddly. "Every day you see something different if you keep your eyes open," he remarked. And then, "If I've said anything I'm sorry for, I'm sorry for it." He walked to the door, and there he turned. "It could even be true what you say about Van Kull."

"Oh, it could!"

"Yes," he said from beyond the threshold, "and the show isn't going to close until June. And I don't know if I've got another part for you. On top of which, I'll be doggone!" He shut the door, and she could hear his footsteps retreat, stop and return. He opened the door again and thrust in his head. "What's the big idea," he demanded, "trying to make a gold dollar look like a counterfeit dime?"

He slammed the door, and this time he was gone.

That night after the show East went with a couple of members of the cast to a near-by restaurant which was crowded with actors and managers, and outsiders who came to watch celebrities eat. They found a table and were hardly seated before Paul Saxon appeared, accompanied by a tall, stooped, lugubrious-looking young man with sulky, smoldering eyes.

"Place is crowded, isn't it?" asked Saxon. "May we muscle in at your table? I thought perhaps you'd like to meet Draper Stokes." And then, taking permission for granted: "Miss Lynne, Mr. Stokes. Also Miss Chase and Mr. Cloud."

"Not the Mr. Stokes!" exclaimed Meta Chase.

The young man looked at her with bored eyes. "One of the better and nobler Stokeses," he said.

"Arrived yesterday from London," said Saxon. "To produce 'Blister End' here this fall. Ran a year at the Regent, you know."

"We read the papers," said Meta, "and sometimes understand them. England's fair-haired boy!" She sniffed. "I must say you don't look it."

Mr. Stokes said nothing with an air of profundity.

"He's got a ghastly reputation," Meta went on, "and he doesn't look that, either."

"I look much more wicked in evening clothes," said Mr. Stokes.

"Say one of those devastatingly brilliant things we've heard about," said Meta.

"Am I being had?" asked Mr. Stokes. "Am I being given the bird, as you say in your amazing country?"

"No," said Meta. "Only, when we meet a new playmate, we like to have him give samples."

"Once," said Stokes, "there was a chap who cast his pearls in some bloody place or other where he shouldn't."

"We've succeeded in improving the strain of swine to a point where they can appreciate British wit," said East, speaking for the first time.

Stokes turned his eyes on her, and suddenly they came to life—not to vivid life, but to a sort of sullen, smoldering subterranean vivacity. "Caustic, what?" He stared at her with lazy impertinence. "Saxon said we might encounter you here."

"I'm always working in your interest," Saxon said to East with a short laugh.

"That," she said, "requires a diagram."

"I've been in your New York for thirty-six hours," said Stokes. "It's bloody lonesome."

"Do you know another adjective," East asked, "or does that one suffice in London since Bernard Shaw dared to spring it on the public?"

"A chap is always lonesome without," said Stokes.

"Without what?"

"A lady to help him while away the hours."

"Bloody hours," said East. And then to Saxon: "Tact is his bloody forte, isn't it? So you took on the job of staking him to a lady, and got no further than me."

"He mentioned that you were rousing good company," said Stokes.

East's eyes glinted dangerously. They remained fixed on Paul Saxon as she spoke to Stokes. "You are forehanded, aren't you?" she asked. "In case you found you just had to

(Continued on p. 144)



# MODERN

## Miracle Men

**MILTON BERRY,  
WHO TEACHES PARALYTICS  
TO WALK**



*Bruno Stadio*

Milton Berry (inset) is shown here instructing one of his young pupils who came to him on crutches.



*by*

**Rex Beach**



**T**HE HOUSE is low, rambling and unpretentious. Two wings at the rear form a long, sunshiny patio; it is paved with concrete, and fixed upon a latticed fence across the end is a full-length mirror. It is unlike any patio in California, for it is an exercising yard, a place where people learn to walk. It is the proving ground for the Milton H. Berry Institute of Paralysis Correction.

Here sorely crippled people, young and old, from all parts of the country have come for muscular re-education. The majority of them are victims of infantile paralysis, but some have broken backs as the result of automobile accidents; others are afflicted with spinal ailments and twisted limbs. At the cost of infinite patience they are regaining the power of motion.

One hundred patients. One hundred stories of despair. Tragedy walks in this yard, for many of these people have been helpless for years, incapable of movement, prisoners inside the tombs of their living bodies. Some have a withered arm, or a leg that dangles like a rope, or a crooked spine; others are in worse condition and were brought here in wheel chairs, or in



Mary Blackford (below) was a Hollywood starlet until an accident caused paralysis. Now Mr. Berry is teaching her to walk again. Left: The late Will Rogers with Berry Institute pupils.



Cliff Weizmann

*Here is a man who, though frankly not a doctor, has demonstrated an amazing ability to teach paralytics to regain the use of helpless limbs, and whom hundreds of reclaimed cripples call a true miracle worker*

the arms of relatives. It is pitiful to note that so many are little children.

Under the direction of Mr. Berry and his limited staff they are struggling with heroic patience to rebuild themselves. Many are persons who have undergone corrective procedure at their orthopedic centers without benefit, but in spite of discouraging predictions from authorities they have come, as a last resort, to this modest place in Van Nuys.

Poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis) is a baffling disease and one of the most dreaded. It is particularly cruel because it affects so many children. In the United States it has left 300,000 cripples, and the annual increase is about 5,000. During the epidemic of 1916, 20,000 children in New York City alone were attacked. Automobile accidents, too, account each year for 3,500 broken backs, and a broken back usually means complete paralysis from the waist down.

"Medicine and surgery," says Mr. Berry, "seemingly accomplish comparatively little in the way of cure, so the

orthopedists have turned to electricity, massage, diathermy, X rays and even radium.

"They have found practically nothing to do for curved spines except fight them with plaster casts and surgical operations.

"We don't operate. We use no massage, no electricity, no swimming pools. Our plan here is to rebuild strength and to re-educate the voluntary muscular system. For this isn't a hospital, you see—it's a school. These aren't patients, they're pupils. I'm not a doctor, I'm a teacher."

A few of his pupils sat on benches with canes or crutches beside them but the majority were in wheel chairs. At his request, they demonstrated the progress they were making.

A young man rose and with the assistance of two canes walked the length of the patio, watching himself in the mirror.

"I'm twenty-seven years old," said he. "I had infantile paralysis, and for ten years I couldn't stand on my feet. When I came here I was helpless: I had no muscle power or control in either leg. It's

marvelous to be able to get around again and to wait on myself. And I'm growing stronger every day."

A girl in her twenties was lifted out of her chair and crutches were placed under her arms. With her face set in the effort of concentration, she propelled herself down the walk. She had been a dancer. Her back had been broken in an automobile crash, and for months she had lain in bed, paralyzed from the waist down.

A roly-poly little girl, with her legs in steel braces, walked for us. Her steps were slow; her plump face worked with the effort of directing abdominal muscles to lift and swing those dead limbs, but she dimpled happily and her eyes shone, for she was no longer a mere burden of nerveless flesh to be lifted and carried and put down. Every week she was walking more easily.

It is a heart-rending experience to visit this school, and yet it is an inspiration.

Not long before Will Rogers flew on that ill-fated trip to Alaska, he went out to Van Nuys and stood in this patio and watched the pupils go through their

This article reflects the impressions of the author, and we position it for its human-interest value and not as offering an endorsement.—EDITORS.



paces. He joked with them until they were laughing. Mr. Berry missed him finally and found him in the washroom leaning against the wall, his face buried in his arms to smother the sound of his sobbing. Berry tiptoed away. When Will returned to the patio his jokes were funnier than ever.

To the layman, Mr. Berry's success as a teacher seems the more extraordinary just because he is not a doctor. But precisely for that reason the results he has attained, the case records in his files, carry little weight in the formal medical world. He has another record, however, which is unique and pretty convincing: it consists of some eight miles of motion-picture film showing the "before and after" conditions of many of his cases.

The first film he ran off for us was of an eight-year-old girl arriving at the institute tied to a "Bradford frame." She had spent twenty-one months in two different hospitals under the care of specialists. The film revealed her shortly thereafter taking her first faltering step, and still later walking alone. Then it stopped, the lights were turned on and the child herself came into the projection room, walking normally, without the aid of braces. She had been at the institute less than eight months.

We next viewed a thirty-five-year-old man painfully shuffling one foot after the other. One hand was locked close to his body; with the other he supported himself upon a cane; he lacked the power to raise either arm more than a few inches. He was shown after a lapse of time with both arms extended above his head. He walked; he did gymnastic stunts. Again the lights went on and we were introduced to the man himself, who repeated the setting-up exercises. He was in sound health, a full man again.

Another case in which we saw both the picture and the subject was that of a little five-year-old girl. At the time of her enrollment both legs were drawn tightly together; her knees were flexed and she could barely stand. Proudly she showed us how well she could walk now.

There were many of these photographic records, cruel, pathetic, astounding. Outside in the sun a hundred people were being helped to become whole by no other magic than the understanding, the sympathetic encouragement and the skillful direction and assistance of this earnest man.

Why is it that he has been able to effect betterments and cures where others have failed? What is this system of "muscular re-education"?

Before answering, let it be said that praise of one method of treatment does not imply disparagement of another.

Medicine can never become a static science.

Mr. Berry says: "My method is based on well-recognized scientific principles which many have failed to study because these principles are not yet taught in colleges. In their application, however, the technique must be varied to suit each individual case. That, of course, calls for more time, patience and personal attention than any specialist can afford to give.

"The first fundamental is an understanding of the biophysics of locomotion from the standpoint of the cripple. Ninety percent of crippledness involves locomotion, and when certain muscles have been rendered useless the mechanics of walking are vastly complicated. If another set of muscles must be trained to assist in the work of those paralyzed,

the third fundamental. By the sense of touch, one properly trained can discover the presence and the extent of muscular impairment. And once those impairments are determined and localized, once adhesions are broken up, the pupil can be taught to concentrate upon the problem of voluntary control. First, however, it is necessary to build up his physical vigor. This institute, you see, must really be a mental and physical training school.

"Orthopedists now advocate exercise to restore impaired muscular function but they have not laid out a practical system. Inasmuch as no two paralyses show precisely the same impairment, care must be taken not to overdevelop strong muscles at the cost of those which have been weakened. Our system may call for building up the weak and weak-

ening the strong in order to effect a balance. That's not easy, for there are more than six hundred voluntary muscles in the body. Think of the limitless possible combinations!

"I began this work with the fixed belief that if an impulse from the brain produced movement of the voluntary muscles before impairment, nothing except this same brain impulse could bring it back. Time has proved that I was right.

"Our work divides itself into four parts. First, physical upbuilding and development of the power to concentrate upon impaired muscular areas. Second, equalizing distribution of the circulation by getting the individual upon his feet. Third, application of the correct principles of biophysics of locomotion from the standpoint of the cripple. Fourth, a schedule of daily work fitted to the needs of each case."

One cannot talk long to Mr. Berry without realizing his fitness for this work. He is deadly serious about it. His patience and his compassion are inexhaustible; his determination to lessen human suffering is almost savage in its intensity.

"You mustn't encourage more people to come here," he said earnestly. "It distresses me to turn away anybody I could help, but the institute is already crowded. I can't take care of another case. You've talked with those afflicted people out there in the patio. Imagine how it makes me feel to ignore a cry for help from others—" His voice broke; he shook his head. "No, don't send any more until they can be properly cared for."

This warmth of feeling is the more remarkable in view of Mr. Berry's background, for he is a peculiar product of frustration and his experience would have case-hardened the average man. He has fought doggedly for every inch he has gained; in the development of his theories he has (Continued on page 85)

### COMING SOON:

## Enchanted Oasis

*A great dramatic novel where-  
in is revealed the private  
life of that glamorous desert  
playground of society and  
screen—PALM SPRINGS*

**by FAITH BALDWIN**

then leverage problems become entirely different.

"As proof that this subject is imperfectly understood, Doctor Arthur Steindler, then president of the American and British Orthopedic Association, stated in his address at its 1933 convention in Washington, D. C., that the field of physiology which covers the mechanics of locomotion—the biophysics of the locomotor apparatus—is still virgin soil to orthopedists. He said he hoped to see the day when systematic research in that direction would open the way for greater proficiency and mark a definite advance in orthopedic surgery. No doctor responsible for the treatment and care of our crippled children has taken issue with that statement, hence it must be true.

"The second principle upon which the technique I follow is based, is correct understanding of the action of muscles upon the bodies. The dissecting room tells only a part of the story of muscular function and control.

"Palpation, which means physical examination by the hands or fingers, is

# REDUCED *Summer* FARES

## *Get out of the Kitchen!*

Campbell's Tomato Soup  
Peanut Butter and  
Marmalade  
Sandwich on Whole  
Wheat Toast  
Glass of Milk

A short cut to a youngster's heart, Campbell's Tomato Soup is a nourishing delight. And that sandwich—gee, what a surprise!

**Get up and go!** Use your head and Campbell's ready-in-a-jiffy Soups to reduce kitchen time. A fragrant hearty plate of soup, a sandwich or a salad, milk or tea. Lunch or supper as simple as that! Ten, fifteen minutes, you're out of the kitchen. Then to eat and away!

## *Go Places!*

Campbell's Chicken Soup  
Tomato Aspic with  
Sliced Boiled Egg on Top  
Iced Tea with Fresh Mint

Lunch that's quick and easy, yet a delight to serve, Campbell's Chicken Soup is a real chicken treat, made with all the good tender meat of plump chickens.

## *Do things!*

Campbell's Vegetable Soup  
with Bread Sticks  
Half-Peach Salad with  
Whipped Cream  
or Cream Cheese  
and Chopped Nuts  
Hot Coffee

Here's a perfect meal!  
Campbell's Vegetable  
Soup—it's a boon these  
summer days.

LOOK FOR THE  
RED-AND-  
WHITE LABEL



# Campbell's SOUPS

Swimming is the favorite sport  
of this vivid Park Avenue matron

*Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr.*  
aboard S.S. Conte di Savoia

YOUNG Mrs. Hammond, daughter-in-law of the former Ambassador to Spain, is an international figure in the world of society. She was educated in Rome. Made her debut in New York. Traveled extensively. Mrs. Hammond is an enthusiastic traveler and swimmer. As she herself remarked, when photographed (right) at the Conte di Savoia pool: "I'm on board my favorite liner; I'm enjoying my favorite sport; I'm smoking my favorite cigarette—a Camel! So I'm happy. Camel's delicate flavor always tastes good, but especially so after a swim. Camels give my energy a cheering lift!"



**Good digestion at sea too!** Clear-skinned, radiant, Mrs. Ogden Hammond is a vision of charm and well-being. "Camels certainly help digestion," she says, adding, "I've smoked Camels for six years, and they never get on my nerves." Throughout the dining rooms of the Conte di Savoia, Camels are much in evidence. Smoking Camels speeds the natural flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—so indispensable to mealtime comfort!

**COSTLIER TOBACCOS**—Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand

*These distinguished women  
also prefer  
Camel's mild, delicate taste:*

MRS. JOAN BELMONT, New York  
MRS. NICHOLAS BIDOLE, Philadelphia  
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston  
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MRS. J. GARONER COOLIDGE End, Boston  
MRS. ANTHONY J. GRUXEL 3rd, Philadelphia  
MRS. CHISWELL OARNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia  
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York  
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, Baltimore  
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., New York  
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, Pasadena  
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., Chicago

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*For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels*

*Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for August 1937*

(Continued from page 82)

suffered ridicule and abuse. Lacking the usual educational advantages a boy he has carried a real handicap in later life. But it failed to deafen him. Perhaps it is this handicap, plus his own early poverty, his discouragement, struggles, which accounts for the fact that for every pay pupil in his modest establishment there is another who receives precisely the same care without pay.

He ran away from home at the age of ten. He sold newspapers in San Francisco, slept in doorways. At fifteen, he had worked up to a job at a race track. One of the patrons, a kindly man who was partly paralyzed, became interested in the lad and took him into his home. Young Berry grew deeply attached to his benefactor, and in an effort to help, he frequently rubbed the man's withered legs.

"I often wondered what ailed them," said he, "and I determined to learn something about muscles, in the hope that I could put him on his feet. I fell into the company of athletes, and at twenty, I was training bicycle racers. Those bike riders fought to have me massage them: they claimed I could make them ride faster. Hungry to learn more, I bought a secondhand copy of Gray's 'Anatomy,' but it told me nothing about the action of muscles on live bodies.

"I had formed some pretty definite ideas of my own by this time, so I searched the medical libraries for information. Nothing had been written on the subject. I got nowhere. My theory was that the mind could be trained to concentrate upon the muscles of a paralyzed limb in such a way that they would again respond to the brain impulses. It wasn't until I had wasted three years hunting for help that I began to suspect the idea was original."

Burning with zeal to try it out, Berry applied for admission to a Chicago medical school. He wanted to become a doctor. They told him he was crazy: that he lacked the educational training even to start the study of medicine. He was offended. The knowledge he thirsted for was locked up behind those walls, and he couldn't even crash the gate.

ONE NIGHT he entered a hotel in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. He was broke. The place was empty except for the six-foot son of the owner, who did not like Mr. Berry's looks. Presumably he took him for a yegg. At any rate, he was uncivil and Berry socked him with all he had. It was plenty.

Then the father appeared, summoned by the crash. Berry explained what had happened, and the father said: "You did right. I'd have socked him myself."

That hotelkeeper was impressed by the newcomer. He listened with interest to his theories of human betterment, and invited him to stay in Mt. Pleasant until he could establish himself.

In the town was a woman who had taught school for twenty years. At the age of four she had been stricken with anterior poliomyelitis, and ever since she had walked on crutches. One leg she could not touch to the ground; it was thin and shrunken. The other was abnormally developed.

Berry treated her three times a day, and the town was amazed a few months later to see her walk down the main street with only a cane. She could step on her paralyzed leg: it had increased two and a half inches in size below the knee and four inches above. The Mt. Pleasant News ran an arresting account of the miracle.

There were few paralytics in this town of four thousand, so Berry went to Des Moines, rented an office and began a search for crippled children. In order to keep body and soul together, he worked eight hours a night in a Turkish bath. Meanwhile, he found fifteen newsways, peddlers and others who were afflicted and who consented to undergo free treatment.

There was one who had no medical degree, who had been denied even the advantages of a high-school education, pioneered boldly in the treatment of disease conditions that baffled even the big men of science. He spurned the use of electricity and massage; he worked frantically to perfect his own technique, which already was giving actual results.

The dramatic turning point in his career came in 1904. In passing through the poorer part of the city, he saw a young woman in a wheel chair, introduced himself and asked what ailed her. She was completely paralyzed in both legs: sensation and motion were entirely gone. She had been an art instructor at Drake University; for two years she had received every medical attention. Famous specialists had examined her and had agreed that she could never walk again.

She was living in a wretched second-floor room, around the walls of which ropes were stretched so that she could draw herself forward to the stove. Crutches were useless.

Having secured her reluctant permission to work with her, Berry rushed to one of his friends, a prominent lodge member, and told him about "the marvelous case" he had discovered. The girl must be put in a hospital where he could work under proper conditions. But the expense of hospitalization was more than he could stand.

"You've been doing pretty well for a stranger," the man said, "but if you tell the people of Des Moines that you can cure Lulu Murphy they'll run you out of town, or ride you out on a rail."

Berry stormed—he didn't care what anyone said: the woman could be saved. That night the Elks Lodge donated one hundred and fifty dollars. Berry raised an equal amount and Miss Murphy was installed in the Methodist Hospital annex.

"I was determined to put this case on record," he told me. "I wanted a medical diagnosis and prognosis, so I wrote to ten doctors and the two editors of a near-by medical journal, enclosing a ten-dollar check to each and a request to examine Miss Murphy at once.

"I expected them to come separately; instead, they arrived in a body. They brought with them two reporters and a photographer. Most of the doctors had treated the patient at one time or another. They blindfolded her, stuck a needle in her leg, gave her the galvanic and the hot and cold tests. Then their spokesman explained to the reporters that this was a case of transverse myelitis in the lumbar region which involved a deterioration or destruction of the motor cells in the lower part of the spinal cord.

"That being the case," he announced, "you can see how impossible it will be for anybody to restore locomotion. This young man is trying to gain notoriety at the expense of this girl. It's an outrage!"

"He was furious. Coming from the leading surgeon of the city, it was quite a blow-out," and the next day, Sunday, when the local newspapers printed the denunciation of me, my goose was about cooked.

"One Saturday morning four months later, I asked those same reporters to

come to the hospital and see Miss Murphy walk. I had to plead with them. Those fellows who had heard me denounced in the presence of ten prominent doctors and two editors saw Lulu Murphy swing her legs off the table, walk out of the room and down the hall. They were dumfounded.

"So were the people of Des Moines when they read about the 'miracle' in their Sunday papers. Three thousand of them gathered on the hospital grounds and called for the girl. She came out on the veranda. They saw her walk."

A world-famous surgeon, one who had examined Miss Murphy, read of her recovery and hastened to Des Moines to see Berry. He invited him to come to Chicago with him and demonstrate his technique.

THE INVITATION was accepted. For seventeen years Berry worked with hundreds of paralytics sent to him by this and other specialists, but the credit for cure and betterment, he felt, went to them rather than to him. So, too, did most of the fees. So, at the end of that time, he returned to his native state, determined to work alone.

He opened an office in Los Angeles and sat in it for nine long months without a patient. He ran announcements in the newspapers, reciting the results of his re-educational work, but he was put down as a quack. Eventually the chance came to treat a twelve-year-old boy, paralyzed in both legs and with an S-curve in his spine. Mr. Berry effected a complete cure, and the story spread. That was the beginning of his present school.

He met with opposition here as elsewhere, and it became more active as his reputation grew; but the cripples continued to come. He taught them to walk; he straightened their twisted spines, unlocked their joints, and they went out into the world to sing his praises.

The osteopathic profession has now given him full recognition, for, after two years of investigation, he was awarded an honorary degree.

Mr. Berry does not claim the ability to relieve any and all crippled conditions, but he is able to determine pretty accurately such cases as he can help, and as previously stated, many of them are cases that had been pronounced hopeless. He has examined ten thousand paralytics and has actually worked on more than two thousand, with results that appear truly miraculous. It is a pitifully small number as compared with the total number afflicted, but it must be remembered that the average time necessary for muscular re-education is about a year, and treatment is continuous.

His most noteworthy case took seven years of patient and unremitting effort. It was a triumph, however, for he restored an incredibly crippled girl to health and normal womanhood.

"Most permanent cripples," he declares, "is caused not so much by the accident of the disease itself as by deformities that develop as aftereffects. Experience has convinced me that if this technique were universally employed and could be applied during or immediately after the acute stages, seventy-five percent of these injured persons could be returned to normalcy and a considerable part of the remaining twenty-five percent could be made physically independent."

"I'd like to see fifty schools like this. I'd like to see every crippled child receive the benefit of our knowledge and experience. That could be done by making

this a treating and teaching clinic."

Steps, indeed, have been taken in this direction. The Milton H. Berry Foundation has been incorporated as a non-profit and charitable organization, and its founder has agreed to give the rest of his useful life to it at a salary much below that which he is capable of earning. His son, Milton, Jr., has had eight years' experience under his father. On the board of directors are Rupert Hughes, the famous author; Norman Chandler, general manager of the Los Angeles Times; Fred Stone, the beloved actor; Michael F. Shannon, attorney and civic leader, and Tracy Q. Hall, vice president and treasurer of Los Angeles' largest bank.

The purpose of that foundation is to continue the mercurial work now going on and to teach well-qualified young men and women "the Berry method," so that they may go out into the land and duplicate results.

At the pace at which automobile accidents are increasing there will soon be a

demand for many such persons. I wish every reckless driver could be forced to spend one day in the patio of that house at Van Nuys. It would cut the motor death rate in half. I wish they could see and talk with one highway victim, as I did. She is a beautiful, sunshiny girl; she stood on the threshold of a promising Hollywood career. She was a favorite at the studio; her last engagement was in the production of "Ah, Wilderness!"

One night a boy drove her home from a party and wrecked his car. He was unhurt but Hollywood was horrified to learn that she had suffered a fractured spine and would never walk again. For eighteen months the girl lay motionless in bed, incapable of moving anything except her head. She was brave, cheerful, but her friends went away and wept for they saw that her strength was ebbing and knew that she was willing like a flower.

It was Paula Stone who brought Mr. Berry to her bedside. Miss Stone waited

in the street praying while Berry's sensitive fingers explored the injured neck. "Bring her to the institute. I believe something can be done," he said.

The girl had been there only a few weeks when I saw her, but she had grown stronger; she could lift her arms; a lamp had been lighted behind her big blue eyes. I saw her, with the aid of crutches, take several steps, and a Hollywood columnist recently announced:

"My Blackford is better. Yesterday she took one hundred and fifteen steps."

In a letter, Mr. Berry writes me: "A great change has come over Mary. It looks more hopeful every day."

This reconstruction of pitiful human wreckage, this rekindling of hope in poor lost souls is so dramatic, so inspiring and excites such profound emotion that one feels the urge to tell not one or two, but many stories such as this. Milton H. Berry, the newsboy, the trainer, has gone a long way. He has repaid with interest the debt of gratitude he owed that crippled man who first befriended him.

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## Ten-Goal Lady by David Garth

(Continued from page 55)

and that wasn't natural. Dyke finally told her home. She was out there, Bokor told him that she had been practically living in the saddle for the past weeks and was undoubtedly even then out at Remsen. Mr. Tom Connard's private polo field. Dyke knew the team well, a Long Island outfit that took their polo seriously. He felt intrigued enough to investigate. Accordingly, he drove out from town the next day and parked along the side lines. Connard's team was engaged in a practice game with a pick-up four. Hope was riding at Number One on the practice team and Dyke watched her every move.

The girl had instinct. She knew her rules; she had picked up the rhythm and timing of hitting to a remarkable degree, and she was the fastest player on that field. Her position cowering left something to be desired, and she wasn't a powerful hitter—but the lady was not bad. In fact, the lady was surprisingly good.

When they called it a day he went over to her. She was on one knee, examining a pony's bandaged foreleg.

"Hi, Amazon!" said Dyke. Her lashes rose. "Oh," she said. "It's you." She looked at him mockingly. "And what," she inquired, "are you going to tell me I mustn't do now?"

Dyke considered. "One thing, you mustn't watch the ball so much. A good Number One watches his man more than the ball. You can throw a monkey wrench into the other side's team play if you block their back out. Another thing—don't ever leave your man when you have him covered and go for the ball when your Number Two is hitting it so clear."

Hope's eyes widened. He was actually giving her some helpful advice. He didn't seem at all disturbed at having lost the first round. "You don't mean you'd like to see me get along in this game?" she exclaimed.

"Well," said Dyke, "if you're going to play polo, you might as well play good polo."

"Then you aren't peeved with me?" she asked in spite of herself.

Dyke looked at her benevolently. "Hell," he said, "I'm only your lawyer. I see my duty to your best interests and I do it. If you have a friend who'll buy you twenty-six ponies that's none of my business. But, if he grins, 'I doubt very much if your 'friend' will get you in a

game against me through Tom Connard's team. My battles with Tom are hell-for-lease affairs. If you were twice as good as you are and a combination of Cleopatra, Houdini and Brunhild, you'd still be on the side lines, my little feathered friend. However—live and learn. Good luck."

He nodded and walked away, pausing to say hello to Tom Connard, then striding across the field to his car. Hope watched him, her hands tight on her whip. Getting under that young man's skin was no easy job. He had a genius for making her angry.

And he had her on a spot again because he knew whereof he spoke. Tommy Connard was a good friend of hers, but she wasn't in the same class with his well-known Remsen team. The only weak spot was Number Three, where Terry Price had been out nursing a fractured wrist. He might last a full game against Dyke's West Farms team, but even if he didn't, there was Jack Keesling, Connard's "spare," who would take his place. There was one ray of light. Tom Connard had good-humoredly taken her on as a spare. Although she was under no delusion that her duties were anything more than honorary, she was at least connected with a ranking man's polo team.

Gi di Paolo was surprised to receive a telegram from Hope one day asking to see him. He drove out immediately in a coupé with bulletproof glass and a specially built steel body, ready for anything.

Hope escorted him to the study and closed the door. "Louie," she said, "I need your help. I have an important reason for delaying a gentleman in getting to his destination next Saturday. I want him gently detained. You know what 'detained' means, don't you?"

"Sure," said Louie; "want him flagged."

"Exactly," said Hope. "He's not to be harmed in any way, Louie. No rough stuff. And you're to detain him only until five-thirty Saturday afternoon."

"Always willing to oblige," said Louie. "Good! Now I leave all the—er—arrangements to you. His name is Mr. Keesling. I have a picture for you and the license number of his car. He will be spending the week end at the Cumberland Country Club and will leave in his car between ten and eleven to drive to West Farms for luncheon. I don't know whether he'll have anybody else with him, but if he does—"

"Easy," said Louie. "We'll flag 'em, too." "We?" repeated Hope.

"To do a job smooth," Louie explained. "I'll need a couple of my old boys. Now," he added, "you leave everything to us, Miss Randall. Nobody'll get hurt, and this guy will be detained to the queen's taste. Where is this Cumberland Club at?"

Dyke arrived at West Farms on a beautiful Saturday with an idle breeze flirting with the goal-post flags on a perfectly kept polo field. A crowd was in the stands or sitting in the motors along the side lines.

The club steward had Dyke's accoutrements laid out: polished boots tread, spurs cleaned and beside the boots, white riding breeches, shirt, broad belt, helmet and gloves. A West Farms groom waited for instructions.

"Morning Star, Hip Hip, Killarney, Conchinita, Brug," said Dyke. "In that order. Put a bit and bridoon on Killarney. Straight-bar Pelhams on the rest."

He grinned at the thought of Hope Randall naming her mounts for the day. Probably X, L, Z, Q, F or something like that, if she had named her horses as she said. Strange girl. Stormy, but the world would never lack action while she was in it. She'd be out there today, sitting on the side lines biting at the bit like a wild young bronk.

He dressed and went out of the clubhouse with Linc Townsend and Kyle Purbeson and Ted Rolland, who'd ridden with him for four years, a thundering quartet that had hit the polo heights.

Near the pony paddock he saw Hope. She looked stunning in a white sports turnout with a turquoise scarf that did her blond tresses no harm at all.

Dyke touched the brim of his helmet in debonair salute and walked on, looking extremely content. The lady scowled. The pleasure of riding that confident specimen of masculinity right off the field would have been ranked as one of those gifts the gods occasionally bestow.

Tom Connard and his team were getting ready to mount. Tom regarded Price's bandaged wrist apprehensively.

"Sure that's not going to hurt you, Terry? Dyke will be a tough workout."

"I think I can stick it," said Price. "But Jack Keesling had better be set, just in case."

"What Keesling would show up," muttered Connard. He swung into the

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saddle and looked at Hope. "If he shows up while we're on the field, tell him to get dressed and stand by will you?"

"Yes indeed," said Hope. "Good luck." Connard grinned. "We'll need it," he said, and cantered out on the field.

His Remsen team went into action from the moment the ball was rolled out. They played a smart passing game, hitting with an accuracy that had West Farms riding on the backs of a large part of the time. They led 4-2 at the end of the first three periods, and then West Farms got moving.

Dyke blew the lid off in that fourth period. Time after time, that fast-riding, hard-hitting young man beat Terry Price and the rest of the Remsen team to the ball, chased it into offensive corners, sent passes to Linc Townsend at Number One that were setups right in front of the goal.

Hope watched him, feeling an irresistible thrill. He was good—but more than that, his every move was a perfection of detail. Perfect coordination of man and horse. The man who got in Dyke's way might as well have stepped in front of an express train.

And yet he was essentially a part of his team. He rode his man inexorably, and he did not play for difficult grandstand shots at the goal, but worked the ball into position for Townsend to hit across. Hope followed him every second and was more than thrilled. She itched to get out on that field.

West Farms faced five goals across in that period in a terrific offensive that had their opponents helpless. Hope Randall wasn't around when Connard's breathless team came off the field at the end of the hair-raising session.

Connard swung out of the saddle and looked around anxiously. "Keepling, I'm here yet?" he asked. "Keepling, I'm not going to see you wreck yourself."

"I'm all right," said Price. "My wrist has nothing to do with Dyke's work. He was too good for me that period."

"I know," argued Connard, "but that wrist must hurt like the devil every time you swing a mallet."

"As long as it doesn't hurt my game," said Price between set lips, "don't think about it."

West Farms continued their ebullient surge in the next three periods. They hit across four more goals and left Remsen buried 11-4, with one period to go.

When Connard came back to the side lines at the end of the seventh period, Hope was there waiting for him, booted and spurred. He grinned wryly at her.

"Ever try to blow a cyclone away?" he asked. "That's what we're doing. Those lads are hot today." He turned to Price, who was dismounting stiffly. "You've had enough, Terry," he urged. "That wrist must be agony, and it isn't our day."

Price nodded slowly. He flexed his wrist with a grimace of pain. "Maybe you're right," he admitted. "Where's Jack?"

Connard groaned. "Yes, where is he? The Cumberland Club hasn't seen him since ten o'clock this morning."

"Look here," said Hope. "What do you think I'm dressed for—a mermaid? Come on, Tom, give the cause of Polo for Women a break. And," she added, "you won't be hurting your own any, either. I promise you that."

Connard smiled. "I'd like to, but—you might be hurt, Hope."

"I'll take that chance," Hope said. She caught the reins of a blanketed black horse. "And Krakatoa is the fastest horse on this field."

He admitted that. The horse would not take a man's hand on the bit, but he was mild as a kitten with Hope's light touch on his sensitive mouth.

"You could put her in at One," Price suggested. "And you drop back to Three. Play defensive polo, and she won't be needed much up there near their goal. All the fireworks are down at our end of the field. We can finish the game, anyway." He shrugged. "We can't beat them. What's the difference?"

"Dyke would never stand for it," said Connard. "A girl on a men's polo team."

"I'll fix that," said Hope. She reached into the pocket of her polo coat and brought out a small mustache. "Nothing like being prepared," she said jauntily, adjusting it. Then she put on a helmet. "If anybody recognizes me while on the

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gallop," she remarked, "he'll be a magician."

"It will stay on about five seconds," Connard grinned.

"It will stay on through an earthquake. I've taken care of that."

Dyke's team had already cantered out on the field for the last period. Connard looked at Hope again. If she only had a man's strength—because she was a marvelous horsewoman, and she had a sure polo instinct. Ten-goal lady.

Suddenly he smiled. "I wouldn't do this for anybody but you," he said. "But you're a fine sportswoman, you know polo, and you're aces in the saddle. One period won't matter, I suppose. But," he warned, "you're taking your own risk."

"I'll take all the responsibility," Hope said.

"Righto," said Tom. "Join the party." Which might have come under the heading of a straight left to the chin for George Dykeman Tracy II.

Dyke saw that the Remsen line-up had been changed, but he gave no more than a casual glance to the new Number One. He spoke about it to Tom Connard, who had taken Terry Price's place.

"Terry hurt, Tom?"

"Wrist is bothering him. I'm giving a friend of mine a game. I don't think it will make any difference in our score."

But it wasn't long before Hope made her presence felt. Tommy Connard, in possession of the ball and hard-pressed by Dyke, broke his mallet while on a beeline for the goal.

"Take it!" he yelled desperately to Hope, who was ahead and to one side.

She started with a flash. Krakatoa responded to her touch like a bolt of lightning. Hope galloped furiously to pick up the ball, bent over and laced it ahead with a full swing of her mallet. Dyke went after her fast.

She gave Krakatoa loose rein, leaning forward in the saddle. "Come on, baby," she murmured.

The black pony opened up with a burst of speed that kept her ahead of

Dyke. On the gallop she rose in the stirrups and caught the rolling ball with another long, even swing. The ball rolled between the posts while motor horns sounded and the stands sent a wave of applause across the field.

Dyke rode over the goal line and pulled in. It had taken polo instinct and decisive action to save Connard's play, and he loved that kind of thing. "Nice play!" he called.

The Remsen Number One smiled and acknowledged the compliment with a graceful salute of a gloved hand.

The game stiffened up. Dyke's thundering quartet pulled its punches against a team that was hopelessly beaten, and Tom Connard had his team playing defensive polo up to the hilt. He offered heartfelt prayers of gratitude that Hope wasn't "ball crazy." She would have preferred to gallop that field from one goal to the other, but a certain young man had said, "Watch your man more and the ball less." She remembered that advice.

However, a few minutes later, she tangled with Dyke Tracy. The line of play shifted, and she found herself riding along with him. A West Farms player overrode the ball, and she spurred to take it away from him. Instantly her pony was blocked by Dyke's, and his arm in close at the side shoved her violently over. She was obliterated from the play with efficiency and strength that left her devoid of breath. But it had been that surge of latent power in him that impressed her. George Dykeman Tracy II had plenty of muscle, and he knew what to do with it.

She went back to position, still feeling the effects of that riding off. Feminine weakness was what it was.

It was just before the end of the game that she had another opportunity to score. She picked up a pass that a teammate sent up to her, but her shot was short. Big Kyle Furberston, the West Farms Back, headed it off to clear with a backstroke. Hope crowded him close to the goal line, striving to spoil his stroke, and she managed to hurry him into a bad pass off at the side.

Dyke spurred after it, and suddenly found himself at a disadvantage because that Remsen Number One was after it, too, and was technically in possession of the ball since he was riding in the direction it had last been hit. Crossing him meant a foul.

Dyke had a clear start, and it seemed to him that he could reach the ball in plenty of time, and in that case there would be no foul.

Against an average mount he undoubtedly would have. But Krakatoa was no average mount, and he carried a slim Valkyrie with understanding touch brought out every ounce of speed in him.

Hope came up so fast she saw the danger of a collision. For a moment a sickening sensation paralyzed her. The beat of her heart seemed to drum in her ears like the beat of Krakatoa's racing hoofs. She nearly swerved her pony.

Then she leaned forward again in the saddle and gave Krakatoa loose rein. She was within the rules. Give way, Dyke! Good heavens, wouldn't the man give way to her, even when she was within the rules? All right, then—she could look after herself.

At the last moment Dyke saw that he had miscalculated. He instantly swerved his pony and that saved the pieces.

They came into each other hard, but the full force of the shock was lessened by Dyke's quick horsemanship. His pony stumbled to its knees, and Dyke shook his feet free of the stirrups to get clear and roll over a couple of times. As for

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Hope—she went over Krakatoa's head and landed with a dizzying impact close to Dyke. For a moment the world sang crazily. Then she sat up, her helmet askew and her fake mustache hanging awry.

Dyke blinked. Why, the fellow's mustache had been knocked loose!

Suddenly his eyes widened in startled recognition. He stared at her, feeling as though he had been hit by several boomcrangs squarely in the solar plexus.

"Hope!" he croaked.

Hope couldn't even speak yet. Dyke scrambled to his feet.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

She nodded. Dyke stared at her again. By the holies, she'd done it!

He couldn't analyze how he felt. She was the nearest thing to the Irresistible Force he had ever seen in human form. She had not only succeeded in riding in a high-ranking polo match, but she had played fine, smart, courageous polo.

"I have to hand it to you," he said. "You did it."

HOPE LOOKED UP defiantly and rubbed a bruised shoulder. "I suppose you're going to raise a big fuss now," she said.

Dyke lifted her to her feet. "No," he said. "You're in. Stay in."

He watched her limp toward Krakatoa, amused. Apparently no obstacle could stop that girl. She called her shots and made them good. And to add insult to injury, the referee assessed him with a foul for the collision!

When the game ended Dyke rode to the side lines with Hope. Tom Connard and several others were already there surrounding an excited Keesling.

"I tell you I couldn't get here any sooner," she was proclaiming to Connard. "I had the strangest experience. I was just leaving to come over here this morning when a big black sedan crowded me over to the side of the road. Then when I stopped, a man I never saw before stepped on the running board and stuck a gun in my ribs."

There was a silence. Hope glanced at Dyke. He was listening attentively.

"A gun!" said Keesling. "I swear this isn't a pipe dream. He told me to follow that sedan, and with a hard-looking guy poking a gun in your ribs, I'd like to know what the hell else any of you would have done!"

"Well, about ten miles up Old Church Road we turned off on a side road and drove down to that deserted neck of the woods. We sat there and smoked cigars and had Scotch highballs and those guys told me stories for a few hours. They had a basket lunch with them and everything. Then they let all the air out of one of my tires and drove away, leaving me there. And that is the honest truth, so help me!"

Dyke rubbed his chin. He looked at Hope—a long thoughtful glance. Then he started for the clubhouse.

Hope hurried after him. "For heaven's sake!" she said. "Say what you're thinking!"

Dyke faced her. "Thinking?" he said. "Me? Well, I was just thinking that swell afternoons have a way of going sour. A few minutes ago I admired you tremendously. Now—"

"Now?" said Hope.

"Now," said Dyke. "I—don't know."

"All right," said Hope. "Just to make it a perfect day, I admit it. It was my idea." She drew a long breath. "Now you know. What shall I do? Tell Connard and the rest?"

Dyke regarded her gravely. "No," he said. "You'd be outlived everywhere. As

it happens, the result of the game would have been about the same, and Keesling just traded in a couple of periods of polo for an experience he'll tell his grandchildren. Keep it to yourself."

Hope didn't know why, but suddenly she didn't get any kick out of the afternoon. Showing that young man that she would always get what she wanted had fallen flat. All she knew was that he was tall and gray-eyed, and that he believed in things called rules.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I don't believe I'd do it—again."

"If you put as much effort into something worth while as you do in trying to get your own way, you'd be a world-beater," he told her.

"I thought it was worth while," she said. "I really did—at the time."

Dyke looked at her as she stood there, her hair rumpled, a long grass smear on her cheek. She had initiative and spirit and resourcefulness, and as she stood there, he had the impression of one of those trail-blazing women who'd fired muskets at Indians through the chinks in a cabin wall. Yes, she had a lot on the ball. Too bad it couldn't be steered in the right channels.

"I don't blame you if you're angry," she said. "Go ahead. I can take it."

"You're not so bad," said Dyke. "You just have too much money."

And he walked away quickly, because he ought to be plenty angry with her, and he wasn't angry with her at all.

Hope made no effort to catch up with him this time. She watched him stride along and knew he was the grandest man she'd ever met.

By the end of a week Dyke Tracy was well aware that the office of his officers were of paneled dark walnut, that the carpet was a Burgundy-red, and that the windows were casemented and of leaded glass. He knew because at various times during the week he had found himself studying them absently and thinking about a girl named Hope Randall.

Therefore, his father wasn't much help when he came into Dyke's office one morning and said he'd never known Hope Randall was quite that crazy. "She's done some crazy things," he said, "but this is the apex. This is genius."

"What?" Dyke asked, startled.

His father sighed. "Well, first, she wants an outstanding obligation of twenty-five thousand dollars to somebody named Louie di Paolo paid off. And then she has sent me a statement of her intention to convert her entire estate into a trust fund. The income from this estate minus taxes she insists on having placed in four separate trust funds for each of her children upon his or her twenty-fifth birthday."

"Good Lord!" breathed Dyke. "Do you think she means it?"

"That," said his father, "is something for you to take up with her."

Dyke got Hope on the wire at her Long Island home. "You come in here right away!" he thundered.

"All right," she said. "I'll be right in."

She was, too. Early that afternoon she swept into his office and sat down by his desk. She crossed silken legs, pushed her silver fox back from her shoulders and looked at Dyke seriously.

"Do you want to be examined by an alienist or something?" he asked.

"That's the reason for this latest bright idea," she said. "I want to fund for four children! Why, you haven't any children! You're not even married yet!"

"I know," sighed the girl. "But I'm hoping. I'm in love, anyhow—that's a step in the right direction."

Dyke looked at her. "Oh," he said. For

a moment he drummed on the desk with a pencil. "Oh," he said again. He bent across the desk earnestly. "But how are you going to live?"

"My husband, I trust, is going to support me," said Hope. "Rather makes me dependent on him for an awful lot of my life, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Dyke. "It does. You'd better think about it."

"I have thought," Hope said. "Oh, a great deal. I thought perhaps it would show this man that I'd stick with him always—in case he had any doubts. If he takes me, this is the last thing in my life I'm going to be arbitrary about."

Dyke got up and took a restless stride up and down the floor. "What a crazy idea!" he said. "Why do you have to lie yourself up like that for a man? You're going to find yourself in a jam."

"I will," she admitted, "unless this man takes me. I'm taking a chance, but all the money in the world is worth it—if he happens to be the kind of man who doesn't mind training 'em—and if he'll only believe a lady when she says she's crazy about him, he'll have a devoted wife all the rest of his life."

Dyke came to an abrupt stop. Lucky he did, too, or he might have walked right into the wall.

He turned slowly. "Look here, Hope," he said, "you're talking about something that's a lot different from lighthouses and polo ponies and things."

"I know," she said in a low voice. "I didn't think you'd believe me. I was resigned to wait but I hope I don't have to wait too long. If I finally got you, look at all the time we'd have wasted."

"Oh," he said satirically, "so it's me you want now? And because you always get what you want, I suppose I really should go along quietly."

"No," said Hope unsteadily. "I'm merely trying to put everything I have into something worth while. Any woman who's in love tries to get what she wants. Is there anything wrong with that?"

No, there certainly wasn't. Dyke went back into his stride, knowing that every step he took was fraught with danger. As he passed her chair he might stop and—well, he might stop.

He turned and—walked right into her, so abruptly that she threw her arms about his neck for support.

"I don't know whether this will convince you or not," she whispered in his ear, "but it will give you a good idea."

SOME FOR her whole heart into it—a vital, electrifying kiss that carried with it everything she had said, everything she meant, everything she hoped. After a pause she drew back.

"I suppose," she said huskily, "I'd better go now?"

Dyke swallowed. "Yes," he said with an effort, "you'd better. Right now."

"Well," she said gamely, "remember, while there's life there's hope."

She whirled quickly because something hot trembled beneath her eyelids.

Dyke saw her tall slim figure just about to pass through the door. Suddenly he couldn't imagine anything worse than the door closing—with her on the other side. "Hope!" he called.

She turned with her hand on the knob. Dyke strode across to her. Her blue eyes widened as he came up.

"Damn it," said Dyke. "I love you! I think you're a genius. I think I'm going to give you a good idea, myself."

And he did. However, he thought four children were too many. Two would just make a polo team.

But that was unimportant—just then, anyhow.

# "Like Sand Through My Fingers"



I was not making much, and was spending it all. The children were coming along, and a family man always has many uses for money. My money slipped away like sand through my fingers until...

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## Folksong by Louise Redfield Peattie (Continued from page 75)

because they did not run about and play; they stood close together, like little birds not meant to stay the winter out.

Even at noon they kept apart, huddling over their lunch box, not sharing with the other children who stayed at school to eat. I went home to the Kneighlings, not half a mile away, hurrying usually because I've a healthy appetite and old Mamma was a wonderful cook. But one day it had started to rain, and I came back for my umbrella and almost stumbled on the two little foreigners in a lonely corner of the entry.

THEY WERE opening their lunch box, and there was only dry bread and one small apple in it. They looked up like mice too frightened to dart into their hole.

"I came back to get you," I said quickly. "We have some new kittens where I live, and I want you to see them. Never mind bringing the lunch box—we can get something to eat at the farm."

I let Chris help Trudi off with her overshoes—he looked a giant with that wisp of childhood on his knee—and I took Mamma Engelking into the pantry.

"They're half starved, that's what," I said, and told her what was in their lunch box. "But they're proud, too; the boy's like a prince. You mustn't pity them. Just feed them, please!"

"Dry bread and a green apple! No!" she said fiercely. "What is she thinking of, that woman, the mother?"

Dark things we do not know, I said to myself, looking out the pantry window at the white ducks preening by the big old barn. Mamma Engelking was alarming the cack-brood angrily. Hunger was a prime wrong to this old woman. She was one of those who daily make fresh the good bread of life; her cheer, her skill, her zeal went all to the nourishment, body and soul, of others. I suppose she was ignorant, certainly she was innocent, but she knew all you would need to know to choose rightly. She was sound; she knew the good she was a touchstone for it, simple as she was.

There was a little song she used to sing, peeling apples or stirring the coffee cake, and when I heard it I used to wonder at the muddle and mistakes we all make. This old tune went up like a bird on the breeze, so lighthearted and sure; it made you see that happiness was a virtue, not a thing to run after. Then it dropped to a low part, and you remembered sorrow, but it seemed to come home at last, as it ended, like the bird finding its nest.

I don't understand German, so I never knew the words. She had no name for it, either. "It's such an old song, I guess maybe nobody sings it now but me," she chuckled. "A long time ago, when I was a little girl in Hanover, I learned it from my mother."

A long time ago! I thought, And yet the little bird sprang up in the air just as happily each time she sang it.

It both did me good and hurt my heart to see those children eat. Rudi had to fight back a wolf in him to eat politely, and Trudi, still on Chris' big knee, took quick little bites from him like a pecking sparrow. At last she gave a big sigh, as though she had not been satisfied like that for a long time, and cuddled back drowsily in his big arm.

It had begun to blow, a wind with a hard cold snow in it, and I couldn't bear to take the little thing back to school. She was asleep, and Chris said when she woke he'd drive her home.

Walking back to school against the wind with the boy, I remembered suddenly aloud, "But your mother won't be home! She'll be working at the factory."

He shook his head. "She's home every day now," he said in his quiet way. "They don't want her any more at the factory. They don't want her anywhere." It sounded as lonely as the bitter wind around us. I wondered if the poor woman knew how to get on relief. I asked the boy, "Is she German, like your father?"

"Her father was a *Graf*—a count, you say," he told me. "But we are not going to be Germans any more, my mother says. We are to learn to be Americans." And he lifted his chin as he said it.

That pride, then, he must get from his mother, I thought, and I wondered about her. I asked Chris that night if he had seen her. He nodded. He was a silent man always, but you could read his clear blue eyes, and his kind, sure hands spoke for him. Since he had no gift of speech, some people used to say that he was shy of women, and laughed at him for being big and clumsy. But I lived beside him every day, and I knew that his silence was richer than shyness, and that it was not for clumsiness that he never touched one.

The children came home to dinner with me often, and Chris used to stop after school every day and drive the two little things home; he said it was too far for them to walk to the cottage by the bridge. And it was, through the deep snow on those pitiful thin legs. I couldn't get him to tell me about the mother. "She's had it hard," was all that he would say about her.

"And she's highborn, poor thing!" I said. "Isn't there anything we can do for her?"

"What can you do for a highborn lady?" Chris said in a queer, grim, ironic way that was new to me, and went out of the kitchen, shutting the door hard behind him.

I watched him from the window striding out to the barn, and I thought, He's a deep well, is Chris, with a pump spring filling it. It was a Friday morning, and I said to myself, I'll go and see that woman the first thing tomorrow.

But when I got home that afternoon, I came into a cold kitchen. The fire in the stove had gone out, I saw. And yet standing on the table was a bowl of egg whites with the beaten in it, and a cake tin greased, as though Mamma Engelking had only just left them so.

I couldn't understand. I stood in the cold kitchen unwinding the red muffler from around my neck, and then I heard a dreadful low sound from the cellar. When I ran down, I found her there at the bottom of the dark stairs. She had always laughed when I cautioned her about those cellar steps.

She had hit her head and didn't know me. I was dreadful down there in the dark, for I couldn't hope to carry her up alone. Then I remembered that Chris was shingling the Blaikies' barn, and the telephone reached him and the doctor.

But they couldn't do anything for her but lay her gently on her big red feather bed and watch beside her. Chris held her hand all the time. He was as strong and steady as a tree, but his heart was in his eyes. About midnight he stooped and kissed his mother, and I saw that she was dead.

Neighbors came in, of course, and helped to bury Mamma Engelking hurried in the Lutheran cemetery out in the fields; it is cheerful enough there

in summer, when the geraniums are in bloom on all the graves, but now it seemed a cold place to leave her, and I thought unhappily about her red goose-feather bed.

Chris drove home alone; the Blaikies asked me along with them, and on the way back Mrs. Blaikie offered me a room. "For you can't stay on alone with the poor man, Miss Millie," she said. "Get a young girl like you. He'll have to get a housekeeper to look after him."

"You can't hire what he needs," I said. "I've been passing the word around to folks to find a clean neat woman for the place," said Mrs. Blaikie briskly. "And our apartment's all ready for you."

I thanked her for that, but I told her I wouldn't be leaving Chris as long as I could be of any help to him. We parted a little stiffly but I knew she was right; I couldn't stay.

The kitchen was cold again when I went in, and Chris was just sitting there. I asked him gently to fill the woodbox, and when he had done so I looked around at the scrubbed floor and the herbs in pots on the sill, and I thought I still smelled a trace of cardamom and mace lingering from Mamma's last baking. This had been like home to me, and now it seemed to be dying, like her.

Then somebody knocked, and I went to the door. A tall, pale, blond lady stood there, holding her head proudly, looking tragic with the dark hollows under her eyes. But when she looked at me she smiled.

"You are the kind schoolteacher, I think," she said. "I am Rudi's mother."

I held the door open for her to come in, not about to say anything for surprise. You would not expect to find such a person on a farmhouse doorstep. She was as fair as her children were dark, and lovely in a way I can only call noble.

She came in to the cold stove and held her bare hands out to it absently, looking around her as though she, too, found it strange to be here. Then she drew a deep breath and said to me, "I have come to ask for work."

I HEARD a step at the door and looked up to see Chris with his arms full of wood, staring. I looked at her, too, and saw that they knew each other well.

"I have been grieving for you," she said gently.

"Thank you," he said, softly closing the door behind him; he went to the stove and put down the wood. When he turned around and stood looking at her with his grave blue eyes, I noticed she was not pale any longer but fiery; she spoke to him in her superb, quiet way.

"I have come to ask for the place as housekeeper," she told him. "I would take but a very little money, if you would let me have my children here."

I was surprised at Chris Engelking's long silence. She was a lady, a count's daughter, and she was asking help of him. He was so kind, I couldn't imagine he would not try to help her, though I couldn't, on the other hand, imagine this woman as servant to a man like him.

But he said thoughtfully, "I do need a housekeeper. Are you a good cook?"

"What I do not know I will learn," she said. I saw her hands trembling, and only then guessed how desperate she was.

But Chris shook his head. "I don't think you'd want the job," he said. "You see I've made up my mind I don't want to hire a woman for the place. I mean to marry one."

I stared at him. I'd always thought

*"You mean...the blighter actually got the horse?"*

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**4. "Righto!"** said his Lordship. "If it doesn't keep me awake, you can have her at your own price. But if it does—you'll never mention her again." Dashed if he didn't have three glasses of iced coffee.



**5. Pronounced it top-hole.** And Jove, he slept like a kitten. Sent his groom over with the mare this morning. All on account of the Sanka Coffee the Colonel had got in America. It's 97% caffeine-free, so the old boy couldn't lose, you see.



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you could read his eyes, but there was nothing I could understand in their clear cool blue.

She was trembling now. "I will do anything required to get the place."

Chris did not look at her. He said, "We could drive to town now and get married, and bring the children home. That be all right?"

"Anything," she said, like a stone. And he picked up his hat and opened the door for her, and they left me.

I got Mamma Engelking's room ready and freshened up, and I made up the two beds in the spare room for the children. Then I got supper, feeling queer in this house now, wondering if Chris would want me to stay.

When they came home, it was not too hard, for the children were with them and overjoyed to be here. She held them close to her as she came in out of the cold and dark into the cheery warm kitchen. She stood there keeping them beside her, hugging to her a violin case. I came up to her, so sorry for her, and I said, "I board here, you know. Do you think I'd better go now?"

"Oh, I hope you will stay!" she said. Chris had gone on into the house, carrying in her few poor things. Now he came back and held the hall door open.

"Come in and get warm," he said, and I heard from the parlor the unaccustomed sound of a fire crackling on the hearth, and there floated out the odor of the flowers that had been shut away there in the cold after the funeral.

I began to understand a little as I watched Chris Engelking, so gentle with the children, never looking at their mother. He took little Trudi on his knee again, and she ate from his hand like a sleepy sparrow; when her milk was drunk he took her in his arms to carry her up to bed. Her mother rose, too.

"I made up the two little beds in the spare room for the children," I said.

Trudi sat bolt upright in the big man's arms. "But I sleep with my mamma!" she wailed. "I'm afraid of the dark without Mamma! They come in the dark!"

And Chris said in his deep soft voice, "No one will come in the dark, little girl. No one will disturb you and your mother."

Like good bread, like pure water, the Engelkings, mother and son. I suppose it is hard to trust to such goodness when you have seen the other face of men. I think that she only began to see the truth when she came downstairs early next morning and found Polack Annie scrubbing the kitchen floor.

Polack Annie is a good cook, too, and a good laundress. She waited hand and foot on Chris Engelking's wife. She was of the Old World, was Polack Annie, and she understood a Gref's daughter.

So little by little, unbelieving, that tragic highborn woman came to understand that the American carpenter had forced her into a marriage because that was the only way he could keep her and her children safe forever from hunger and cold and colder fear. He never let her lift a hand or take a step for him; he was quick to see what she might need before she noticed the want of it herself.

Not that he was awed of her, like Polack Annie, who bobbed and ducked and ran to serve her on heavy, humble feet; Chris was an American, and it was enough for him that she was a woman in his hands. She was used, I think, to having her hand kissed, not to this large impersonal kindness, and her soft eyes used to follow him about with a wondering gratitude. But he never met them.

He seemed ashamed of himself. Pouring the new milk into the pans one day,

he slopped it over the kitchen table. "Clumsy fool!" he muttered. "All I do is clumsy."

I ran to mop up the dripping milk, and he caught hold of my wrist.

"Do you think she'll hate me for it some day, Millie?" he wanted to know.

I shook my head, but I couldn't think how it would end—this queer desperate wedding of a fine lady to a farmer, with only the children's trustful hands holding them together. The fear had drained out of her face, and pale color was beginning to warm it; her hands had grown white again and her eyes quiet, and she sat by the hearth in the parlor with her feet on a footstool, drawing a long silk thread through her embroidery. And here was Chris at the sink in the kitchen, scrubbing yellow soap into his skin.

"I must stink of the barn," he muttered, and when he had dried himself with a big clean towel he came close to me, awkwardly, and wanted to know, "Do I smell of the cow now, Millie?"

I reassured him, smiling, thinking how Chris was always clean as fresh shavings, pleasant as new hay to have about. But still he did not go into the parlor; he sat down by the stove with a poultry journal, and did not look at it.

I was pressing a dress, but I began to feel that big, silent, thinking man too strong in the room for me, so presently I put away the iron and went to the parlor. Helena looked up; she had asked me to call her Helena.

"Stay a little," she begged. "I am lonely."

The children were playing out in the snow; I could hear them shouting. It was growing dusky beyond the firelight. I sat down, watching the light of the flames move around the still little room. It gleamed on something on the upright piano, and I saw that it was the violin that she had taken out of its case.

"Won't you play it sometime?" I asked.

She shook her head, with a sorrowful smile. "That violin does not sing any more. I took it out, from loneliness."

I guessed that it had been her husband's. "He was a musician?"

"It was Reinhold Levy-Braun," she said. "The composer," she explained, and I began to guess a little at what her life had been—the brilliance, the foreign places, the concert halls, the happiness and success. I asked some questions, and she talked softly about these things; the story glowed like a distant stage. The log was burning out and it was almost dark, and in a whisper she told me how it had ended.

"We were safely out of Germany," she said, "in Nice, among the flowers. But he heard that his friends were in trouble, and he went back. It was madness, but he could never believe the worst of men. They came in the night," she whispered. "They beat him to death."

Then Chris came in with the lamp and an armful of wood for the fire.

It was queer, living in that house between those two people, with only the children among us unself-conscious. But neither Chris nor his wife would let me speak of going. They seemed afraid without me; each was so watchful of the other, carefully hiding whatever they might be feeling. Chris was a simple man, but deep, and Helena was mysterious to me.

Until one evening when he was late coming back from a carpenter job, and the cow was lowing in the barnyard. I heard it out in the winter dusk, and I said, "If Chris doesn't get home soon, I'm going to miss him so much."

"Do you know how to milk?" Helena asked eagerly. "Will you teach me how?"

So we went out to the barn together,

she in the gown made of some blue silk Chris had brought her, and we put the lantern down in the straw, and I took the stool and showed her. She had strong white fingers and she learned quickly. With her head against the cow's side, she laughed and said to me, "This I can do for him every evening."

I did the last stripping and picked up the pail and the lantern.

She put her arms around the cow's neck and laid her cheek softly against it. "I love the smell of a cow," she said.

I stood there with the pail and the lantern, feeling something in the cold darkness like the beginning of spring. With her blue silk dress gleaming under her cloak, and her shining blond head against the big animal, she looked like something in an old story. And the thought I had about her and Chris was natural and sweet. I looked in her grave face, and I saw that the thought was new only to me.

But Chris was a strong man, and he had done a rash thing when he forced her into a marriage—a thing, he considered, that made her safe from him forever. The softer she grew to him, the harder he became to her. And she was proud. She was rested and strong now; the winter was almost over; she was warmed through at last, the frost of fear melted.

They began to seem almost enemies to each other, Chris and his wife Helena. She had ceased to be soft; she was chill and proud, his unwilling debtor. The children were not so happy any more; children feel what goes on around them quicker than any weathersglass. And Chris was grimly polite to his wife in the brief time he was obliged to be near her. He was in his fields until dark. You would have thought that he was driven out of his house.

Once, in the twilight, with the plum bloom white outside the window, I came into the parlor and saw Chris standing by the piano. He had the violin case open and his hand on the strings, as though he wanted to make it speak, as though he were wondering what it would have to say to him if it had its voice again.

I took my courage in my hands and said, "Chris, she'll be going away again if you don't stop her."

He stared at me, and his face grew dark. "She's free to," he said, and he went out of the room, a strong man, doped in the right as he saw it.

Then came the concert. Helena was flushed and changed when she came into the kitchen with the paper in her hand. "They are going to play the concerto with the Chicago Symphony!" she cried. "Reinhold's concerto!"

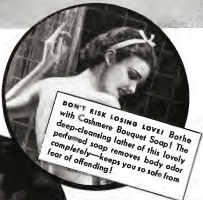
It was like something of the dead come to life, reaching out to her. She was not a desperate, dependent woman any more; Levy-Braun was revived for her; she could turn to him now and hear him speak again from the grave. All this was in her excitement, the night that we went to the city for the concert. For Chris took her, and she had asked me to come too, as though she could not sit alone beside this man and listen to her husband's music speaking to her again.

So I sat between them, there in the golden-bright concert hall. The stage was still empty. We were early; we had started in good time from the farm; it was a long way to go, from the Illinois prairie to the realm of great music. I sat reading over the names that are mighty in it, in gold letters around the hall. Brahms. Beethoven. Mozart. Levy-Braun, too, I thought, citizen there.

I looked at his wife, sitting so proudly beside me, remote from us two who had



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**TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED  
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come with her, already with a listening look on her face. She looked the noblewoman that she was, proud and untouchable, and I thought back to the cow's stall, and felt ashamed that in the lantern light I could have imagined such things as I had.

I was so ashamed that my cheeks were hot, and I only dared glance sidewise at Chris Engelking, sitting on my other side in his big lawn, and I saw the shadow on his black suit that he had not worn since the day he buried his mother and married a wife, and his ruddy brown face was stolid. He looked like a farmer, like a carpenter, against that dead musician, Levy-Braun, and his proud wife.

The orchestra players came out on the stage and began to tune up. That is a sound that always makes little shivers run down my back; those faint cries from the strings, those muffled warnings from the brasses as preparation for such great events. The conductor came out and bowed, and the concert began. The first piece was by someone named Mahler, and I thought it was hard and dull. Chris must have thought so, too; he sat listening respectfully but his chin was set stubbornly against it. The next

piece was the concerto, and beside me Helena was trembling. The violinist came out and bowed to a storm of applause. I saw her whiten. The storm in the hall died down; the conductor tapped with his baton. They began.

This was music that spoke to you. You could understand it; you could love it. It sang and sang, with a kind of high courageous praise of beauty. My heart, which had been set against the man who wrote it, turned to him, wanting to know all he could tell me. Helena was listening as if to an oracle, with the crystal tears slipping down her cheeks.

The movement came to an end, and while the applause beat over us like wind through a forest, she turned to me.

"You see?" she cried. "You see why it is something to live by? You see that he still speaks to me?" She leaned across me and touched Chris on the sleeve. "Listen to the next movement," she begged him. "That is the best. There is a melody now that is the best of all."

Chris looked at her hand on his sleeve as though he could not understand how it ever had come there. Then the violin spoke again.

A bird sprang up on the breeze, light

and sure of heart; it went winging up and up into the golden hall, into the listening hearts, singing that happiness was good. It beat down, with all the orchestra behind it, into the sad shadows, low and remembering and regretful. It was silent, while the orchestra surged on, and I sat breathless and unbelieving, with my heart in my throat, and in my ears this air that Mamma Engelking had learned in old Hanover, a long time ago. It returned now, the bird, singing on the violin, and it said that what was natural and sweet was right. I looked at Chris Engelking; he had understood, and his face had the light of a blessing on it.

I didn't stay long at the Engelkings', after that concert. I felt I wasn't needed. I board now with the Blauks, but I see Rudi and Trudi every day at school, and their happy faces give me all the news I want. Trudi told me once that she wasn't afraid of the dark any more. "Chris wouldn't let anyone come," she said. "I'm not scared a bit now to sleep in my own bed in the room with Rudi."

They are getting plump, and they run and shout and race. Rudi is always the first of all the children to get to school, so that he can run up the American flag.

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## Two Loves Have I by Isabel Moore

(Continued from page 71)

say the climate's swell for—*for kids*." Pat had felt that color creeping up into her own cheeks. "Ronnie," she had said. And he had said philosophically, "Well, we've got to talk about it sometime."

Then she had said, "Ronnie, I can't decide a thing like this right away. It's much too important."

"I'm afraid you've got to, Pat. I'm flying out there tomorrow. You've got to decide all evening if you had talked about it, arguing, pleading, cajoling. Walking through Central Park with a light summer mist in their faces. Suddenly turning in a secluded spot to kiss each other. Pat crying a little, then saying shakily, 'It's nothing. Just the rain'; Ronnie touching her cheek lightly, whispering, 'Oh, sweet, sweet!'"

Once, under a lamp, he had stopped and put his hands on her shoulders, squaring her around so that his anxious eyes could search her face. "Pat," he had said, "do you love me? It isn't because you aren't quite sure?"

And her eyes, deep pools of amber light, had met his frankly, "No, Ronnie. It isn't that. I do love you. I'll always love you. Nothing can change that—ever."

Some of the tenseness had left his face then. He had even managed to smile. "Then it's all right; it has to be all right. Pat, if you love me, you'll come with me. Oh, my dear, I need you so." "Ronnie," she had cried swiftly, "that isn't fair! You aren't being fair to say things like that."

"Love isn't fair, Pat."

More arguing; more pleading; more walking. Hours, it had seemed, of walking and getting nowhere. Ending with Pat crying helplessly, "I can't give it up, Ronnie. I can't!"

Ronnie's face had gone pale, then. She could see that, even in the dimness of the street lights. "All right, Pat. It's your life. You've got to live it the way you think best. But I'll call you tomorrow night about five—in plenty of time to get an extra ticket if you should change your mind."

So they had left it at that. She had stood in the doorway and watched the tall figure moving rapidly down the street; seen it swim through the sudden blur of tears. And then all night

she had lain, dry-eyed, trying to imagine what she would be like without Ronnie. Or what it would be like living in California, among strange people, with nothing to do all day but keep house. . .

Pat was brought abruptly back to the present then by Ronnie's hand on her arm. "Forty-second Street," he said.

They moved out of the train, crushed together by the jostling crowd. Ronnie's arm slid protectively across her shoulders, and at his touch Pat's breath caught in her throat.

Upstairs. Out into the brilliant August sunshine that made the New York streets look strangely drab and dreary. Gravely Ronnie shook her hand.

"Good-by, Pat. I'll call you tonight."

"Good-by," she cried, and turned and fled, walking rapidly to Fifth Avenue. Into the cool, vaulted lobby of the Industrial Building. Up thirty-nine floors. Down the carpeted corridors. Finally turning the knob that began her day.

It was cool and still in Perry's office. The Venetian blinds were drawn, letting in only occasional slivers of sunlight. Swiftly Pat took off her hat, whisked a flashlight over Perry's desk, changed the water in the green carafe and glanced over the notes on Perry's calendar to see which job should be done first.

She read, "Get figures on new razor-blade market for Arkell. Rush. Check statistics on new home owners. See B. re Glamour Nail Polish act."

Pat's heart jumped at that last. "See B." meant "See Billingsley." And "re Glamour Nail Polish act." meant—must mean—Patricia's idea for soliciting the Glamour account.

Billingsley had said: "Everyone here knows what that account would mean to this agency. Glamour spends five million dollars a year on advertising their nail polish and manicuring accessories. I want every one of you to get me at least one idea—slogan, merchandising stunt, radio program—anything. Give your ideas, neatly typed, to your immediate superiors, who will see that they reach me. And if anyone hits on something good"—Mr. Billingsley had paused, glancing around on all the expectant faces, "be or she has a job here for life and a good, substantial raise."

For weeks Patricia had dug through

files and analyzed nail-polish merchandising problems. And finally she had found something that seemed right. It was an idea to make American women foot-conscious through an advertising and publicity campaign in cooperation with chiro-podists. It would open up a practically untouched market for nail polish.

When Miss Perry had read the idea she had remarked: "Sounds good, but it's too obviously right. Pat. Someone must have thought of it already. However, I'll see that Billingsley gets it."

And now this note on Perry's calendar must mean that he had told Perry he wanted to talk to her about Pat's suggestion. Humming a little, Pat threw open the windows, poked down one side of the desk and slid out her typewriter.

She inserted a sheet of carbon between two sheets of paper and curled them into her machine, thinking, If the idea is good, I might be made an assistant account executive. That would mean eighty or a hundred dollars a week. Oh, I can't give all this up, not even for Ronnie. We could wait for each other. Surely he'd wait a year.

She started typing the razor-blade statistics for Mr. Arkell. At ten o'clock Miss Perry came in, wearing a velvet hat and a new sheer wool dress with crisp white collar and cuffs. She must have stopped off this morning and had her hair set, for now it lay in smooth waves flat against her head.

Perry certainly didn't look old this morning. She looked about thirty-five—forty at the most; she looked trim and smart and just as efficient as she really was. Even Perry's enemies admitted her general efficiency.

Perry's customary, "Morning, Pat," sounded cheerier than it had in months. And as Pat told the morning mail on Perry's desk she thought suddenly, I'll ask Perry if it's my idea she's seeing Billingsley about. I've got to know.

She whirled her chair around to face Perry. Perry glanced up from the mail and smiled.

"What's the matter, Pat? You and Ronnie have an argument about whether to live on Washington Heights or Long Island?"

Perry knew all about Ronnie. He called

# Getting down to *PENNIES!*

**T**ODAY the railroads haul a ton of freight a mile for an average revenue of less than a cent.

That's 23½ per cent *less* than they got for hauling a ton a mile fifteen years ago, when the downward trend in average revenue started.

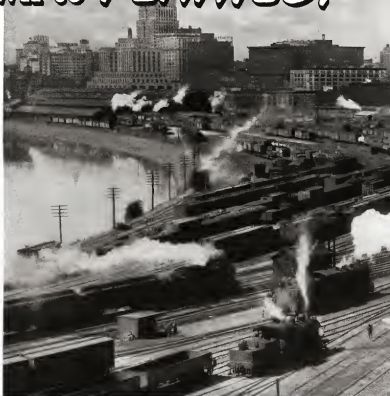
It's a *billion dollars less* than it would have been in 1936 if the revenue per ton-mile had stayed the same as it was fifteen years ago.

Now some of this difference is due to changes in the type of shipments — but the vast bulk of that billion dollars represents *lower freight rates* — savings for the shipper and the consumer.

With average revenue shrinking, railroads have had to face mounting expenses. Hourly earnings of railroad workers have climbed to the highest point in history. Prices of necessary materials and supplies, like a lot of other things, have gone up.

Yet look how the railroads have been pushing ahead — figuring ways to give better service on lessened income:

They speeded up freight schedules; put billions into new and better cars and locomotives, heavier rails and improved roadbeds. Today freight moves fifty per cent faster than it did just a few years ago.



They perform a daily miracle keeping tab on two million freight cars — so that you may have cars *where* you want them when you *need* them.

Working hand-in-hand with shippers, they cut freight loss and damage *more than eighty per cent* — developed better ways to pack, load and handle goods.

You know what they've done in passenger service, too — faster trains, even greater safety, more comfort and cleanliness, air-conditioning and all the rest. *And yet passengers today pay an average of 42 per cent less per mile than they did in 1921.*

It's a great record — you couldn't ask for a better picture of how the railroads are handling a tough job. On that record, the railroads have *earned* the right to ask for equality in regulation and treatment, for a chance to meet competition on a basis fair to all.

**SAFETY FIRST —**  
*friendliness too!*

## DO YOU KNOW

—that one hundred thousand men have been added to railroad payrolls in the past year—with average earnings per hour of railroad employees at their all-time peak?

—that 43 cents out of every dollar the railroads receive is today paid to employees—more than five million dollars a day?

—that the other 57 cents must cover all other costs of providing, maintaining, operating and improving our railroads; and taxes?

—that the railroads pay about a million dollars in taxes every twenty-four hours — taxes that send 1,600,000 children to school

and contribute substantial supports to public institutions, highway construction and general government expense?

—that the railroads bought more than a billion dollars' worth of supplies and materials last year—and that their yearly "shopping list" makes them one of the largest customers the people of this country have?

—that this yearly "shopping list" includes over 70,000 kinds of materials and goods, purchased in practically every manufacturing city and agricultural county throughout the land—and makes jobs for workers in every basic industry?

ASSOCIATION OF

# AMERICAN RAILROADS

Pat up every day, and Perry used to laugh about it. "How much young love on my wire," she used to say.

"No," Pat said, flushing guiltily, "it's not that. It's about—And then the phone rang."

Perry said, "Yes, Mr. Billingsley. Be right in." Then to Pat, "Sorry, Pat. Got to see the big shot. Tell me about it later, will you?" She turned in the doorway to add, "Oh, and when you get those razor figures, rush them up to Arkell. He was in my office at eight o'clock last night bellowing about them. The big bully!" she grinned.

Pat grinned back at her. "Okay. Have them finished in no time." Perry was a grand egg. She wished she could do something more for her than just be loyal. All this gossip about Perry's being old was going to have its effect on Billingsley one of these days when his breakfast hadn't agreed with him.

Then the phone rang again, and Pat became immersed in the tidal wave of commerce. At twelve o'clock Perry hadn't come back yet, but she had Miss Boyle come in from the stenographic room to answer the phone while Pat went to lunch. Pat sat on a stool in the corner drugstore and dreamed over a chicken sandwich and tea with lemon. Perry's long interview with Billingsley might mean that he liked Pat's idea. Maybe next week little Patricia Grant would be having lunch at one of the big hotels talking to important advertising managers, the way Perry did.

The drugstore clerk showed a wet slip under Pat's nose. "Thirty-five cents, please." Pat sighed, paid it and walked back to the office. She wanted desperately to hear what Billingsley had said, and she didn't want to hear. Now, at least, she could dream. If Perry said the idea was out, all those nice dreams would be smashed. Oh, but the idea couldn't be out! Pat had gone through volume after volume at the library. She knew it would work.

Back in the office, Miss Boyle rose, said coldly, "It's about time you got back. I'm starved. Perry's out to lunch. She'd be late getting back."

Pat settled herself at the typewriter, finished the razor-blade data and took them up to Mr. Arkell, who accepted them without thanks. Just a mumbled, "Bout time." Downstairs again, going through voluminous files about how many people had bought new homes during 1936, feeling dusty and tired, wondering whether Ronnie would call, after all.

**S**UPPOSE HE just goes and doesn't call? Well, that's what you wanted, wasn't it? A career? Well, then. And if he did call, what was she to tell him? She thought it was a future here. A career. If I marry Ronnie and go to California, I won't have either. He could wait, couldn't he? I don't know. Could he? Would he?

Out of her window she could see the white clock on the insurance building across the street. The hands crept around. The heat became more intense. Two o'clock. What had Billingsley said?

Three o'clock. Wonder what it's like in California. Warm all year round, they say.

Four o'clock. Perry didn't have a luncheon date today. Wonder what's keeping her so long. Con-found that phone!

Four-forty-five.

Miss Perry stood in the doorway. She looked pale and straight. One hand held the brass knob of the door, twisting it back and forth. She slumped against the door, as though she felt

weak and needed its support. Pat thought, in sudden panic, Did Billingsley fire her? Did he say, "I'm sorry, Perry, but you just haven't clicked lately. No new ideas. I think you ought to have a few months' rest." That was the way they got rid of old employees.

Pat waited for her to speak, but she didn't. She just stood there staring out the window at the white clock across the way. Someone had to say something to break this awful silence.

"Well," Pat said, "I was afraid you weren't going to get back before five. And I wanted to ask you—you remember I tried to ask you this morning—" Her voice sounded all blurry and confused to her own ears. "I mean, I was wondering if Mr. Billingsley got around to deciding about that Glamour nail-polish idea of mine."

Miss Perry tore her gaze away from the clock and looked at Pat. "Why, yes, Pat. As a matter of fact, he did talk to me about it this morning." Her voice was flat and infinitely weary. "He said your idea had already been presented to him, slightly different form." And then in a sudden rush of words, "You mustn't feel too badly. Pat, I mean, you're young; you've got years ahead of you. And you can see—I mean the idea was so obvious—" She stopped, seeing the round tears roll down Pat's cheeks.

"S-sure," Pat managed to say, hating herself for crying, for letting Miss Perry see how much it mattered. "I don't mind, Miss Perry. Really I don't."

"Pat!" Miss Perry cried in an anguished way. "Wait! I can't bear to see you hurt like this. I didn't know it mattered so to you when I—" She was cut off abruptly by Mr. Billingsley. "You want to see, Perry," he shouted cheerfully coming into the office. "Just the girl I want to see! Say, Perry, let me tell you something. Arkell and I went over to the Glamour people this afternoon with that idea of yours for beautifying the feet of millions of American women. And say, they're mad about it! Just itching to sign a contract so we can go to work for them and put the idea into effect. By heaven, girl, I've got to hand it to you!"

Pat had listened, scarcely believing her ears. It couldn't be. Not Perry. Perry wouldn't do a thing like that. *Steal* an idea. Because she had stolen it. Otherwise, she would have told Pat that she had had a similar idea when Pat had first mentioned it to her. Perry had always been honest about things.

Pat felt a surge of fury sweep through her. It wasn't fair. She'd worked so hard on that idea. Perry had thought she could get away with it; she hadn't known that Billingsley would burst in like this. Well, she couldn't get away with it. Pat had all the carbon copies right here in her desk. They'd prove whose idea it was, all right.

"Mr. Billingsley!" she burst out hotly. But Mr. Billingsley didn't hear her. "And by the way, Perry," he went on, "just forget that other little talk you and I had yesterday. I was hasty, that's all. Guess my breakfast didn't agree with me. That was the coming." He laughed. A tinny, self-conscious laugh.

So it had come, then. Pat thought quickly. Billingsley had told Perry; warned her, probably. "If you don't get something good soon, Perry, I'm afraid . . ." That's why Perry had stolen Pat's idea. She had been terrified.

Perry was staring at Pat's flushed face. Now she walked slowly over to Pat's desk. Pat could see her eyes.

In that instant Pat saw Miss Perry change. She saw the lines in her face deepen and all the light go out of her

eyes, so that they looked beaten and empty and—dead!

Miss Perry was starting to say something. Her lips moved for a moment before any words came. "Mr. Billingsley," she said drearily, "I wonder if you can understand. Somehow, I never thought there could be anything that would drive me to do a thing like this." Her voice broke.

"Nonsense, Perry!" Mr. Billingsley told her with gruff heartiness. "You've had dozens of swell ideas in the past."

"No, no," Perry went on. "You don't understand." Miss Perry's eyes went from Pat's face to Billingsley's, begging, pleading with them to understand.

**B**UT Pat knew that Mr. Billingsley wouldn't understand. She knew that Perry was about to confess and beg their forgiveness. *Perry begging!* And the worst of it was, Billingsley wouldn't forgive. He'd stiffen, and his eyes would go cold, and he'd say, "Well, really, Miss Perry!" He'd say, "This changes everything. I'm afraid you'll have to go, Perry." Yes, that's what he'd say, especially since he'd already warned her.

And all at once Pat realized that she didn't want Perry to confess. She didn't want a career, not if it could make a swell person like Perry do a thing like this. Not if it made you grow old and empty, so that you didn't have anything but job and you'd do anything to keep it when you realized you were slipping; when you got old and frightened and panicky.

She actually felt sorry for Miss Perry because she didn't have a Ronnie. Smooth, glamorous Miss Perry who had once said, "I'm married." Why, Miss Perry had nothing and no one but her job. And she would lose that, if she told Mr. Billingsley the truth.

Miss Perry was saying, "What I'm trying to tell you is that Pat—"

And then Pat's voice broke in, sharply and clearly. "What she's trying to tell you, Mr. Billingsley, is that I'm leaving tonight to get married. We're going to live in California. I'm terribly grateful for all Miss Perry's done for me these past five years, but there isn't a thing she can do to change my mind," she said, smiling straight into Perry's protesting eyes. "You see, Mr. Billingsley, Miss Perry wants a career, but I don't."

Miss Perry was crying now. "I'm an old fool," she said shakily. "Love and kindness and things always make me blubber like a baby."

Mr. Billingsley muttered something like, "Well, I'll be damned!" adding hastily, "This is no place for me."

It was after Mr. Billingsley had left that Pat went up to Perry and put a hand lightly on her arm. "Really, Miss Perry, I'm sorry. I don't care a bit."

"I don't want a career. I don't think I was ever really meant for business. And Ronnie tells me," she added mistily, "California's a grand place for children."

"Pat," Miss Perry said, "I'm not going to wish you happiness. I don't have to. You'll take happiness with you all the way to California. And you'll take gratitude, too. For—the gratitude of a lonely old woman who was afraid of life until she met a brave young girl." And then Miss Perry was gone—gone from Pat's life forever.

Pat was glad to be alone when the phone rang, because what she said to Ronnie might sound silly to someone who wasn't in love. "Ronnie," she cried happily, "you'd better get that other ticket, after all! Because, you see, I do love you. And I need you desperately, darling. I'll meet you at the airport."

## After 14 Day Evaporation Test

8 popular brands of polish became thick and gummy, evaporated 35% to 60%, while the NEW Cutex Polish stayed smooth flowing, as easy to apply as ever!



## Do You Lose 1/3 to 1/2 of Your Nail Polish By Evaporation?



## New Cutex Polish is Usable to the Last Drop!

"WE'RE getting tired of having to pay for TWO bottles of nail polish in order to really get ONE!" women complained. We thought that was a legitimate grievance, so we perfected our wonderful New Cutex, and now we are proud to say, "Buy the New Cutex and you'll get all the polish you pay for!" We've made sure that the last drop will be just as much of a joy to apply as the first one!

To prove it, we deliberately uncorked 10 bottles of nail polish . . . two of our New Cutex and eight popular rival brands—and let their contents stay exposed to the air for 14 days.

Only the New Cutex stood the test! All the rest became thick and gummy. But the New Cutex evaporated less than half as

### New "Smoky" Shades

**MAUVE**—A misty lavender pink. Perfect with blue, gray or delicate evening pastels.

**BEST**—A smoky shade for tanned hands. Good with brown, beige, gray, green.

**ROBIN RED**—New, soft red. Goes with everything, sophisticated with black and white.

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much as the competitive brands. After 14 days, it still went on the nails as smooth as glass, free flowing . . . just right!

**Think what a saving this means!** A saving not only of money, but of annoyance. Add to this Cutex's longer wear, its freedom from chipping and peeling, its fine lacquer, its 11 smart shades . . . and you can't wonder that women everywhere are refusing to put up with ordinary wasteful polishes any longer.

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I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish as checked. ☐ Mauve ☐ Best ☐ Burgundy ☐ Robin Red ☐ Old Rose ☐

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...SO THIS TIME

WE SAY IT WITH FLOWERS



IN a way, we've been caught napping. You see, for some time, we've been telling you how Four Roses achieves its greatness in much the same way that fine champagnes and coffees and smoking tobaccos do.

Then suddenly it occurred to us that the very name of our whiskey—Four Roses—suggests an even more striking comparison. *We mean the rose itself.*

For example—the beautiful roses shown above. They didn't just “happen.” Some one had the patience and skill to blend several exquisite varieties—combining their rarest virtues in one lovely rose.

A combination of virtues—that, too, is the secret of greatness in a whiskey. And that is why, in making Four Roses, we use not just one fine straight whiskey, but several, each outstanding for some particular quality.

Blended together the way we know how, these straight whiskeys (and only straight whiskeys are used) merge all their noble virtues in one magnificent liquor—Four Roses!

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore, also make Four Roses (52 proof), Old Oscar Pepper brand (50 proof), Mattingly & Moore (50 proof)—all blends of straight whiskeys.

**FOUR ROSES**

*A blend of straight whiskeys—90 proof*



# Enter Nurse Angus

by A. J. Cronin

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. CROWTHER

FROM THE moment Doctor Finlay Hyslop met Peggy Angus he knew that he detested her, and, naturally enough, he suspected that the feeling was mutual. That first meeting was unfortunate. Hyslop was in a bad mood. Troubled over a case, he got out of bed on the wrong side. He drove to the Cottage Hospital under dripping heavens, jumped down from the gig, then, with his head lowered to escape the pelting raindrops, he dashed through the front door into the corridor beyond. Here he ran full tilt into a nurse.

Angrily he raised his head and glowered at her. She was young and slender and rather small, very neat and trim in her uniform, with a clear complexion and sparkling eyes. Her mouth was big and ready to smile, her teeth white and even, while her nose, small and decidedly upturned, gave her an air of vivacity and impudence. Altogether she was uncommonly pretty, the young doctor saw. Moreover, she was preparing to smile at him. But for some strange reason this added to his annoyance.

He realized that she was the new nurse they had been expecting at the hospital in place of Nurse Crockett, who had recently been appointed to Ardillian, and he scowled.

"Can't you look where you're going, or do you make a habit of running people down?"

Her smile, which had begun with unaffected friendliness, died out. Her eyebrows lifted. "It was you who ran into me," she declared. "I tried to get out of your way, but you came through the door and down the passage like a bull at a gate."

Hyslop's temper flared. "Do you know who you are talking to?" he barked.

Her expression altered to one of mockery. "Oh, yes," she returned. "You must be Doctor Hyslop. I've heard how nice you were. I couldn't mistake you."

He flushed with discomfiture. "Please remember your position. You're a nurse in this hospital, and I'm your superior."

Sperks flashed from her dark eyes, but she knew better than to display her anger. Lowering her lashes with mock demureness, she remarked: "Yes, sir. I won't say a word the next time you run into me."

"Why, hang it all," Hyslop exploded, "how dare you talk to me like that!" But at this point Matron Clark came out of her room and waddled toward them, her round, fat face beaming.

"So you've made friends with Nurse Angus already, Doctor Hyslop?" she cooed. "I'm glad. I was coming into the ward to introduce you. We're pleased to have Miss Angus with us. She's just finished her training at the Edinburgh Royal, doctor, and now that she's come back home she's going to lend us a hand."

The flattery toward the new nurse in the matron's tone took Hyslop aback. Junior nurses, he was aware, did not receive such signal recognition without due cause, and he was right, for while he stood speechless, the matron went on:

"You ought to know, doctor, that nursing is a labor of love with Miss Angus. She doesn't—er—she doesn't have to do it for her living. You see, her father—oh, well, you know all about the Anguses of Dunhill, don't you?"

Doctor Hyslop did know about the Anguses. Old John Angus owned the enormous dye works at Dunhill; he employed fifteen hundred men and was reputed to be worth a fortune.

"You're just playing," Doctor Hyslop accused Nurse Angus. "Lady Bountiful stooping to suffering humanity! A fine pose!"



Robert W. Crowther  
1937

His only daughter, Hyslop remembered, had persuaded the old man to allow her to take up nursing as a profession. All this came to Hyslop's mind as he stared at the matron, who continued:

"So you see, doctor, under the circumstances, we're pleased and proud to have Nurse Angus here. Her father's such a benefactor to the hospital. We must make things pleasant for her. Eh, Peggy?" And she beamed at the nurse.

A wave of repugnance swept over Hyslop. He did not see—at least, he did not choose to see—the quick distaste which the matron's too obvious flattery had aroused in Nurse Angus. Instead, he declared in a surly voice:

"I don't care who Nurse Angus is, or what she is. She's come to nurse in this hospital. I'll treat her exactly as she deserves to be treated." And pushing past the astounded matron, he stalked into the ward.

An unfortunate beginning. And things went from bad to worse. Quite frankly, Hyslop found fault with the young nurse

on every pretext, real and imaginary; tried to catch her in mistakes; laid traps for her. Yet Peggy was more than a match for him.

When he would make her fetch and carry for him in the ward, the derisive meekness with which she answered, "Yes, sir," drove him nearly frantic. What annoyed him most of all was her proficiency in her work. As he watched her deft movements, an unwilling admiration came upon him. But he checked it fiercely, resolved to subjugate her.

Another source of exasperation to the doctor was Nurse Angus' popularity. She had many friends in the town and went out a great deal in her spare time. Angriously Hyslop told himself that it was all due to her father's position.

ONCE WHEN she returned from spending a week end at the family estate he remarked with a sneer, "Why don't you stay at home all the time? You're only playing at nursing here."

"Am I?" she asked.

"Of course," he scoffed. "And you know it. Lady Bountiful stooping to suffering humanity! A fine pose. You're not genuine. It takes courage and endurance to make a nurse."

"Oh," she answered in a quiet voice; "then I suppose that rules me out?"

So much had Peggy Angus come to prey upon Hyslop's mind that it was a godsend when she went on night duty. Thereafter he saw her seldom, and the relief—so he told himself—was tremendous. He hoped that it would be long before she reappeared to worry him again.

But here he little reckoned with the fates, which held more in store for him than he ever envisioned.

It was by this time the summer season and young Hyslop spent most of his leisure on the Levenford lawn-tennis courts. He was a keen player, and with regular practice his game improved rapidly.

It was, then, in a spirit of enthusiasm not unminged with optimism that he put his name down for the Nimmo Trophy, the annual tournament. This competition was for mixed doubles, partners to be drawn by ballot.

On the Monday evening following that on which he had made his entry, Hyslop strolled up to the club to see what his luck had been in the draw. He let his eye run down the list of names on the notice board. Suddenly his expression altered to incredulous dismay. Bracketed with his name was that of Peggy Angus!

He stared at the offensive name; then with a muttered exclamation he turned away from the notice board just as Doggy Lindsay and some others came in from the changing room.

"Congratulations, Finlay, old man!" cried Doggy. "You're the lucky one, to draw Miss Angus!"

Hyslop frowned at Doggy. "I didn't know she was a member of the club."

"Of course she is!" cried Doggy. "And a jolly fine player, too. When she was at school she won the junior championship here. See?"

"I see," retorted Hyslop grimly. "So she knows something about the game."

"Why, of course. Not that it really matters, old man. I've drawn Anne Brown. We'll wipe the floor with the rest of you."

Hyslop nodded blankly, and soon he slipped out of the club. His steps took him toward the Cottage Hospital. It was after nine when he got there, and, as he expected, Nurse Angus was on duty, writing up her charts.

He surveyed her with Napoleonic gloom. "I thought I'd tell you the glad

news. We're drawn together for the Nimmo Trophy."

"That's grand," she said with satirical emphasis. "Couldn't be better."

"The junior champion, weren't you?" he derided. "A kind of infant prodigy, I suppose!"

"That's right," she smiled. "I began to play before I'd finished teaching."

He had to let his lip to keep back an answering smile. Really, her good nature was infectious—and she was as pretty as a picture. With dramatic suddenness her charm took him by storm. He grew confused and muttered:

"Well, you'd better begin to play in earnest this time. It's pluck that counts in any game, and if you've got any I want you to show it for once." Without giving her time to reply, he nodded and left the hospital.

He did not see Peggy Angus again until the date appointed for his first round tie.

Six o'clock had been fixed as the time of the match. Despite Doggy's assurances, Hyslop did not expect Nurse Angus to prove expert at the game. But if she were any good at all they ought to win this tie, for they were playing against Tom Douglas and May Scott, neither of whom had any class.

Douglas and Miss Scott were already on the court, and at five minutes to six, Miss Angus arrived, looking very efficient in her smart white dress. She carried two rackets under her arm.

The sight of her sent a thrill through young Hyslop. He knew now how much he had looked forward to playing with her, and the knowledge made him angry with himself. He met her with a pretense of brusqueness.

"Late as usual!" That was his polite greeting!

She gave him a quick glance. "Surely it isn't six o'clock!" she answered quietly. It was as though this final rudeness had subdued her, for there was no rally in her manner.

He cupped to her his excited, having sworn to put Peggy in her place. But instead, he cursed himself for a boor.

The game began, and from the moment her racket met the first ball it was evident that she was a skilled player.

She served crisply, volleyed neatly and drove, with remarkable vigor. Douglas and Miss Scott were swamped. The first set went to Hyslop and Miss Angus six-one; the second set they won to love, and with it the match.

Douglas and Miss Scott took their beating in excellent part.

"Nobody could stand up to that stuff," grinned Douglas. "It's an education!"

Hyslop nodded in agreement. He accompanied his partner off the court with a sense of pride. All his natural generosity acknowledged her superiority as a player and exulted in her wonderful game. He felt that it was time to make amends, and turned to her abruptly.

"Nurse Angus, you played marvelously—far better than I did. You'll have to give me a lesson before our next tie."

But alas, though Hyslop's intention was good, the result was unhappy, for, in the light of his previous behavior toward her, Peggy mistook his appreciation for satire. She flushed and said:

"I've got to play through those ties with you, and I'll do it. But don't you think it would make things easier if you let me alone?"

He saw in a flash that she had misunderstood him, but before he could answer she had left him.

He did not see her until the day of the next tie, and then her attitude, reserved and cold, precluded all explanation. In a strained silence they played

through the tie, which they won easily. In like manner they played the next, and won by an even wider margin.

By this time public interest had begun to center on Doctor Hyslop and Nurse Angus, because of their fine play, and a fair number of people turned out to witness their fourth-round tie. This they also won. A pity, remarked the onlookers, that this nice young couple could not be married.

Naturally, Mr. Doggy Lindsay, the club champion, and Miss Brown, ladies' champion of the county, they would meet an invincible combination.

The fifth round came, and the sixth, then the quarter finals, and eventually the semifinals. Hyslop and his partner went through them with scarcely a word spoken between them.

Hyslop became increasingly set on winning, not for his sake, but for Peggy's. He told himself that when he and Nurse Angus had defeated Doggy and Miss Brown, he could adjust the painful situation between them.

The day of the final came at last. There was quite a stir about the town.

Even Cameron, at breakfast that morning, facetiously remarked, "You seem to be going strong with Nurse Angus. Well, well, she's a fine lass. I'm not surprised she's taken a notion to you."

Hyslop jabbed at the marmalade savagely. "That's where you're wrong," he said. "She hates the very sight of me."

"In that case, the pair of ye deserve to get beat," said Cameron.

But young Hyslop had no intention of getting beaten. He arrived at the club in good time for the great match, which was to begin at three o'clock.

A crowd of several hundred people was in the grounds.

Doggy and Miss Brown, full of confidence, were exchanging good-natured banter on the veranda.

"Where's your partner, Finlay?" cried Doggy. "She hasn't turned up yet."

"She'll turn up, all right," said Hyslop. But when, what time, o'clock came and there was no sign of Peggy, a sensation of dismay swept over Hyslop. Perhaps she wasn't coming; perhaps she disliked him so much she had refused to appear for the final match.

Despondency took him, but at that moment a shout went up from the crowd, and Nurse Angus made her appearance. She did not look quite herself, for her face was pale and drawn, but Hyslop had no time to dwell upon that, for immediately she led the way to the court.

WITH DOGGY and Miss Brown, they began a warming-up in preparation for the match. As he tossed a ball toward Nurse Angus, Hyslop observed that she wore a wash-leather glove on her right hand.

"You'll never play with that thing," he declared. "Why don't you take it off?"

"I've blistered my hand," she answered. "Oh, it's nothing at all. Probably from playing so much. I hope it won't put me off my game."

Before Hyslop could pursue the matter, Doggy sang out to him, and the game commenced.

It was going to be fast and furious, Hyslop saw. Their opponents won the toss and took the service. Doggy's service was his strong suit, and it won him the first game easily.

Hyslop won his own service, and Miss Brown won hers. Peggy served badly and lost her service, making the score three-one in favor of Doggy and Miss Brown.

In the next game Doggy again served and won a smashing service, making the score four-one. When Hyslop, too eager,

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served a double fault and lost his service, making the score five-one, a groan ran through the onlookers, which deepened as Miss Brown served, winning the first set for her side at six-one.

Before the second set began, Hyslop remarked in an undertone, "We've got to buck up, partner. Come on! We've got to win."

Though he meant to be encouraging, Peggy grew even paler under those words. But she flung herself into the match with complete abandon, and every one of her desperately executed shots came off miraculously.

Inspired by this turn of events, Hyslop also played well and he and his partner took the second set at six-three.

One set all, and the final set to go. The crowd held its breath and focused its attention on the deciding set.

Hyslop backed to the base line to await Doggy's service. In the short interval he had exchanged no words with Peggy. Subconsciously he felt something unusual about her game. Although she had played brilliantly in the second set, he could have sworn that after an extra powerful shot an expression of acute distress flashed across her face.

But now he did not pause to reason. He balanced his racket and took Doggy's first ball. A beautiful serve and a beautiful return; but in spite of it, Doggy won the service. Undismayed, Hyslop followed by winning his. Then Miss Brown won hers, and Peggy the next. Two games all.

A gasp from the crowd. And a succession of gasps at the end of every game as each player won the service until the score stood at five all. Whoever broke through the service would win the match. Every shot evoked a cheer, every rally a burst of prolonged applause. Hyslop wanted with all his heart to win—to win with Peggy Angus. It would symbolize his whole feeling for her if they could win this match and share the triumph.

Another shout from the crowd. The score was now seven all, and it was Peggy's turn to serve.

Hyslop glanced at her doubtfully as she served—a fault; then a double fault. Her next service lacked its usual sting, and the next. Quicker than it takes to tell, Peggy had lost her service.

The score now stood eight-seven, and it was Doggy's service, which he was almost certain to win.

"Are you all right?" Hyslop inquired of his partner with sudden anxiety. But she did not answer.

Deep silence as Doggy served. Hyslop, feeling the position hopeless, returned out. Fifteen love.

Doggy served to Peggy, who scored a winner in the far corner of the court. Fifteen all.

Doggy served to Hyslop, who returned badly into the net. Thirty-fifteen.

Doggy served to Peggy, who again made a brilliant win down the side line, and once more evened the points.

Plainly unsettled, Doggy served to Hyslop. He returned hard to Doggy, who, making a weak backhand shot to Peggy, allowed her to win the point. The score was now thirty-fourty.

With an expression of anxiety on his face for the first time, Doggy served to Peggy. It was a fault. He served again. Peggy steered the ball short over the net, and Miss Brown was unable to return it.

An almost hysterical burst of applause from the crowd. Thanks to Peggy's brilliant play, the score had been evened and now stood at eight games all.

The excitement was intense as Hyslop served and won his service. Nine-eight

in favor of Hyslop and Miss Angus. Miss Brown now served to Hyslop, who returned the ball and made the point. Love-fifteen. She served to Peggy, who won the point.

Miss Brown, looking worried, served to Hyslop, and in the rally Peggy again made the point. The score was love-forty. It was set and match point.

A deadly stillness settled upon the court as Miss Brown served to Peggy. The first service was a fault. The second was right, and Peggy met the ball firmly and sent it right to the base line between Doggy and Miss Brown.

It was a marvelous shot, and it won the game, set and match.

The din was tremendous as Doggy and Miss Brown ran round to congratulate the winners. But all at once the general jubilation changed to consternation. Nurse Angus had collapsed on the court. "She's fainted!" cried Doggy.

"Bring some water," ordered Hyslop, bending down to support Peggy's head.

In a few seconds she opened her eyes. "I'm all right," she said faintly. "Please let me get up."

"You shouldn't have played if you didn't feel up to it," Hyslop muttered.

In a voice audible only to him, she said, "A nice opinion you'd have had of me if I hadn't!" Then, assisted by Miss Brown, she went into the pavilion.

Hyslop stood alone, cut to the quick by her words. Then he changed and left the grounds. He should have been delighted that they had won. But instead, he burned with a queer shame. He tried to banish the whole thing from his mind, but the memory of Peggy Angus' white, drawn face haunted him.

As he walked across the common toward Arden House, he saw an ardent figure making for the tennis club. It was Matron Clark, and when she reached him she did not stand on ceremony.

"Have you seen Nurse Angus?" she demanded. "I left her in bed at the hospital, and now she's gone."

"But why not?" he asked in amazement. "She had to play the match with me this afternoon. She's up there now."

"How could she, after me begging her not to go?" wept the matron.

"What do you mean?" he cried.

"Don't you know? Didn't she tell you? Last night the patient in bed fifteen knocked over a bottle of pure carbolic acid. It went right over Nurse Angus' head and gave her a shocking burn. Why, this morning she could hardly hold a teacup. And to think she's gone and played!" In a frenzy of concern the matron rushed off toward the club.

So that was why Peggy had fainted. He saw now the reason for the glove, remembered how she had winced each time her racket had met the ball. "It's nothing," she had said; "only a blister."

Because he had questioned her pluck, she had refused to tell him. She had played with a badly burned hand.

No doubt she despised him, had set herself to humiliate him. He groaned aloud at the thought. And all at once a great tide seemed unlocked within his heart. He wanted to run to the tennis club, to apologize to Peggy Angus. But he did not. How could he? She would not even listen to him now.

So, instead, he walked slowly toward Arden House, trying to take comfort from the thought that he would see her again; that perhaps he could make amends. And there pressed upon him an understanding—unfathomable and bitter-sweet. He knew at last what his feeling was, had been from the first and always would be, for Peggy Angus.

COMING—Another Nurse Angus story by A. J. Cronin

## Eat and Grow Beautiful

(Continued from page 65)

old-fashioned sulphur and molasses. In Nature's garden we can find all the sulphur we need. Radishes, onions, kohlrabi, Brussels sprouts, celery, cauliflower, red cabbage, asparagus—all these are sulphur-rich foods. Tomatoes, lettuce and white cabbage are also a good source of this mineral.

A sulphur food at every meal—that was the order of the day for Miss R. The texture of her skin changed as if by magic. The skin was now soft and smooth. But it still lacked color.

Blood is Nature's own rouge, but it must be healthy, rich blood. To obtain this beautifying red blood you need a plentiful supply of food iron. So Miss R. concentrated on "iron" meals. She had lots of watercress, dandelion greens, raisins and spinach. Calves' liver, green peas and beans were a favorite dinner feature, while for lunch she had an "all-iron" salad consisting of red and white cabbage, carrots, onions, lettuce and ripe olives. A dish of prunes soaked overnight with a bit of honey made an excellent "iron" breakfast.

But the big surprise was the spinach-and-parsley cocktail, which was chock-full of iron.

Here's how you mix this "cocktail": Put some fresh, dark-green spinach and parsley through a vegetable-juice extractor. Two handfuls of spinach and one handful of parsley are an excellent combination.

Since the juice is rather strong, it is best to mix it with orange or grapefruit juice in equal amounts. You can have as much as two cupsful a day of this powerful cocktail.

With Miss R.'s skin trouble cleared up, we turned to her underweight condition. Here again we used the Cosmetic Diet.

When you are underweight, it is first of all a sign that there is something wrong in the way your body works, and it is usually in the digestive system that the trouble will be found; so your first job is to flush out of your system all the impurities that have collected.

Miss R. did. For a few days she had about a quart of flushing fruit and vegetable juices with or between her meals. After she flushed her body I let her think of building up her weight.

The program was simple but well planned. Whole grains, fresh vegetables and fruits, broiled meat and fish, and milk were the mainstays, and the meals were abundant. Certain "high-power" foods, like bananas and cream cheese, were used oftener than others.

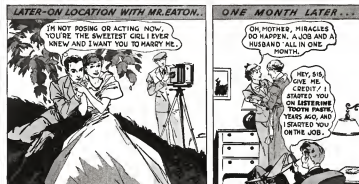
Miss R. liked two recipes in the Cosmetic Diet especially well. You probably will, too, because they are "specifics" for weight building. They are: *Vitalized Potatoes* and *Building Salad Dressing*.

For the first, steam potatoes with jackets on until all water is absorbed. Remove peeling, add a large handful of finely chopped garden greens, such as parsley, green onions or chives. Add a lump of butter, a bit of salt, some milk, and beat until fluffy. There is a world of difference between these potatoes and the nutritionless "mashed" potatoes.

The *Building Dressing* is made by mixing a package of mild cream cheese with unsweetened pineapple juice and beating it until it is fluffy. For additional flavor, as well as Vitamin D, sprinkle one teaspoonful of finely shredded orange peel over the mixture.

Here is a sample day's menu for

## HOW ROSALIE FOUND A FASCINATING NEW WORLD



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gaining weight on the Cosmetic Diet:

**Breakfast:** Fruit or fruit juice, scrambled eggs, bran muffins with butter and raspberry jam, milk or hot beverage.

**During morning:** Weight-gaining cocktail (mash and mix one ripe banana into glass of milk).

**Luncheon:** Large tomato stuffed with cottage cheese, whole-wheat crackers, milk or tea.

**Afternoon:** Fresh fruit.  
**Dinner:** Chilled tomato juice, veal steak, potatoes boiled in their jackets, lima beans, head lettuce with lemon-ol dressing, applesauce with honey and cream, bread, demitasse.

So much for Miss R. Now let's turn our attention to another case history.

Miss B. was one of the loveliest of the lovely starlets I saw in Hollywood, but her screen tests had been disappointing. The camera made her rather dry hair look straggly and her eyes, which had rings under them, appear sunken.

I found that her diet was deficient in iodine. That was the explanation of the straggly hair. She was eating so much starch. That was the explanation of the circles under the eyes.

Your hair grows every day; it needs its own particular minerals. The mineral de luxe for hair loveliness is iodine. We concentrated on iodine in Miss B.'s Cosmetic Diet: artichokes, fish, cod-liver oil, pineapple, oysters, clam chowder, sea greens. In addition, Miss B. had an "iodine cocktail" twice a day (beat one fresh egg yolk into a glass of unsweetened pineapple juice).

Then we began to cut down on the amount of starch. The skin is colored by your blood as it passes through it. When you become thin, the blood has accumulated carbon-dioxide waste gas and has lost oxygen. It becomes darker,

less red in color, even bluish. Such darkened blood, shining through the skin under the eyes, is the cause of shadows.

Cereals, breads, cakes, cookies, French pastry—in fact, all foods rich in starch—bring up the carbon-dioxide content of the blood and lower the oxygen values. Meats, beans, peas, cheese and eggs break down into acids that darken the blood. But fruits, especially the citrus fruit—oranges, lemons, grapefruit—and fresh garden vegetables are antacid or alkaline and make the blood purer and redder. They are the foods that help to eliminate the dark circles under the eyes.

Miss B. is now in an important picture.

The last of our case histories is that of Madame N., the opera diva, who came to me one day and told me that I must "save" her. She was getting fat.

There is real tragedy in fat, but here again the Cosmetic Diet comes to the rescue.

I do not approve of the "no-breakfast" plan; it is much better to have some fruit or fruit juice for breakfast.

Salad lunches spell slenderness. Have a good, generous salad, and follow it by a fruit dessert and a beverage.

And now comes the most interesting point. You who have been careful at breakfast and luncheon can have almost anything you want for dinner, even pie. But remember this: *First, eat what you need, then eat what you want!*

Here is how it works: Begin your evening meal with a vegetable-juice cocktail or a salad. Then have your meat or fish course and with it have two cooked vegetables. In place of bread or potatoes, eat all you want of "appetite spoilers"—radishes, turnips, celery stalks, carrot sticks and small bunches of raw cauliflower. These should be chilled and

served crisp. Then follow with a large fruit dessert or occasionally a piece of open-faced fruit pie, and you will find that you are more than satisfied.

Here is a sample reducing diet which you can use as a model:

**Breakfast:** Upon rising: large glass of unsweetened pineapple juice. Half an hour later: hot beverage with sugar or cream—not both. If hungry during morning: glass of tomato or celery juice.

**Luncheon:** Salmon salad, rye bread toast, beverage. If hungry during afternoon: "pick-me-up" cocktail (beat one fresh egg yolk, one teaspoonful of honey and one tablespoonful of sherry into a cup of grapefruit juice).

**Dinner:** Fruit, olives, liver, onions, small potato, fresh fruit compote with honey, demitasse.

And as a last piece of "Beauty Insurance," fortify the Cosmetic Diet with a Beauty Day once a week. Take any day convenient for you—Sunday, for instance—and on that day rest your stomach and your digestive tract by having fruit and vegetable juices only, though as much of these as you want. Don't restrict yourself to the familiar tomato or orange juice, however. Cabbage juice, fresh celery juice, fresh spinach juice, parsley juice, rhubarb and strawberry juice—a glassful of these two or three times a day will break up the monotony of straight fruit juices.

The famous sculptor Rodin was once asked how he managed to get such likeable beauty into his figures. He replied: "True beauty comes from within; it is an inner vitality, a powerful force, pushing ever outward to the skin surface, bringing with it the fullness and roundness expressive of true health."

"True beauty comes from within!" That's why I say: *Eat and grow beautiful!*

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## Heartwood by Tom Gill (Continued from page 69)

up a lot to know you've turned on her."

"I'm not turning on her."

"She'll think you are. She talks a lot about you. Whether she knows it or not, she's in love with you. That's what makes it tough. She trusts you."

Judd walked to the window. It could do no good to tell Jimmie that Beatrice was probably as deep in the affair as Draper himself. Jimmie simply wouldn't accept it. "This may be the best thing that could happen to Beatrice. I don't know. But if I can keep from hurting her, I will. Don't worry about that."

Shading the light from Jimmie's bed, Judd pulled out his drawing board and began working on the last of the maps. It was long after midnight when he laid down his pencil, his mind still too active for sleep. It would be a long night, Judd opened the door and passed down the stairs.

On the deck he sat looking out over the water until the sound of a step on the pier made him turn. Ann was coming toward him, wearing her swimming suit, a bathrobe flung over one arm.

"This is a lucky chance," she said. She sat down beside him. "I want to talk with you about the clash between you and Guy over the Rio Bravo tract. Guy was furious when Father asked your opinion. If it hadn't been for you, he would have persuaded Father to sell it. Why did you do that?"

Almost gruffly Judd answered, "Because I couldn't see you robbed."

"I knew you were doing it for me," she said. "It gave me the first real feeling of security I've had in two years."

"You've suspected Draper before?"

"Ralph, for two years I've watched

him strengthen his influence over Father, and Beatrice has helped him."

"Has he always been successful?"

"Not always. Once Guy tried to get Father to let the Blair Company have a large tract of mahogany land. He failed that time, but only because of Father's hatred for Blair. That's why I was so surprised tonight when Guy advised Father to sell timber to Tropical Products. They're Guy's rivals."

"Don't be too sure."

"What do you mean?"

"Twice before your father has leased mahogany to the Tropical Products Company, and both times Draper has acted as his agent."

The girl shook her head. "It couldn't be. Father would have told me."

"The papers are in the safe out at camp. They're plain enough. You're the only person I'd say this to, but everything that Draper has done as superintendent of the Blair Mahogany Company has been wrong. The camp is located in an out-of-the-way corner, so that when logging starts next month every man will be a third of the time getting back to the timber. The men themselves are poor workers, inexperienced and badly supervised. The mill is obsolete."

"The maps represent just so much money thrown away—thousands of dollars of his company's money. But not until tonight did I realize that it's all deliberate. A few hours ago he tried to bribe me with an offer of a good job here if I would tell your father the Rio Bravo tract was worthless. Well, all this proves one thing—Draper is a thief, but I'm not sure I know his whole game."

"Do you think Beatrice knows?"

Judd shrugged. "Who can say?" he evaded. "Sometimes I feel that Beatrice herself is in a kind of trap."

Ann smiled. "You would think that. Men are so charitable about a woman—especially an attractive one."

"What do you believe about Beatrice, then?"

Without hesitation she answered, "I believe that Beatrice is the brains behind everything Guy Draper does."

"It doesn't much matter whether you're right or not," Judd said. "My own course is clear enough. Tomorrow your father will ask me what I think of the Rio Bravo tract. I'll tell him what I've told you. That means I go. I would have to go anyway. I couldn't work for Draper any longer, knowing he's double-crossing your father and his own company."

For a moment Judd watched the slender figure curled up so close to him. "Don't think it's easy for me to go, Ann. Those days we've had together—they're the happiest I've ever known. I won't ever forget what a grand person you've been, but it's some consolation to know that I'll be able to save you and your father from being cheated out of a fortune."

But the girl was shaking her head. "I don't believe you'll really save us from anything. You underestimate the influence Beatrice and Guy have over him."

"I'll finish that influence tomorrow."

"No, you won't. You may weaken it, but once you go, Guy and the brandy will persuade Father it was all a mistake. And Beatrice will coax him back into his old complacency." Ann's hands clenched.

"I tell you, it's maddening. I'm helpless against them. Sooner or later, they'll get

around Father again, and you won't be here to save the day."

"There must be a way to help," Judd muttered. "There has to be."

Impulsively Ann turned to him. "Accept Draper's offer. Stay here and play the same game he is playing, so you and I together can find out what he's up to. I can't do it alone, but with you—"

"I'd make a poor detective, Ann. I'd hate myself every minute, drawing a salary from Draper and spying on him. It would involve spying on Beatrice too."

"Ralph, are you in love with Beatrice? I won't ask you to do this if you are."

For some reason the question angered him. "Do you have to ask that?"

"You're angry, but all I'm asking is that you help me make sure what they're up to before it's too late. They're two to one against me, Ralph. Perhaps three to one, for I don't know about John Day. And they're fighting with weapons I can't use. If you fail me, I'm beaten. I'm—"

Ann turned her face away. "And now I'm letting you see what a little coward I really am," she sobbed.

"If it hadn't been for this little coward . . . Ann, my dear, I'm going to say something I've told myself I must not say. If I'm to stay here, I want you to know you can trust me to fight this thing through for just one reason—because your happiness means more to me than anything else."

"From tonight forward you and I are fighting this war together. What it's all about or where it leads neither of us knows, but if we trust each other and no one else, we may find out what makes Mr. Draper's wheels go round."

He felt her hand close tight on his and saw the tears on her cheeks. "I haven't felt so happy for over two years. Just the knowledge that I'm no longer alone—" A sob silenced her; then she asked, "But how will you put Guy off?"

"Tomorrow I'll tell him I've thought it all over and that I don't know enough about that timber to dispute his word. He'll think I'm only trying to save face. Meanwhile, it will give us time, and it's time we need. I've only one condition to make, Ann—I want to treat with Beatrice in my own way. I've a special reason."

She smiled at him. "Any condition you ask is granted."

She rose to her feet, and even in the semidarkness Judd could see how those last few moments had transformed her.

"I'm so happy I'm almost afraid, and you're the cause of it." She slipped off her sandals. "And now I'm going for the best swing I've ever had." Two arms were about his neck, two lips fluttered under his. In another second her slender, boyish body cut the waters of the lake.

The hacienda slept late Sunday mornings. At eight o'clock Judd and Jimmie were the only ones at the long table where two native girls brought them fruit, but they had barely begun eating when Beatrice joined them. Jimmie jumped up to hold her chair. She patted his cheek.

"I was hoping you'd both be up. It's been so long since I've seen either of you, and soon you'll be fitting out into the jungle again." She smiled at Judd. "What have the last two months been doing to our untamable man of the forests? I was terrified when I heard about the snake bite. You don't look as if it left any bad aftereffects."

"I have Ann to thank for that. Even now, I can't put my hand in a knapsack without holding my breath."

The servants came with toast and coffee, and the two men had barely



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### MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

drained their cups when Beatrice said, "Jimmie, would you mind if I talk with this boss of yours alone?" Cressfallen, Jimmie rose from the table.

Left alone with Judd, Beatrice lighted a cigaret. "It's about what happened last night."

"Has Guy told you?"

"He came to my room last night. At dinner I could see how upset he was when Uncle Nick questioned you about the Rio Bravo property. What does it mean, Ralph? Was Guy lying, as usual? No, don't tell me; I don't want to know. It isn't important any more. But if you ruin him with Uncle Nick, Guy will make life a hell for me."

"Why?"

"Because I found you and brought you here. He'll be right, too. Do you remember that first day we met in Washington? Even then you attracted me. And on the boat—she smiled—"It was apparent enough then, wasn't it? And for those few days of happiness Guy will make me pay a thousand times over."

She leaned closer. "Ralph, I can't ask you to keep the truth from Colville if you feel you shouldn't, but I do ask you to be sure you're right. I don't want you to go away."

Judd's eyes never left hers. "Suppose I should say I'm willing to forget it all? Her hands closed on his arms. "I'd do anything in the world—anything."

"Then let's forget I ever saw the Rio Bravo tract."

"You darling!" Her hands rested on his shoulders, but her smile faded as she looked into his face. "You don't really trust me, do you, Ralph?"

"Shall I regret it if I do?"

"You won't ever regret what you've done today. I'll see to that." She drew closer to him, then started back. "Careful," she warned, "here comes Guy." Quickly the girl went back through the patio.

As Draper joined him, Judd saw the haggard lines in the man's face.

Draper spoke first. "Well, we've both had a chance to think over what we talked about last night. Have you come to any decision?"

Judd took a grim pleasure in prolonging the man's suspense. "Yes, I've thought it over."

"What have you decided?" Apprehension was mounding in Draper's voice.

"I've decided that you were right when you said I hadn't been over the entire Rio Bravo tract. I did see some of it, and what I saw was excellent stuff. But it's always possible that the rest of the tract has little value."

"But what will you tell Colville?" Draper persisted.

"I'll tell him I don't know enough about the timber down there to advise him."

**Q**UICKLY DRAPER put out his hand. "It's damned generous of you to admit that, Judd, and I'll see you don't lose by it."

An hour later, Judd stood with Draper in the old man's library. Colville sat frowning at his desk. "You seem to have moderated your view somewhat since yesterday," he commented to Judd. "Obviously, I can't sell that timber until I learn more about its value." He turned to Draper. "Guy, it would help me if Judd could go down there and make a careful report. Evidently the Tropical Products people think the tract is worth something or they wouldn't be anxious to buy it. I want to know if they're right."

"You have my opinion," said Draper. "Exactly. And in the past I've always taken it. This time I happen to want the additional opinion of an experienced

woodsman. Have you any objection, Guy?"

Hurriedly Draper answered, "I'll be glad to have Judd make the examination. But I'll need him until the logging season gets under way. Afterwards he can take all the time he needs."

So the matter rested. The sale was temporarily held up, and Draper found comfort in the thought that many things could prevent Judd's ever entering the Rio Bravo valley.

Then the logging season started. All other work was dropped, and for weeks neither Judd nor Jimmie saw the hacienda. Every man in camp turned to that most important of all operations—getting out the mahogany logs before the streams fell too low to float them down to the main channel of the river.

Months in advance the choicest trees had been located and marked by Draper's scouts, and now axmen and sawyers set about bringing them to earth.

Day after day the cutting crews penetrated farther into the forest, while still in the same still another army of workers—the road builders, whose task it was to make a way for the wagons that would be dragged in by oxen, loaded, and hauled to the nearest streams.

All day, in a dozen parts of the forest, the rumble of dynamite mingled with the harsh shouts of men.

**J**UST BEFORE the coming of the rains, Draper ordered the hauling started. He spent most of his time in the woods during the logging season, and often Judd and Jimmie would come upon him alone one of the trails. Not once during those months did he ask them to come to the hacienda.

Twice monthly, Guy Draper and Big Dave met at an appointed time and place. The meetings were short and had to do with Dave's reports about the work at his camp, or with orders from one whom they called "the Chief."

On one occasion Dave was more troubled than usual. "The Chief says that information is still leakin' out from the hacienda," he announced. "An' he told me to tell you you better be on your toes. He's certain the same Federal agent is workin' on us again—the one who killed Grant."

Draper laughed. "There's no Federal agent or any other kind of agent at the hacienda. I'm certain of that."

"You don't suppose it could be Judd, do you?" There was an earnestness in Dave's voice that betrayed his hope of a reckoning with the big forester. "When you gonna let me take a smack at that he-man of yours?"

"Wait, Dave. He's more valuable to me now doing what he is doing than if I let you run him out of the country."

"I'm not going to run him out of the country—not this time. Next time I get in touch with Mr. Judd, his runnin' days are over." Dave threw back his head in bellowing laughter.

Meanwhile Judd, in spite of the busy days of the logging season, had made three separate excursions into the Rio Bravo valley. So great was the need for secrecy that he did not even take Jimmie, but alone and on foot combed the entire valley, using a light plane table for sketching a map of the country, estimating the mahogany as he went.

Shortly after Easter, Ann spent a day with him in the jungle, and Judd took with him his knapsack a small map.

"This is about half finished, and I've got the notes for the other half," he told her. "When it's done it will be a map of the whole Rio Bravo valley and I can swear to its accuracy. So far as

the value of the timber goes, we don't need a map—one trip was enough to show me it's the finest stand of mahogany I've ever seen."

"Then why does Guy want the Tropical Products people to get it?"

"Because Guy Draper is the Tropical Products people. When he first came here, he tried to get some of your father's timber for the Blair Company, and your father wouldn't sell because he hated Blair. From that minute I believe Draper conceived the idea of a rival company, knowing he could use your father's hatred of Blair to good advantage. The Blair organization may be honest enough. I think they are. But Draper is consistently robbing them, while he persuades your father to let their men have his best timber. And I believe Day knows what's going on."

The girl shook her head. "I've known John Day ever since he came here, and that's two years ago. He's always been so friendly and cheerful."

"It's the friendly, cheerful robbers who are the hardest to guard against. That's probably true of the cheerful assassins."

She caught the grim meaning of his words. "You still think John Day hid that snake in your knapsack?"

"Day was the last man there when they broke camp, and Jimmie told me Day left the party an hour afterwards. He would have had ample time to come back and put a dozen snakes in my knapsack—that's not proof, I admit. Only don't trust Day too much."

"I can't bear this living in distrust of everyone, even Jimmie," Ann burst out. "Yes, even Jimmie. The kid thinks Beatrice is just about the best of everything. For that reason I want to be certain of our ground before I tell him what we're doing. He knows Draper's up to some of our tricks, but he doesn't believe Beatrice has any part in it."

"Do you?" Ann asked quickly.

"We don't have to answer that yet, do we?" And there the talk ended.

Two weeks after his talk with Ann, word came to Judd to be at the hacienda the following Sunday morning. He worked late that night on the map; then, placing it between the pages of an old notebook, he laid it among the old survey books.

Taking Jimmie with him, Judd arrived at the hacienda the next morning to learn that Draper had gone to Canagua but would return late that night. Jimmie at once made for his miniature trunk and Judd, walking to the edge of the porch, saw Beatrice and John Day on the pier welcoming Don Ramon. To Judd's surprise the girl waved to him to join them.

"Don Ramon wants to see you," she called.

A moment later the two men shook hands.

"I came to scold you," Don Ramon's engaging voice began. "Not yet have you paid me that visit in Canagua. So instead I come to visit you, and with a purpose. When can you go with me on a mission down the river?"

"Any time you say," Judd answered.

"In that case, we can leave at once and be back before dark." He smiled at Beatrice and Day. "You see how I am without conscience. I take this young man away from you even on Sunday."

Judd stepped into the boat.

"But what is this mysterious journey?" Beatrice asked.

Don Ramon started the motor. "We are going to the camp of your rival, the Tropical Products Company," he said, and he took his seat at the wheel. Don Ramon headed the boat south. It

was almost noon when they entered the San Juan, and headed toward the little tributary where the logging camp of the Tropical Products Company lay.

Cutting the speed of the motor, Don Ramon offered Judd a cigaret. "Señor Judd, I believe that you are a man to trust. Señor Colville, too, has a high opinion of you, particularly as a man of experience in the forests. You have been in many mahogany camps before, no?"

"Many, Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras."

"Bueno. You are just the man I seek. Tell me, what do you think of these Tropical Products people?"

"I know very little about them," Judd smiled. "I have met only their woods boss, Big Dave. I've never even seen their camp. It has been against Draper's policy for any of his men to get into that part of the woods."

"A very wise provision. Perhaps it is better that you do not know them. It will be easier for us to look around."

"Do they expect you?"

"No. No one knows I am coming. But while we are here, keep both eyes open. Take in every detail of their camps, their mill and the men themselves. When all this is over I may tell you more of my reasons for coming."

Steadily they moved through the glassy waters until Judd saw a floating wharf stretching out from the low clay bank, and beyond it a double row of rough slab shacks. They drew up beside the wharf and cut the engine. No sound came from the camp. The place seemed deserted but, as the two men made fast the launch, a few half-clad peons sauntered down to the bank.

A sullen "Buenos días" was their only answer to Don Ramon's nod, as he and Judd climbed the slippery bank. In silence they crossed the clearing, but as they skirted the piles of slabs before the mill a sudden peal of laughter brought the two men to an abrupt halt.

There above them, just outside the mill door, towered the hulking figure of Big Dave, his whole body shaken with savage merriment.

"Who is in charge here?" Don Ramon asked.

"You might say I was. Mebbe you'd like to tell me what you're doin' here."

"You do not know us, then?"

Dave jerked a finger toward Judd. "I know him, all right. And I'm fixin' to know him a whole lot better before he's ten minutes older. I been waitin' for this day a long, long time."

"That is as may be," said Don Ramon. "I am here in the interest of my father, the President of Costaragua."

The eyes of the woods boss widened. "You are Don Ramon?"

"Exactly. We were going up the river to examine timber, but I find we're low in gasoline. May I buy some from you?"

"You can't buy it." Dave's voice had moderated before his distinguished visitor. "I'll fill your tank, though. Hey, you boys, *para acá*," he called to the peons, and soon a five-gallon can of gasoline was on its way to the dock.

Meanwhile, like a hunting dog held in leash, Big Dave glowered at Judd.

So obvious was the breed's disappointment that Judd laughed. "It's a long time since you've been to see me, Dave."

The other scowled. "That ain't because I haven't wanted to. Don't forget the day's comin' when Big Dave—"

"How many men do you employ here?" Don Ramon suavely interrupted.

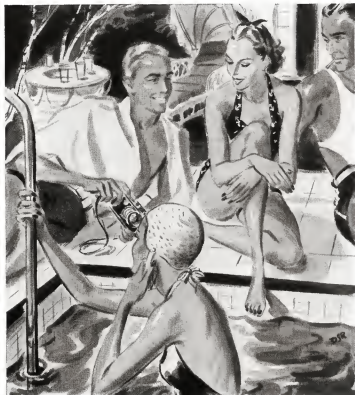
"About three hundred in the logging season."

"It must be interesting work, and I know so little. Would you mind if I looked over the camp? My father is

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always asking about these foreign concessions. Where are all your men?"

"Most of them are in the woods, cuttin' and haulin'. There's about a hundred over in the dining shack."

"Ah, I should like to see them. Would you mind if my friend and I looked in?"

"Sure, that will be all right." Dave added, with an effort at cordiality. "Anything you want is all right with me."

Don Ramon bowed toward the dining hall, a long, ramshackle building, roofed with black tar paper.

Big Dave threw the door open, and Don Ramon, followed by Judd, entered the long room. A double line of tables stretched the entire length of the place, where fully a hundred men were seated on wooden benches. Piles of food were heaped before them; sweating peon boys hurried up and down bearing great pots of coffee and bowls of steaming soup.

But Judd's attention was fixed on the men. Never in his years of knocking about lumber camps had he seen such a villainous crew as the one before him. At the opposite end of the table a plate crashed and a long row of men left the building, followed by Dave.

The big breed took them over the mill, then out through the yards and stables.

Judd asked no questions, but his eyes took in every aspect of the camp. It occurred to him that, for one who professed only a casual interest in mahogany, Don Ramon could ask searching questions about timber markets.

When their tour of inspection was over, Don Ramon was profuse with his thanks. "I would not have missed this for anything," he told Dave. "My great regret is that my father was not along, but I will tell him of your courtesies. Now I will say adios."

"Adios," Dave grinned delightedly, then looked uncertainly at Judd.

But Judd, too, was smiling. "Adios, Dave," he called, "and don't forget you're coming over to my camp again."

"Don't you forget," Dave retorted. He watched them from the dock until Don Ramon's boat rounded the bend.

The Costaraguan looked up from the engine. "Well, would you call that a typical mahogany camp?"

"It's the filthiest I've ever seen," Judd replied.

"And the men?"

Judd laughed. "Probably the most villainous-looking crew ever gathered under one roof. No wonder they need a man-killer to keep the peace. I was thinking that, my friend. Don Ramon's eyes were speculative. I wonder how closely connected is Señor Colville with these people."

Judd did not answer. He was looking ahead toward a gray motorboat in the middle of the stream. Five men were in it, and they were barely making stage-way. As Don Ramon's launch appeared, one of them waved.

"They may be in difficulty," Ramon observed, and steered toward them.

To Judd's surprise only one of the men in the motorboat was a Costaraguan. The other four might have been European or American. The one who stood at the bow—short and thickest—Judd was sure he had seen somewhere. In the next second all speculation vanished. As the two boats swung side by side, three men laid hold on the gunwales of Ramon's launch. Four revolvers

were leveled at them, and the man in the bow growled, "Put up your hands, gentlemen."

At those words, spoken with a heavy, guttural accent, a wave of recognition passed over Judd. It was the same voice he had heard speaking to Draper in the secluded house in Washington; the same figure he had seen that night aboard the boat that brought them to Costaragua.

Meanwhile, Don Ramon's hands never moved. "I think there is some mistake," he said coolly. "I am—"

"I know who you are," the guttural voice replied. "You are son of that stupid dictator who calls himself Costaragua's President. I, on the other hand, am Schumann. Does that mean anything to you?"

"Oh, beyond any doubt," Don Ramon answered imperturbably. "It brings to mind a discredited revolutionist who tried to overthrow the government two years ago and escaped across the border disguised as a peon woman."

"But who, you might say, has since returned to chat with you," Schumann now turned to the men in the stern, and two of them jumped into Don Ramon's launch. One started the engine while his companion seated himself in the bow.

"I am taking you on a little jaunt, amigo," Schumann announced. "If I were you I should not try to escape, or it may be necessary to send you on a very long one." For the first time he seemed to recognize Judd's presence. "Who are you?"

"A surveyor for the Blair Mahogany Company."

"Ach, so. You live at Colville's place, the Hacienda Caoba?"

"Sometimes," Judd answered.

"One of my best men was killed last November not far from that hacienda," Schumann's pale eyes were fixed on Judd. "I'd give a great deal to know who did it. Some day I must look in there."

"The two boats moved downstream. Curiously Judd watched Schumann. This, then, was the unseen man whose voice he had first heard the day he met Draper; he was the shadowy figure he had encountered outside Draper's cabin.

What was that Guy Draper to do with revolutions? Why should he put himself in jeopardy to help smuggle this man into Costaragua? Was Draper, too, an enemy of the government? Was all the hacienda united in some vast plot of revolt? Was Colville or Ann?

The boats were nearing land, going more slowly, edging their way beneath the network of lianas until both launches were screened behind that great hanging wall. There the engines were shut off, the boats made fast, and captors and captives stepped out upon the land.

Judd looked about him. A dim trail led up the bank and lost itself in the forest.

Schumann pointed. "Back there, Señor son of the Presidente, we shall find our son's temporary headquarters. And now perhaps you are curious as to why I have brought you here."

Don Ramon lit a cigarette. "I could guess," he answered.

"Let me save you the mental effort. Two men whose lives I value lie prisoners at this moment in Canagua. One of them is my closest friend; the other is my brother. They are to be shot on Tuesday morning. You will make an excellent hostage for the safeguarding of these men, and if you are wise you will write your father asking him to send them back to me."

"In the face of necessity," Don Ramon murmured.

With a grunt of satisfaction Schumann took a sheet of paper from his pocket and handed it to Don Ramon,

but the young Costaraguan shook his head. "Write it yourself," he said. "And I will sign it. Write as follows: 'Señor El Presidente. I am at present in the hands of Schumann, revolutionist at large. He is holding me to secure the delivery of his two lieutenants. Let me urge that instead of executing them Tuesday you execute them at once—'"

Schumann tore the paper to fragments, then turned to Judd. "Can you run a motorboat?"

"Yes."

"Then I have a message for you to take to Canagua. If you have any regard for the life of your friend here, you will do exactly as I tell you. Take that boat and go to Canagua. Give this message to the President in these words: 'Schumann, your old enemy, is back in Costaragua. Today, he holds your son as hostage for the two men you have in prison. If those men are released tomorrow morning, your son will be returned to you alive. If not . . .'"

He smiled. "Well, we must leave something to the imagination, even of the President of Costaragua."

Schumann unfastened the rope that held Don Ramon's launch and signed to Judd to enter. Without another look at Don Ramon, Judd shoved out from shore and headed toward Canagua.

Half a mile away Judd rounded a wide bend, then made for the nearer bank. Close in, he stopped the engine, letting the boat drift beneath the concealing vines. He tied the launch, scrambled up the bank and made his way back along the shore.

An hour later he saw through the underbrush the gray bow of Schumann's boat. Apparently it had been deserted, so he pushed his way out on the trail, where in the moist glare he could see the footprints of Schumann's party.

Throwing aside all caution, Judd ran to the boat. Hurried search revealed no weapons except a rusty machete and with this in hand, he turned up the jungle trail.

It wound inland toward the low foothills. At the end of an hour he stopped on the edge of a clearing in the center of which stood a thatched hut. On the side facing Judd there was a door of mahogany slabs and a narrow window. Nothing more. There was no sound or movement, but fresh tracks led directly toward the closed door.

The rear of the cabin had neither door nor window. Judd ran toward it, until he crouched just outside the cabin itself.

A faint scraping sound came from within, then a footstep creaking on a loose board. Machete in hand, Judd crept around the corner. Looking up at the narrow window, he hesitated, realizing how easy a target he would be, once he thrust his head above that sill. Yet there was no other way.

**F**LATTERING HIMSELF against the rough wall, Judd raised his head until he looked into the dim interior of the room. There, just opposite the window, stood Don Ramon with his back to the wall. Heavy coils of rope about his body held him to two iron spikes driven into the wall of the cabin itself.

At that moment Don Ramon's eyes fastened on Judd's face, but almost at once the Costaraguan conquered his surprise. His head turned toward someone Judd could not see, and Judd heard him say, "I am deeply complimented that they left you here to guard me, amigo. Do they call me Hercules to break this half-inch rope?"

A noncommittal grunt from the unseen captor was the only answer, but

to the man outside the window the purport of Don Ramon's words was clear—he was warning Judd that he was being guarded, but by one man only.

Again Don Ramon's glance moved incuriously toward the window. The eyes of the two men met, and Judd raised his hand, with his finger pointed toward the bolted door. Then slowly he clenched his fist. Would Don Ramon understand? A moment of silence, and again Don Ramon addressed his captor. "Amigo," Judd heard the soft voice saying, "just outside the door I dropped my cigaret case. The case you may have, but I would like you to light a cigaret for me."

Judd darted back to the door, and waited with upraised machete. A head peered out, and instantly Judd dropped his machete and drove his fist into the dark face.

The man fell back unconscious on the floor. Stooping, Judd pulled the machete from the fellow's belt and cut the rope that bound Don Ramon to the wall.

"That was well done, Señor Judd," the Costa Rican rubbed his aching wrists. "No face was ever more welcome than yours at the window." He looked at the unconscious man. "His face tells me nothing, but the swine will not disturb us for some time. Meanwhile, Schumann will be coming back before long."

They closed the cabin door and hurried to Schumann's boat. Gliding downstream toward the hiding place of Don Ramon's launch, they cast the gray boat adrift and made for the San Juan.

"What did they do with you?" Judd asked as they sped along.

"They took me to that cabin, bound me and left me, telling the guard they would be back in two hours. Tied as I was, and with a guard over me, they felt reasonably safe." A smile touched Don Ramon's lips. "They failed to count on you, and that was a blunder. I am deeply in your debt, Señor Judd. I shall not forget. But you can stay no longer at the hacienda. Your life will not be worth a centavo when Schumann learns you brought about my escape."

Judd did not answer. Don Ramon's words could not be disputed, yet Judd's task was far from finished.

Don Ramon was thoughtful. "I am wondering how Schumann got back into my country. He was in the States when last we heard of him."

Judd could have enlightened Don Ramon on that point, but instead he asked, "What do you intend to do?"

"As soon as I reach Canagua I will have the border patrols doubled. Then we will comb this country with soldiers. Before another day is over Schumann will be once more hurrying for cover."

"Do you think you'll catch him?"

"Frankly, no."

"Neither do I."

Something in Judd's voice prompted Don Ramon to ask, "What would you advise?"

"My advice would be to do nothing. What happened to you today is linked up with something that happened to me months ago." He added, "I'd like to try an experiment. Will you have a pilot and a seaplane waiting for me tomorrow noon on the lake opposite the hacienda? I want everyone to believe I am leaving for good, but in five days at most I'll be back—perhaps with news for you. I can't tell you any more now."

"There is no need. The plane will be there, and on the fifth day I shall be at the hacienda waiting for you."

For an hour they sped over the water in silence, then Don Ramon said curiously, "I am wondering how Schumann knew where I was. I said nothing to anyone at Canagua. The only ones

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who knew of our excursion were Day and Beatrice. Either one of them might—and yet, how could they get word?"

Judd answered, "It would be a simple matter to phone from the hacienda to our woods camp, and from there a man could reach the San Juan in two hours."

"Yes, of course." Then, "Would it be fair to ask what you think of John Day?" Judd's mind flashed back to the day he had surprised the Irishman tracing his maps and to the fer-de-lance hidden in his knapsack. But he only said, "John Day is an employee of Draper's. He has been in Costaragua about two years. He knows the people and the country. He has never told me the least thing about his past life. Colville is fond of him, and I find him a pleasant companion."

Don Ramon nodded. "I see." Then he asked, "And Beatrice Orme?"

"I can't help you there, either. I know almost nothing about her."

Ramon laughed. "Nor I, *por Dios*, although I have known her for five years. And yet one hears tales. She might be that lovely lady I think she is, capable of greatly loving and greatly hating. Two years ago," he went on, "an officer in my father's army fell in love with her. He was one of my father's most brilliant men, a young major. He might have gone far."

"What happened?"

"Ramon shrugged. "He disappeared."

"Why have you told me this?" asked Judd.

"Why? Perhaps, my friend, to put you on your guard. We have a saying in my country, 'When a woman smiles, look behind you.' Many things are going on about us that you and I know little of. You are not the kind of man who needs help, but if you ever do—call on me. And if in this tangled business I need you, I shall call on you." He held out his hand. "Is that a compact?"

Judd took his hand. "It's a compact."

"Buena. And the seaplane will be opposite your hacienda by tomorrow noon."

**W**hen Judd appeared at the hacienda for dinner he waited Beatrice and Day for signs of surprise at his return, but the Irishman was his usual good-natured self, and Judd could see no change in Beatrice's demeanor. Ann, too, was there, but Colville did not appear, and Draper had not yet returned from Canagua.

Throughout the meal neither Beatrice nor Day referred to Judd's expedition with Don Ramon, but when coffee and cigars had been brought, Beatrice could no longer control her curiosity.

She turned to Judd. "How did your mysterious journey with Don Ramon turn out?"

"Badly for me. Don Ramon and I got mixed up with a revolution," named Schumann," said Judd. He told the tale of the Costaraguan's capture and release. "It means I can't stay here any longer. I'd be a menace to you. Don Ramon's sending a plane for me tomorrow."

Day nodded. "Don Ramon's right, Judd. You'd better be gettin' out. Schumann's ruthless. The jungle's no place for you now. But where will you go?"

"Maybe Canagua first. After that, who can tell?"

Restfully Jimmie looked up. "I'll be comin' with you, boss."

"No. You've made a place for yourself here. You've got a job to finish. We'll get together again somewhere."

The boy watched Ann, puzzled. "It don't seem real. It's all so sudden."

Ann had not uttered a word. Her face had gone white as Judd spoke of leaving. Then she rose from the table,

and went down the steps toward the garden. Musingly Beatrice's eyes followed her.

Judd rose too. He knew what Ann was thinking—that he was leaving her to carry on the battle without him, and hurrying down the steps, he overtook her. She turned her face from him, but not before he saw she had been weeping.

"His can't close to her. I know what you're thinking—that I'm running away."

"It's not running away." Her tear-filled eyes looked up at him. "It's the only thing you can do. But just for a second it got me."

"But I'm not going away for long. Listen, Ann. It's best for everyone here to believe I'm leaving, especially Draper. I won't tell even you where I'm going for I'm taking a long chance that may not work out. But whether it does or not, I'll be back in five days."

"Five days! You mean that? You're not just telling me to—"

"I'm telling you the truth. My leaving will throw off any plans Schumann may make for retaliation and give me time to do something I want to do without arousing Draper's suspicions. But for five days, Ann, you'll have to carry on alone."

"I don't mind that, now I know you're coming back. When you said you were going away I knew I couldn't stand it to be left alone here. Last night I watched Draper talking with Father about the Rio Bravo tract again. They drank together until nearly dawn. That's why Father isn't around today. It's horrible."

"Go into the forest tomorrow," Judd said. "Time will pass faster."

"Time will creep along, wherever I am, until you're back. I'm becoming a clinging vine with a vengeance, Ralph. When you said you were going away I didn't dream how much it meant to me to know you were here—close to me."

She wanted to say more, but the words wouldn't come, and a moment later words were unnecessary, for his lips had covered hers.

Only an instant. But that brief kiss was long enough for Beatrice, on the porch above. Motionless, she watched them while a cold fire kindled in her eyes. At last she smiled. It was not a pleasant thing to look at, that smile.

Not until Judd went up to pack was he able to lift Jimmie out of his black despair by telling him he would return.

"I'll come back by plane and land opposite the camp," he said. "You'd better meet me there and tell me what's been going on—especially with Draper. They'll be watching you, Jimmie, to get some clue about me, so keep the old mouth buttoned. And here's something I want you to do for me." From the leather thong about his neck, Judd took a small key.

"When you get back to camp tomorrow morning, go to that closet in the drafting room. There's a drawer inside that this key fits. It's filled with old survey books. Look for the one marked 'San Juan Section.' I put a map in that book. It's an unfinished map of the Rio Bravo tract, but there are no names on it, so it can't be identified. I want you to get it into Ann's hands. It's important, Jimmie—so important I'm tempted to go back tomorrow and get it myself."

"You don't have to do that, boss. I'll get it to her."

"Good! I'll phone you from here before I leave, to be sure nothing goes wrong."

Jimmie asked, "Does Beatrice know you're coming back?"

"No. She mustn't know; no one must. Just Ann and me."

"Whatever you say goes. But I think you're wrong, not lettin' her know. She was talking to me a few minutes ago—you hurt her going away and not telling

her where. She hasn't anything to do with Draper's crooked business. You can tell it by looking at her."

"We've got to remember that this isn't our secret, Jimmie—it's Ann's. Neither of us has the right to say anything."

Jimmie made no answer, but sat smoking while Judd finished packing.

Outside in the patio another quiet conversation was in progress between John Day and Beatrice. Day had come up from the garden, a black leather case in his hand. He looked about to be sure they were alone. "I've been talkin' to Guy on the phone in Canagua."

"You called him from here?"

"Now, why would I be doin' such a foolish thing when I could take this portable set out into the bush and tie in on the line? I told Guy about Judd's goin' away. He's not sure we've got the whole of the story, and he wants ye to ride out to camp with Jimmie tomorrow and see what ye can learn from the kid."

Beatrice nodded, and that cold fire still smoldered in her eyes.

**I**T WAS the first time in months that Beatrice had been out to the lumber camp. Jimmie rode beside her. At the stables they dismounted, and Jimmie showed Beatrice about the camp.

It was an untroubled morning until Jimmie remembered with a guilty start that he must deliver the map to Ann before Judd phoned.

Beatrice left Jimmie at the hospital, telling him she would lie down until lunchtime, and the boy hurried to the map room. As he crossed the clearing, he saw Ann coming toward him. "You're out early, Jimmie," she called.

"I rode over to see Miss Beatrice."

"Beatrice here?"

"Sure. She came out with me."

"Did she tell you why?" asked Ann.

"Just wanted to look around the camp, I guess."

"That would be the one thing she didn't come for."

Nettled at Ann's tone, Jimmie hurried on. "Last night the boss told me to give you a map he made of the Rio Bravo tract. I'll give it to you right now."

Going to the drafting room, Jimmie found the map Judd had spent days in making, and put it in Ann's hands.

Ann hid the paper in her botanical press, her thoughts still busy with the reason for Beatrice's presence there on the very day of Judd's departure.

On a sudden impulse Ann turned toward Jimmie. "Did Beatrice ask you anything about Ralph's going away?"

A sudden look clouded the boy's eyes. "She asked me something about it last night."

"What did you say?"

"I told her I didn't know any more than she did, and that was true at the time." There was a resentment in his voice. "Maybe she thought she's trying to pump me, you're wrong."

"Where's Beatrice now, Jimmie?"

"Over at the hospital, resting."

"Let's go over."

Beatrice was lying on a cot inside the screened porch, and as Ann came up the walk with Jimmie, she called, "Everybody's taking to the jungle this lovely morning—even us old me."

Ann laughed. "Your activity is a miracle that needs some explaining."

Beatrice smiled back. "Jimmie's been telling me so much about the work here, I had to see it for myself."

A little maliciously Ann observed, "That's all right. You can see it all in two or three days."

"Two or three days? I'll be back in the hacienda by sunset."

"You're luckier than I am. I may be

here indefinitely. The nurse is down from overwork and I'm playing understudy."

"Are there many sick here?"

"Too many. Just three days ago the cot you're lying on now held a peon sick with swamp fever."

In one frantic leap Beatrice was off the cot. "This ghastly place—" she began, but the sudden shriek of the sawmill drowned her words.

"They're beginning the morning cut," Jimmie said. "Wouldn't you like to see them saw up some logs?"

Eager to get away, Beatrice followed him across the clearing to the mill.

"They're cutting up the rough lumber here and sending it to Canagua," Jimmie explained. "When I get done on the blasting work, I'm going to help grade the lumber."

"I'm going to tell Guy what an efficient person you are, Jimmie," Beatrice said. "I don't believe Ralph gives you enough credit for the work you do."

Inside the mill work was in full blast. Half-naked peons were rolling logs down the runway to the carriage of the saw. And each time wood met steel, the shriek of the rapidly revolving metal made Beatrice's eardrums quiver.

She moved outside, where peons were piling a railway high with logs. Fascinated, she watched a huge butt log being lowered by ropes onto the pile ten feet above her; one end had been split open, and the wavy grain glistened with golden flecks along its jagged edge.

"It is lovely, isn't it?" Jimmie heard her say during a lull in the sawing. "It makes you want to touch it. Those long splinters at the end gleam like daggers!"

Slowly the log swung parallel to the railway, while one end dipped until it rested on the very top of the pile. Suddenly the nearer rope parted with a snap. A peon leaped frantically to the ground. The log struck the railway with a crash, and pitched toward the girl. She gave a cry of fright. Then arms caught her and she was thrown free. Scant inches from her, the log hit the earth.

Gasping, Beatrice rose to her knees to see Jimmie bending over her. Hysterically she clung to him. "I'm so frightened. It almost—Jimmie!" The last was a scream. A line of crimson was spreading down the boy's shirt. He crumpled at her feet.

Brown hands carried Jimmie to the hospital, but unable to move, Beatrice crouched in the sawdust, moaning. There Ann found her a moment later.

"What happened?" she asked. "Are you hurt?"

"It's Jimmie—he—a log—"

But Ann was already racing for the hospital. She found the doctor cutting away the boy's shirt. He beckoned to her. "I'll need you. The kid's ripped down the shoulder. He's lost a lot of blood."

The telephone rang and the doctor looked at Ann. "Will you answer that?" She took down the receiver, and with a start recognized Judd's voice.

Jimmie's eyes fluttered open. "Is—that the boss?" he faltered.

Ann nodded.

"I gotta talk with him. He won't go if I don't talk to him. I got to tell him something. Please give me the phone."

With a trembling hand he raised the mouthpiece to his lips. "Sure, this is Jimmie." Despite his best effort the voice sounded pitifully weak. "No, nothing wrong. I'm outa breath—from running over here. . . . Sure, I did just what you told me. . . . You bet I will. . . . Take—care of—yourself."

Jimmie's head fell back on the pillow.

*Next month the intrigue in the mahogany forests comes to a dramatic climax*



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\* "CARRIER" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." And at least one-half of all adults suffer from it (Athlete's Foot) at some time, according to the U. S. Public Health Service. They spread disease wherever they tread barefoot.

## ABSORBINE JR.



Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn



## Fighter's Wife by Paul Gallico (Continued from page 48)

to ask someone. I said, "Mr. Gordon, may I ask you a question? Why do they all hate me? Why should they?"

He looked at me, and I suddenly remembered what he had written when Mickey and I were married. He said, "Do you really want to know? I nodded. 'Well,' he said, 'you asked for it, sister. You're muscling in on their meat ticket. They've been feeding off that kid for five years. They figure they've got first pickings on that boy. What's left you can have—after they get through with it.'"

I did not know what to answer. Then Mickey came in through the gate. He wore a leather helmet on his head and a bathrobe. He was followed by Hymie and one or two others. There was some applause. I found myself standing to see him. He trotted over to the ring. He waved to me, but did not come over. Instead, he climbed up into the ring.

Singletooth stood up outside the ropes and announced, "The Champ will now box with Harry Williams." Williams went to his corner, and Oakie called "Time!" and they began to box. Williams was larger than Mickey. The blows sounded heavy. I said to Gordon, "Aren't these blows nearly as heavy as those in a fight? And he trains nearly every day." Gordon said, "Sister, you're dead. More guys get slap-happy from the punches they take in training, the steady pounding, than they do from a fight. And then a good licking with the six-ounce gloves finishes it off."

We watched them box for a while. Si Gordon asked me suddenly, "Sister, do you love that guy?" I said, "Yes, fast. Then get him out of this racket—quick. He's just beginning to catch 'em, and some guys go quicker than others."

When the training was over I went up to the cottage and saw Mickey. He kissed me, but I felt strange. Oakie was in another room. Hymie was sitting in a chair reading a sport magazine. There were some newspapermen in the room. When I came in they all stopped talking.

Mickey introduced me to them. Si Gordon was there, and he gave me a friendly smile. I like him. He is honest. I stayed for a little and then said I would go home. Mickey walked to the car with me. He said, "You know, honey, a training camp is a funny place for a woman. I mean, for my girl."

I wanted to say, "But you're here, and where you are, I belong—at your side," but I didn't. I said that I would go home; that it had been such a beautiful day I had just come for the ride. He kissed me and put me in the car and kissed me again. He was gentle and tender again, but he said, "I won't be home over the week end, honey. Oakie wants me to work. I put on a little weight down in Florida. I want to get down to about a hundred and sixty-five." I said, "Good-by, Mickey," and drove away.

MARCH 15, Mickey called me up from Cleveland last night. He told me he had won. I read in the papers the next morning that he had won the decision, but that it had not been unanimous and Mickey had been knocked down. The next day Si Gordon wrote in his column:

Our operative in Cleveland reports that Mickey O'Brien, the recent benefactor, had to haul himself back to squeeze out a decision over Tony Shalock. Working Press isn't pointing any moral, but it is the first time Mike has been in the clinch since he turned professional. They tell us that only the noodle kept him from being put away. The bum he was fighting was more surprised than Mickey was and didn't know enough to finish him.

I wonder if the men who write sports know how they hurt people.

MARCH 22, Mickey was beaten in Pittsburgh last night. He did not call me up after the fight. I waited by the telephone until after five in the morning. Then I could not stand it any longer. I telephoned one of the newspapers. They told me that Mickey had lost the decision to a man named Johnny Pole, but they did not know whether he was hurt. Later I got a wire from Mickey saying he was coming home and giving the time of the train.

I went down to the station to meet him. He came up the stairs with Hymie and Oakie. He had a patch of plaster over his left eye. He looked tired. I ran to him to take him in my arms. Hymie and Oakie were quarreling. Hymie said, "Oh, hello, Mary Ellen. A little tough luck. The kid's all right."

Mickey took my arms from around his neck and said, "Come on, honey, let's get out of here." All the way home in the cab he sat with his jaw on his chest and stared. I wanted to hold him and nurse him and shield him, but it was not that he was wanting them. His pride was hurt, I could see. I must not do anything to hurt it more. I told him so.

When we arrived at our home I said, "Are you going to have a black eye, Mickey?" He smiled for the first time. He said, "Easy money. A fine sucker Hymie picked for me! Just a tough Poleak from the mines. He used to fight under his real name, Johan Roszkiewicz, and he was pretty good. Then he changed his name to Johnny Pole, and Hymie didn't find out until we got into the ring. I was carrying too much weight, and it slowed me down. I caught plenty."

Mickey wouldn't talk about the fight any more. There was something on his mind. When it came time to go to bed I said, "Honey, do you mind if I sleep in the spare room tonight?" My heart went from me. I couldn't help what I said then. I said, "Oh, Mickey, what is wrong? Don't you love me any more?"

Mickey came to me and held me. He said, "Acushla, there's never anyone but you I'll love. I promised Oakie I'd sleep alone until after the next fight. It won't be for long. And anyway, I guess I'm not much of a man tonight."

I said, "You're hurt, Mickey." Mickey said, "That Polack hit me low. Honey, I guess I was wrong to make you marry me. It's a lousy life. We'll get out of it after this next one."

Mickey took a hot bath. I saw his poor body. His whole left side was red and swollen, and one leg was black and blue close to the thigh. A little later he was sick. I stayed up with him all night and nursed him. It was the happiest night. His pride left him, and he needed me. He went to sleep holding my hand.

APRIL 4, Mickey came back to me tonight. This morning he returned from Detroit. He was gay. Hymie was laughing, and even Oakie was pleased. He said, "You shoulda seen the champ last night. It woulda done your heart good. He was right, wasn't he, Hymie?"

Hymie said, "The guy don't know what hit him yet. He's still out. There wasn't even no need to count over him. Mickey nails him in the fourth round with a short right hand to the kisser; the guy falls on his face and never moves. I start for the dressing room on account we wanna make the train. Mickey waits untill he gets up, before he says 'yes, and then he's after me. It was a sweetener.'"

Mickey and I celebrated that night.

We danced at the Dorado Club, and he held me close to him all the time. When we were at home he came to my door, looking like the little one he is. He said, "Mary Ellen, may I come back to you?"

APRIL 8, Mickey reached for a glass of water today, but he missed it. My heart went cold. I cried, "Mickey, what is wrong? Can't you see?"

He looked surprised and then smiled at me. He said, "I guess I'm feeling too much. I see two of them."

I said, "Oh, Mickey, how long? When?" He replied, "The last fight. The guy hit me over the eye. I started to see double. I had to knock him out quick. It's a little better now."

We went to see Doc Riley. He examined Mickey. He said, "Double vision. One of the nerves has been injured. It will wear off, probably in a week."

Later, Doc Riley called me up. He said, "How long are you going to let that boy of yours go on fighting?"

"Oh," I said, "he's going to stop. He promised me. He will, I know."

The doctor said, "The sooner he does, the better. It's a bad game, Mary Ellen."

That night I asked Mickey, "I said, 'Mickey, when will you leave the ring?'"

He said, "Unhappy, honey?"

Unhappy with Mickey? I sat on the floor by his knee and tried to make him see. "Never unhappy, Mickey, but I love you so dearly. No harm must come to you or I cannot live. When you are hurt, it hurts me because it is you who are hurt. If I could take your pain; if I could take your trouble, Mickey..."

Mickey thought for a long time. Then he said, "I'll quit."

As before, I asked, "When, Mickey?" This time he said, "Now, Mary Ellen."

I cried in his arms. The swelling in my heart was so great that I could not hold it. He seemed to understand because he let me cry myself out.

He said, "I'm through, Mary Ellen. We have enough money. I'm sick of fighting. Too. I want to live like other guys. I'll tell Hymie in the morning. He'll understand. We'll get that farm. Chickens, honey, and pigs. I guess every Irishman wants to own a pig every day."

"Mickey," I said, "may I have a black-and-white cow?"

He kissed my eyes and said, "Thousands. To keep in the house if you want. I'll have a pig in the parlor."

"Would there be a pond with ducks?"

"We'll begin to look for it tomorrow."

"Perhaps there would be a brook, too? It is so good, sleeping near a brook."

The telephone rang. Mickey went to it and answered it. He said, "Yes, Hymie..."

What? And then he listened for a long while before he said, "Wait a minute." He turned to me, and already the pang of fear was at my heart. He said, "It's Hymie Soskin. He said he signed me to fight Johnny Pole for the championship in the ball park this summer for a quarter of a million dollars."

"Mickey," I said, "what will you do?"

"I—I don't know," he said slowly and hung the receiver back on the hook.

APRIL 10, What am I to do? Mickey has told Hymie that he will not fight the fight; that he is through. Hymie is bitter. He says he is broke and needs the money. Gordon was right. They feed off my boy like vultures. I do not want him to fight this fight. Johnny Pole is the man who hurt him so badly before. Oh, why will they not leave him alone?

How can I tell how Mickey feels? Am

I standing in his way? How can I know? Mickey loves me. Perhaps he is doing this because of me; perhaps his pride bids him go back against the man that beat him. But must I let him for his pride take worse injury?

Still, he is a man and I am his woman, and I must do as he says. I can only pray to the dear Lord that he will want to do what is right for himself. Why do I fear this fight so? Am I superstitious of the old wives' saying? Will the pitcher go to the well once too often?

**APRIL 11.** Hymie came to see me today. He said, "Listen, Mary Ellen, why don't you let the kid fight? I'm tellin' ya he'll knock this guy out in two rounds."

I said, "The man beat Mickey before. He hurt him terribly."

Hymie went right on. "We got a bum decision, Mary Ellen. Mickey shoulda won. This guy hit him low in five rounds. It was a home-town referee. The bum wouldn't give us a break. I'm tellin' ya Mickey never fought better than now. Fole won't go three rounds with him."

I said, "Oh, Hymie, he wants to quit. He does! Leave him alone."

Hymie's narrow face seemed to grow meaner. He said, "Oh, yeah? That's what you think! Lissen, the kid's eating his heart out right now. He don't like that defeat. He's a champion. He wants to get that bum back again and flatten him. So I got him for plenty of dough."

"Mickey has enough money, Hymie. Leave him alone. Let him be."

"Yeah? He has, but I ain't. Two hundred and fifty thousand slugs we collect for a soft touch. I need that dough. I'm broke, Mary Ellen. Mickey's got dough because I saved it for him. Where would the kid be without what I done for him? I took him when he was an amateur punk outa the Golden Gloves and made

a champion outa him. The eighty grand will put me back on my feet again. He can quit after this fight, so help me. What do you say? We fight this fight; he gets a hundred and sixty grand and I'll retire him, undefeated champion. He owes it to me, after all I done for him."

"What if he loses, Hymie?"

"He can't lose, I tell you. It's in."

Mickey came in. He said, "Hey, honey, what happened? You said you'd meet me downtown at two o'clock."

"Oh, Mickey!" I said. "I met you yesterday at two o'clock."

Hymie said, "See how this fight is on his mind? He's worrying. He don't remember things no more. I'm tellin' ya he wants to fight this guy. Let him do what he wants and he'll be all right. You're worrying him to death."

Mickey said, "Oh, get out, Hymie. Scram." He went inside and lay down on the bed with one arm over his face.

**APRIL 13.** Si Gordon telephoned me this morning. He said, "Sister, I'm butting in where I have no business to, but I like Mickey, and I think you're all right, too. Don't let him fight that Polack. Mickey will get killed. The kid is slipping. Oakie knows it. Pole is too tough for him. Hymie wants one more shot for that big dough. He doesn't care what happens to Mickey. Get the picture? Talk to Oakie if you can. He's got a lot of influence with Mickey. Okay, sister, and good luck."

I didn't know how to reach Oakie, or how to bring him to me. I could hardly believe it when he came up to see me. Mickey was out playing golf. Oakie came in and sat down on the couch. I waited for him to speak because I knew we were going to duel for my boy.

He said, "Looks, Mrs. O'Brien, why are you keeping the kid from this fight? It means a hell of a lot to him."

I said, "I'm not, Oakie. He wants to stop. He has had enough. He can take the fight if he wishes."

Oakie thought a minute and then said, "Aw, now looks, Mrs. O'Brien. Let's quit kiddin' ourselves. Everybody knows Mickey is nuts about you. He won't fight if you don't want him to. He'll win this fight easy. He's right. I know him like my own son. Ain't I looked after him ever since he was an amateur?"

I said, "Oakie, I want to ask you some questions. Will you answer them honestly?"

He wouldn't look at me, but he said, "Sure."

"Do you love Mickey?"

Oakie looked down at the floor and said, "Sure, Gee!"

"Do you believe I do?"

"You married him."

"Oakie, if things were just as they were before Mickey and I were married, would you let him go into this fight?"

Oakie looked at the floor for a long time. Then he shook his head.

"Then why are you sending him in to be beaten?"

Oakie shrugged. "It's a big touch. Hymie's broke and needs the dough."

"Do you love Hymie more than you do Mickey?" Oakie shook his head again. I said, "You know that Mickey isn't his selfish, don't you?"

"He ain't been since he got married."

"Does it matter why a person is in trouble, Oakie, if he is in trouble? Oh, Oakie, we both love him so. Help me to protect him. Fighting is bad for a man if he stays in it too long. Doc Riley told me. I don't want Mickey to pay the price. He has been hurt about the eyes. Oh, there are so many strange things that worry me. Won't you help me, Oakie? Won't you help him?"

Suddenly Oakie said, "Gee, lady, I



## A crunchy hunch for lunches

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# Heinz FRESH CUCUMBER PICKLE

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guess you're right. The kid ought to quit. This is a lousy racket. I'm on your side, I guess. That's a lotta dough to lose." He got up to go and held out his hand to me. I took it, wondering how that soft, limp hand could massage so strongly. At the door he said, "You're the boss. You leave it to me."

When Mickey came home that night his spirits were low. I said, "Daring, are you still worried about the fight?"

He looked desperate. He said, "Mary Ellen, I don't know what to do. Hymie needs that money. I could buy you such wonderful things with it, too. They'll say I quit because I was afraid of that Poleack, and me a champion. I want to make you happy, acushla. I don't know what to do."

I said, "Mickey, why not leave it to Oakie? If he thinks it's all right, fight this one fight and then we are done with it forever."

"Gee, Mary Ellen, do you mean that?" I nodded. Mickey came over and kissed me. He looked so happy that I felt I had been treacherous to him. But I loved him so. Did not that make it all right?

APRIL 14. Mickey is going to fight Johnny Pole at the ball park on June 26. Oakie crossed me. He hated me more than he loved Mickey. I am sick at heart.

JUNE 26. Mickey is in the hospital. He is sleeping. For a while they did not know whether he would live or die. Doc Riley says he will get well. I am writing to keep from madness.

I saw the fight. Oh, dear God, why did I go? I had to go. I had to be near him. Now, what I saw is burned forever in my mind.

Si Gordon took me to the fight, and I sat in a seat close to Mickey's corner. On the way in, at the gate, a man stopped Gordon. The man shambled when he walked, and his head nodded. He was blind in one eye, and his face was scarred. He put one foot on Gordon's arm and said, "Got an extra ticket, pal?" But he mumbled it in a dreadful guttural tone. Gordon hurried me through. I asked, "Who was that?"

He said, "Just a guy. They're always around trying to bum a ticket."

It was the first time Gordon had ever evaded me. I asked him again. He answered, "That was Bobby Garino. Twelve years ago he was the middle-weight champion of the world."

I sat in my seat shivering, waiting for Mickey to come in. Gordon said there were eighty thousand in the ball park. I could not see them. My world was a ring with green plush ropes in a pool of white lights.

Johnny Pole came in at first. He had yellow-white hair, a flat nose, and a heavy face. He had tremendous shoulders and arms, and a deep chest. For the first time I heard a great crowd cry out, and I was terrified. But if they welcomed Pole, they rocked the park when Mickey came in, slim and dark and smiling in his white robe with "Mickey O'Brien" and a shamrock on the back of it.

Si took heart as they greeted him. They loved Mickey, too. Against his opponent, Mickey looked small. I looked from one to the other. Si Gordon read my mind. He said, "Don't let that fool you, sister. Wait till you see him step."

Then he turned to dictating to a telegraph operator. I bit my lips and looked into my lap. Then I felt the bell. Ah, Mickey was magnificent in those first rounds. Johnny Pole was heavy and lumbering and slow, and Mickey glided about him like a ghost. When Pole hit out, Mickey was never there. But his own left was darting and flickering like the

tongue of a snake. The white skin of Pole's face went pink, and once when Mickey hit out with his right, Pole shuddered and lurched. He did not fall, but the crowd roared so that I felt the sound beat against my neck.

Then Mickey glided in to strike again, but Pole anchored himself to the floor with his legs spread apart and swung his massive arms. And so they stood close, lashing at one another. I knew I screamed. "Hit him, Mickey! Finish him!" But he could not hear my scream against the scream of the eighty thousand who sat in the darkness.

In the end Mickey glided away again, with the left hand darting and the angry Pole in pursuit. When the round was over, Oakie and Hymie were laughing with Mickey in the corner. And some of the fear left my heart.

In the third round Pole trapped Mickey in a corner. He swung his left arm and hit Mickey in the body. I saw the fist driven in far below the waistline made by Mickey's black trunks. Mickey shuddered, and his knees bent. He clutched himself with both hands.

My heart stopped, beating. I heard men screaming, "Poul! Poul! Keep 'em up!" The referee stepped between the fighters quickly. He warned Pole, making exaggerated movements with his hands upwards. He took time over it to give Mickey respite. My heart warmed to him. He was a fair man. For under the rules the fight must go on.

He stepped slowly away and waved to them to fight. I watched Mickey. He was wide-eyed and still weak. His legs were trembling, and all the smooth beauty of his motion was gone. Pole rushed over. His lips were drawn back from his red mouthpiece. Mickey raised his hands, and they crashed through the ropes with his right and hit him on the mouth.

Mickey fell to his knees. I saw his eyes. They were stricken and filmed. A line of blood came from the corner of his mouth. The referee stood over him with his arm rising and falling. Pole stood in a corner, his arms on the ropes, with a look of greed on his face.

It had happened so quickly. That was my man stricken to his knees. I prayed that it would be over; that he would not rise; that he would be hurt no more.

And yet something soared in my heart when Mickey got up. I despised myself for it. Ah, but he was my man and he played a man's part when he dragged himself to his feet. He would not kneel there before that crowd while he still had life to rise.

Pity and pride fought within me. Mickey was on his feet, and when Pole rushed, Mickey caught and held him and they stayed, locked together. But Pole's arms were tearing at Mickey's stomach. That beaten body broke away, and twice Pole caught him.

Then they stopped suddenly. I had not heard the bell. Mickey went along the ropes to his corner. Oakie met him with a shower of water from a sponge. Mickey fell rather than sat on his stool.

The referee walked over and spoke to Si Gordon. He turned his back to me and said, "He's taken the round away from Pole for the low punch."

Silly talk! Mickey had lost the round but he had crippled Mickey. So this was the sportsmanship of which men liked to boast; this was their notion of a fair fight. The crowd had booed Pole when he struck Mickey low, but they cheered him when he killed him. Oakie and Hymie were bending over Mickey. They were still working when the whistle blew. At the bell, Oakie helped Mickey up. The bleeding had stopped. His eyes were clearer, but his legs were still uncertain.

Pole came at him with a rush. Mickey smiled at him and held him off with his left, but I knew he was bluffing. Pole was uncertain and held off, but Mickey could no longer move quickly, and Pole would trap him and beat at his stomach. The referee was watching, and so Pole no longer hit low. It was not necessary. The damage had been done.

It happened in the next round. Pole hit Mickey on the side of the head with his right hand, a terrible swinging blow. Mickey went down and rolled over twice, and then sat up. He was looking directly at me, but there was nothing human in his face. I was on my feet, crying, "Oh, Mickey! Mickey!" He did not know me. He still smiled, but it was the empty, lifeless smile of a fey person.

Oh, this wasn't Mickey! Mickey had fled from this body that sat on the canvas of the ring floor. His face had changed. He got up again. I tried to look away. A blow opened the old cut over his eye, and he pawed at it with his left glove. Pole smashed at him, and Mickey staggered away, but kept his feet.

Somehow, the round ended. Mickey was lost in the center of the ring, the referee turned him around and headed him for his corner, and he went there stumbling as though he were drunk.

Behind me a man laughed loudly and shouted, "Looks that Off-to-Buttalo! Boy, didja see that dance he did going to his corner? Oh, boy!" There was such a terrible rage in me that for a moment I could not see.

Then I saw the corner, and Mickey sagged in it. Oakie was standing over him painting his eye with something black. The noise was so great that I could hear nothing, but I could see Hymie's jaws working, and once he shook his fist in Mickey's face. Then I knew what Hymie and Oakie were doing.

It lasted five rounds more. Mickey would not go down. He would not give in. One of his eyes was shut, and sometimes he could not find Pole so as to face him. And still those disgusting monsters in his corner kept lifting him from his chair and pushing him out to meet his end.

Once Mickey's back was against the ropes. His hands were down, and Pole hit him five swinging blows to the head, one after the other. I heard them go "thud-thud-thud-thud-thud." Something broke within me. This was my man that was being killed. He was mine. I loved him. That beaten body had once been one with my body. That broken mouth had been soft on mine. I had studied and I loved every curve and line of his face. Now it was battered beyond recognition.

I was standing on my seat screaming, "Oh, stop it! In God's name, stop it! He's mine! Stop it! Mickey—oh, Mickey!"

I heard a man yell, "Someone shut that dame up. He's still got a chance."

A man in uniform came over, but Si Gordon turned around from his dictating and shouted, "Get the hell out of here!" and he went away.

Hymie was halfway up the steps of the corner, shouting, "Don't stop it, referee! He's all right. He's the champion. Let him go. Don't stop it!"

The ground was shaking with the roaring of the crowd in the darkness, dreadful beasts shouting for Mickey's destruction, though some cried him mercy.

For a moment Mickey stood rocking in the center of the ring, his legs spread apart to hold him up. His hands were down. His face was turned toward his opponent. Pole swung his right arm with all the power he had left and hit Mickey on the side of the jaw. Mickey fell, face forward. He did not move again.

The referee completed the count over





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him. Pole, grinning, helped Hymie and Oakie drag him to his corner. They could not revive him. I rode with him in the ambulance to the hospital. I held his hand and prayed. It was still puffed and marked from the bandages.

JUNE 30. Mickey is better. He recognized me today. I knelt at his bedside, and he ran his fingers through my hair. He said, "Pink hair. Honey, we'll get that farm."

AUGUST 8. We have our farm. Mickey is well. He has retired from the ring. There is only a scar over his eye and at the corner of his mouth. I, who thought that everything within me had died, am beginning to live again. Our farm is in Connecticut, in the hills back of Winfield. The house is painted white and is over two hundred years old. The ceiling is low and raftered, and the old stone fireplace takes up one whole end of the living room.

We have seventy acres with woods. A stream runs through the woods, and there are trout in it. There is a pond over near the barn and our white ducks go sailing in and out of the green leaves. The barn is painted red. In one corner we have put up a platform with a light and a heavy bag for Mickey. He exercises every morning, early, to keep fit.

Sometimes when I wake up he is gone, and then I listen, and I can hear the faint rap-tap-tap, tap-tap, tap-tap, tap-tap of the light bag from the barn. Then I get up and go out to the barn and watch him, and sometimes we wrestle, and he lets me put him down.

Mickey has his pigs. We have a dozen cows in pasture, and I have two horses, a roan and a black, and a big, beautiful chestnut. I keep house, but a hired man helps with the stock and the farm.

AUGUST 16. Hymie and Oakie and Singletooth came to visit us today. Si Gordon came with them. Once I thought I could never bear to look at Hymie and Oakie again. And yet one day, there they were, grinning, and graceful. They had driven up in Hymie's car. I could no longer hate them. As they were, so they were; so they had been made. All

that had happened seemed long past. They came out of another world.

We took them over the farm. Little Hymie was amusing. He said, "Hey, do you know that's the first time I ever seen a pig? That's a hell of a looking animal. You know who that big one reminds me of? Kayo Steuben, that Dutchman who was around about four years ago, the heavyweight."

All the animals reminded them of someone. Mickey was glad to see the boys. They brought him all the news and gossip of the world that had been his for so long. I was not afraid. He had no yearning to return to it, but he liked to hear about it. Gordon had been born on a farm around Waterbury, and he and Mickey talked about chickens and stock. We had noon dinner. Afterwards Gordon asked Mickey, "Do you ever wish you were back in the racket?"

I watched Mickey's face. He grinned. He said, "Not me! This is the life. I don't care if I never see another fight. I'm getting a kick out of this. I'm going to enter six of my pigs at Hartford in the autumn. If I can get a champion out of one of them I'll get a bigger kick than I got when I won the title."

They left in the late afternoon to drive back to the city. After dinner that night I curled up close to Mickey by the fireplace. I said, "I'm happy, Mickey. God has been good to us. Oh, thank you, Mickey. Thank you, my dearest."

SEPTEMBER 5. This afternoon I came back from Winfield with the car. When I got to the house I couldn't find Mickey. I went to look for him. As I passed the barn I heard a sound that I was used to hearing only in the morning. It was Mickey's thud of Mickey punching the dummy bag.

I went into the barn. Mickey was wearing his headgear, and there was something different in the way he was stepping around the bag as he punched it.

He looked up when I came in. He gave me a perfunctory nod. I suddenly thought of the day I had visited him in his training camp. It was like that. I said, "Mickey, what are you doing?"

He was stepping around the bag, lifting his legs, pursing his lips and blowing

out through his nose. Without stopping, he said, "Training."

Every nerve in my body cried out, "Training, Mickey! Training for what?"

"For my fight with Johnny Pole. My comeback fight. I gotta get ready. Harry Williams and Tony Kid Sarno are coming tomorrow to help me get ready."

I held to the door hard. I said, "Mickey, it isn't true! You're not going to fight again. No, no, Mickey, no!"

Suddenly he yelled, "Time!" and stopped punching the bag. He turned to me, and there was something missing from his face. He said, "I told you I had a comeback fight with Pole. Scram. A training camp is no place for a dame."

Somewhere I found my way back to the house. Mickey, too, was faithless. My own hand had led me! And suddenly a terrible, blazing anger burned in me. I went to the telephone and called Hymie. When he answered the phone I screamed at him. I heard myself call him names I did not know I knew. Then I heard him say, "Lissen, Mary Ellen, what's the matter with you? Are you nuts?" I said, "You know damn well it's me. Our other fight with Johnny Pole. Oh, you dirty, crawling beast! You—"

He interrupted. "Lissen, Mary Ellen, what are you talking about? Who signed him for a fight? You're baty. He ain't signed for any fight."

I cried, "Liar, liar, liar! Now he! Mickey told me! Harry Williams and Sarno are coming up tomorrow to train with him. Liar!"

I had to stop again, and Hymie said, "Lissen, Mary Ellen, will you take it easy a minute! I don't know what you're talking about. Harry Williams fought on the Coast last night. Tony Kid Sarno is in South America. I swear Mickey ain't got any fight with anybody. He must be off his nut." He stopped and said, "Oh, God! Lissen, Mary Ellen, I'll come right out. I'll bring Doc Riley."

I placed the receiver back on the hook. Mickey has no fight? Hymie wasn't lying? He was, he was. . . Oh, God, why wasn't Hymie lying? Why must he say that? Ah, but he wasn't! From the barn I could hear faintly the thud of the bag.

Oh, dear God, I'm so frightened, so terribly frightened. Help me! Help us . . .

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## A Believe-It-or-Not Vacation Land

(Continued from page 51)

in point of interest is Rainbow Bridge, the largest natural arch in the world. It is graceful at a bow just bent, beautifully colored, and high enough to span the Capitol at Washington. You can get within twenty-eight miles of Rainbow Bridge by taking your car over a desert road to Rainbow Lodge, where you can obtain accommodations, and then ride on horseback to the bridge. The best route is north from Flagstaff, to U. S. 89 to Tuba City and then north to Rainbow Lodge.

While the exact date of the famous Snake Dance of the Hopi Indians, on their reservation in northern Arizona, is never announced very far in advance, it usually takes place about the last week in August, and I suggest that you do as we did and combine this spectacle with your trip to Rainbow Bridge. The Hopi Snake Dance is a prayer for rain, a serious Indian ceremonial.

For days before the dance is held, the Indians hunt rattlesnakes until hundreds have been captured. They are placed in jars and bathed in sacred water. For eight days a ritual is held in secret, but on the ninth day at sundown the snakes are released in the very midst of the dancing Indians, who—

believe-it-or-not—pick them up and hold the middle of the snakes' bodies in their mouths while they dance. It has been definitely established that nothing is done to the reptiles to render them harmless.

While a trailer is not absolutely essential, it is a great advantage in the Southwest, for it enables you to spend all the time you want in places where hotels and tourist camps are not available. For instance, you can drive from either Albuquerque or Gallup in New Mexico over U. S. 66 and visit Acoma, the City in the Sky, which was the scene of that famous novel, "Death Comes for the Archbishop." On the summit of a great pillar of rock far above the surrounding country lives a tribe of Indians; they have been there ever since the days of the conquistadors.

There wasn't an ounce of soil on that wind-swept rock, much less a tree, yet those Indians managed to build for themselves a large town with the biggest mission church in the Southwest, complete with a cemetery. The earth for this cemetery alone took forty years to collect! Every bit of building material had to be laboriously carried or hoisted up the vertical face of the high precipice.

Drive to Acoma; park your car at the base of the rock; and hike up the dizzy trail to this wonderful Indian city.

All America has heard of Boulder Dam, but not many realize that the largest man-made structure on earth, which now dams the turbulent Colorado River, has created the largest and most spectacular artificial lake in the United States and has transformed this desert spot into an enormous pleasure resort. From time immemorial the country in which Boulder Dam is situated (on the border of Arizona and Nevada) has been one of the least explored yet most spectacular desert regions in North America, with innumerable canyons of tremendous depth and weirdly shaped mountains of vivid colors.

Now that the Colorado River has been dammed, enormous areas are gradually being flooded. Mountain peaks have become islands, and sandy deserts are now bathing beaches. As the water gradually backs up into the Grand Canyon, the numerous side canyons of the desert are being transformed into floods that are far more colorful than those of Norway.

Boats have enabled explorers to discover many new cliff dwellings and even caves that contain the carcasses of

prehistoric sloths of giant size. Already pleasure motorists are on this man-made desert lake, which has been named Lake Mead, and for the first time in history you can travel up the Colorado River from Boulder Dam right into the south end of the Grand Canyon itself. Boulder Dam is hot in the summer. I must warn you, but that doesn't prevent thousands of motorists from visiting it and then carrying on to Grand Canyon National Park, where they sleep under a blanket at night.

One day in December, 1888, two brothers, Richard and Alfred Wertheimer, were searching for some lost cattle on Mesa Verde (the Green Table) in the extreme southwestern corner of Colorado, when suddenly they found themselves on the brink of a deep canyon viewing a sight so amazing that they simply froze in their saddles. In front of them, across the canyon and perched halfway up the side of the precipice, they saw what appeared to be a large palace. They soon forgot their lost cattle and started to explore the mesa.

Very soon they discovered a number of other cliff dwellings, for they had stumbled upon a region that was once inhabited by thousands of prehistoric Americans who for some unexplained reason deserted their homes, leaving them in a perfect state of preservation. Mesa Verde National Park in southwestern Colorado can be reached over excellent roads, and it stands at the very gateway to the most wonderful mountain playgrounds of that state.

Now, for a change—and for more believe-it-or-not wonders—jump to Yellowstone Park, between Wyoming and

Montana. Last summer the average temperatures there were seventy degrees maximum and thirty-six degrees minimum. No wonder nearly half a million people went there to cool off!

I took my trailer to Yellowstone (park authorities welcome trailers) and entered the park via the new Cooke City-Red Lodge Highway that runs from Billings, Montana, over Route 32. Long before we actually reached the park, we had to put on our heavy sweaters because there were snowfields all around us.

If ever there was a place that would gladden the heart of Baron Munchausen, it is certainly Yellowstone Park. You may have read about Alaska's Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, New Zealand's volcanic wonderland and the boiling springs and geysers of Iceland, but if you combine them all, multiply them by ten, add a waterfall twice as high as Niagara and a gigantic canyon so beautiful that artists and poets come from all over the world to see it, you'll still have a very inadequate idea of Yellowstone.

No fishing license is required in this park. Wherever there is a mark amended can catch a trout with the greatest of ease, lower the fish into an adjacent hot spring and pull it up again all cooked and ready to eat.

You can see geysers that shoot straight up over a hundred feet, geysers that growl. There are exquisitely colored pools of boiling water and boiling paint; you can see moose, elk, antelope, buffalo, deer, mountain sheep, and as for bears, there are blondes and brunettes, old bears and baby bears; in fact, they are so tame that sixty-seven grizzlies recently attended a lecture given by a park ranger

to a group of visiting schoolteachers. The wonders of America's western playgrounds must be seen to be believed, and believe-it-or-not, the time to go motoring in Arizona, New Mexico, Montana, Utah, Wyoming and Colorado is from June to September. You can visit these vacation paradises by train, too, with great comfort.

Judging from the numbers who went there last year, Arizona is expecting nearly a million visitors this coming summer, and New Mexico three million. So don't worry about the heat—five million Americans can't be wrong!

Following is a list of some of the Indian Dances and Festivals in the Southwest and West:

JULY 14.	Corn Dance, St. Bonaventura's Day, Cochiti Pueblo, N. M.
" 26.	St. Anne's Day, Santa Anna Pueblo, N. M.
Dates not yet announced.	Masked dances for rain at Zuni Pueblo, N. M.
	Indian Powwow, Flagstaff, Ariz.
AUG. 2.	Old Pecos Dance, Jemez Pueblo, N. M.
" 4.	Coronado Dance, San Domingo Pueblo, N. M.
" 10.	Great Corn Dance, Nambe and Picuris Pueblos, N. M.
" 12.	Corn Dance, Santa Clara Pueblo, N. M.
" 26-28.	Annual Intertribal Indian Ceremonials, Gallup, N. M.
About end of August.	Front Snake Dance, Ariz.
JULY 2-5.	Hopli Snake Dance, Prescott, Ariz.
" 2-5.	Rodeo and Cowboys' Reunion, Las Vegas, N. M.
" 1-3.	Cody Stampede, Cody, Wyo.
" 2-4.	Livingston Roundup, Mont.
" 14-16.	Sheridan Roundup, Wyo.
" 28-31.	Cheyenne Frontier Days, Wyo.
Sept. 16-18.	Pendleton Roundup, Ore.

## Mint Julep by Frank Richardson Pierce (Continued from page 49)

were, told me I was looking fine and that he had been thinking about me a lot.

Then Jim Trent came in, slim, clean-cut and with the slight paleness that is so often the mark of those who work indoors. He was too big a man to envy his rival's bronzed ruggedness, quick manner and fame. But I knew he secretly entertained the desire to hunt big game for the sheer thrill of the conflict and danger. He had refrained, mostly because he was not convinced of his ability to act instinctively and make decisions in split seconds.

You have heard Tommy relate his adventures in the newspapers, perhaps. Invariably he left the impression he owed his life to his ability to decide a course of action in the fraction of a second. Jim read Tommy's hunting articles and was impressed.

As I watched the pair, the difference in physical characteristics and viewpoint impressed me. If you were caught in a sudden storm, Tommy would rig a shelter and find dry fuel. But Jim Trent would have seen the storm coming weeks ahead of time. He would have built a snug cabin and weathered it in comfort.

I realized more than ever why timid old ladies with money to invest went to the bank and asked Jim Trent's advice. I doubt if any of his clients so much as wet their feet during the recent deluge. Jim could see a storm coming a long way off.

"Make yourself comfortable, Jim," said Varnell. "I'm about to build some juleps."

"Thank you," Jim said; then he turned to Tommy, who was in the midst of an affair with a tiger which involved several split-second decisions. As he went on, you could fairly hear the tiger's snarl. As soon as Varnell had dispatched the cat, I joined Varnell at his mint bed.

"Great lad, Tommy," he said. "When I commissioned him to get the string of pearls I doubted that he would be successful. But he brought back the string, and it rounds out one of the finest private collections in America. I'm beginning to believe there is something in his split-second thinking, after all."

I grunted, and Varnell stooped over the mint bed which ranked equally with pearls in his affections. It was located in a plot adjoining the house and was bordered by a walk which led through tall trees down to the swimming pool. A gardener who had once stumbled into it had been immediately discharged.

"With mint such as this," Varnell observed, "a man who can't build a drink that is food, shelter and clothing rolled into one is a sorry specimen of the human race." He rubbed a leaf between his fingers. "Observe how readily they crush. And don't let the delicate odor escape you."

When he had selected the choicest leaves, we returned to Marta and Tommy. Varnell set to work on the foundation of the first julep.

Tommy, with a seeming modesty which is really conceit of the highest order, lightly tossed off the pearl-buying adventure in a few terse sentences. It sounded like buying marbles until Marta pressed him for details. Then he really went to town and conjured up jungle temples, roaring rivers and several lively brushes with rival expeditions.

I was running a high temperature from some strange fever when Varnell brought out the pearls. They were the real thing, all right. We were staring at them when a voice as soft as silk said, "I'll take them now."

We looked into a masked face and confident black eyes. One gloved hand

held an automatic pistol. The other gloved hand reached for the pearls. I noticed the flesh between the glove and sleeve when the man stretched out his hand. It was as tanned as Tommy's. This was no hopped-up mobster out for easy money. It was some cool rival who had followed Tommy out of the jungle, across an ocean and a continent.

"I am quite familiar with each of you except the obviously frightened gentleman," he went on, indicating me. "We have Mr. Varnell, whose julep bed and love of pearls are so well known. And Miss Marta Varnell"—he bowed—"of whom I have read so frequently. The photographs fail to do you justice, my dear. Then there is Jim Trent, the frustrated banker."

Jim's flush was agony to one who regarded him as I did.

"And finally," the visitor concluded, "Tommy Rand, known far and wide for his even teeth, record bags and split-second thinking."

"Easy, Tommy," Varnell was nod. "Do nothing foolish."

I realized the man had timed his visit perfectly. He planned to retreat through the shrubbery between the Varnell and Newell homes, mix with the wedding mob and disappear. I noticed he had covered his shoes with burlap, which would wipe out any distinctive pattern his footprints might leave.

"Easy, Tommy," Varnell warned again. "Tommy is at a disadvantage without his highpower rifle, his elephants and beaters," the visitor drily observed. Then: "The pearls, now, Mr. Varnell."

Varnell held them. They had cost him a fortune. Marta's voice broke in.

"Dad, do as he says!"

Varnell dropped the box into the intruder's hand. "You win," he said. "But

sometime my men will get them and settle with you for this night's work."

"Line up, please," the other ordered. "You first, Mr. Varnell. Miss Marta next. Then Rand. The timid gentleman will follow, and Trent will bring up the rear."

"What are you going to do with us?" Varnell asked.

"You are going for a walk, not a ride," the man said.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Jim Trent suddenly turn and hurl his slim body against the intruder's knees. The latter's broad shoulders crashed through the light fence and smashed down three feet square of prize mint plants.

I expected to hear the automatic roar, but the fellow was a cool one. He wasn't going to invite police attention. He brought the butt of the weapon down on Jim's head, then rolled the unconscious form aside. The weapon menaced us as the intruder got to his feet.

He waved us down the path. Varnell halted at the deep end of the swimming pool. "In you go!" our captor barked. And in we went!

I came up sputtering, in time to see Tommy climb out, turn to assist Varnell and then Marta to safety. The intruder had disappeared. I hurried ahead of the others and found Jim Trent standing on the walk, holding a handkerchief to a bad scalp wound.

"Are you all right, Trent?" asked Varnell.

"Yes, thank you," Jim answered quietly.

"Then look at my mint bed! Look at that bed! You could have knocked him east, west or north, but you had to send him into my mint!"

"I only had a split second in which to think," Jim said in a defensive tone.

"Then why in hell's name didn't you use that split second logically and not go off half cocked?" Varnell shouted. "There are five acres in this estate, and you had to pick this particular spot!"

"I telephoned the police at the Newell gate," Jim began.

"And you expect them to pick our man from among the hundreds milling about that gate?" Tommy demanded in a disgusted voice.

"Someone is coming," Marta warned.

Two motorcycle officers appeared, flanking a powerfully built and deeply tanned man. "Here he is, Mr. Trent," one of them said to Jim. "It turned out just about as you said it would when you telephoned. We sniffed around until we scented a man who smelled like he'd been spilled in a mint bed. With a little cracked ice this bird would make a fair-to-middlin' mint julep."

Varnell glanced from the prisoner to his mint bed, and a great light dawned. "Split-second thinking, my dear Jim!" he declared. Then he turned to the officers. "And the pearls?" he asked.

"We found them hidden in one of those amateur moving-picture cameras," one replied. "He was pretending to take pictures of the crowd."

I looked at Jim Trent. You may never see his conservative face smiling at you from a cigaret ad or a newsreel, but watch the newspapers and it wouldn't surprise me if you read of his bagging a record girl. As I watched him—and Marta—it seemed to me he grew in stature as she grew in understanding.

There was something in her eyes that told me she enjoyed the whole affair. Of course it was sheer imagination, but a pith helmet seemed to form above Jim's head and his sallow flesh took on a tan.

Later on, I have an idea he will give this bear and tiger hunting a trial. If he does, it will be a private matter and strictly without benefit of film, as you might say.

**Kreml users write an advertisement**

Is your scalp itchy? Are you troubled with dandruff? Is your hair dull and brittle? Is your hair getting thin; does it come out in the comb? Is your hair stiff and unruly?

If your answer to any of these questions is in the affirmative we believe Kreml will help you. And we back up this belief by reproducing these excerpts from a few of the thousands of unsolicited letters we have received from grateful users.

"OUR PRODUCT is wonderful! For many years I had scalp trouble, but since I've been using Kreml Hair Tonic I do not have to worry about falling hair or itching scalp. P. S., Cleveland, Ohio.

"MY HUSBAND'S HAIR was coming out in handfuls. He tried Kreml and it checked the falling hair in a surprisingly short time. He is a great booster for this wonderful product. Mrs. E. O., Frankfort, Kentucky.

"I HAVE BEEN USING your hair tonic and shampoo for several months, and think they are wonderful. I would not be without these products at any cost. For many years, I could not get rid of my dandruff, but now I have it no more—thanks to Kreml! A. C. V., Detroit, Michigan.

"I WAS TROUBLED with an itchy scalp and dandruff, and my hair was dry and lifeless, but one bottle of Kreml Hair Tonic has relieved this trouble and checked my falling hair. M. G. L., Manhattan, Illinois.

"I AM GRATEFUL to your product for having given me the first relief from a terrible itching scalp in many years, and am not hesitating to recommend it openly. Dr. D. H., Wenatchee, Washington.

"MY HAIR WAS FALLING out so I bought a bottle of Kreml Hair Tonic. I had used it for only a week when the condition was checked. I think it is a wonderful tonic. Mrs. G. T., Oakland, California.

# The Great Black by Raoul Whitfield

(Continued from page 64)

just before the end of the performance?" The woman shrugged. "Some of us knew—I'm not sure how many. Janisohn stood in the wings for a few seconds. After the water illusion there was usually much applause. Hugh bowed from the side of the stage, walked off. Janisohn walked on in his place. That was all."

Hadi Ratan frowned. "But not all the persons backstage knew this?"

"Very likely not." The princess' voice was low and calm. "We carry our own lights and operators with us—it is necessary in a performance of illusions. Some of them may never have known; certainly none of the local staff did."

Ratan said, "But you did, Madame?" She nodded. "To an extent."

Jo Gar stared at his cigaret. "You mean that at times The Great Black did finish the performance?"

She said, "That is so, Señor Gar."

Hadi Ratan swore in Tagalog. The corner straightened up.

"The death was apparently instantaneous," he said. "At the impact of the weapon—a knife or a dagger. The impact point was the base of the brain; the weapon drove in with much force."

Ratan spoke swiftly. "The weapon might have been a thrown knife or dagger?"

Don Castana nodded. "Thrown or in the grip of the murderer, I should say."

The police lieutenant regarded the Princess Vlatkoff with narrowed eyes.

"When this Richard Janisohn substituted for The Great Black tonight he took the bows, made a gesture toward a small table, slammed a knife or dagger was released. Pigeons flew out over the audience, circled back as the curtain descended. The curtain rose again and Janisohn bowed. Then he fell forward toward the footlights. Where were you, Madame Vlatkoff, at that time?"

"I was here in this dressing room, seated there," she gestured toward the couch on which the body was lying.

Jo Gar smiled. "You were alone in this room at the time the dead man fell, princess?" he asked.

She said slowly, "No, I was not alone. I was there on the couch. Hugh Black was holding me in his arms."

The lieutenant of police stared at her. "You did not tell us this before."

"You did not ask me where I was or who was with me."

A BROWN-FACED policeman appeared in the dressing-room doorway, spoke to Hadi Ratan in the native tongue.

When the policeman had finished, Ratan turned to the princess. "Mr. Hugh Black has not returned to the Manila Hotel. His clothes are in the closet, and his toilet articles are still there."

For the first time there was fear in the woman's eyes. Ratan's voice cracked to her.

"Why does that frighten you, Madame?"

Her eyes met the police lieutenant's squarely. "Because I think perhaps who ever murdered Richard Janisohn may have discovered the mistake, followed Hugh Black—" Her voice broke.

Jo Gar stood up. "Followed, you say, princess? He left you here, then?"

Her voice was steadier now. "Yes; we quarreled. He left me here. I was here when Crandon and Foxe carried Janisohn in. I was terribly shocked."

Hadi Ratan said, "Crandon and Foxe are The Great Black's assistants?"

She nodded. "Yes. They are English. They ran to Janisohn when he fell."

The Manila lieutenant asked, "If you

were down here when Janisohn fell, how do you know that?"

"Crandon told me they did," she said. The detective smiled at Hadi Ratan.

"You see," he breathed.

Hadi Ratan glared at him. "I shall see more when I talk to Crandon and Foxe."

The coroner said, "If you are finished with the body, I shall have my men remove it, Lieutenant."

Hadi Ratan nodded.

When the body had been removed Ratan faced the woman. "You quarreled with The Great Black—why?"

Her red lips trembled. Her eyes went to Jo Gar. He smiled at her.

"You do not have to answer," he said. "But it is within the power of the lieutenant to hold you as a material witness. Perhaps if you are frank with him..."

The woman looked at Hadi Ratan. "It is personal. Please—if you will send your men away—"

They were sent away. After a few seconds she spoke.

"We quarreled—Hugh and I—because he refused to marry me."

Jo Gar said, "And his reason for not wishing to marry you, princess?"

She said, "In a sort of—quiet anger—" "My family of the old regime—I am a princess. Hugh's family—" She moved her lovely hands slightly.

Hadi Ratan said with faint amusement, "But all that, Madame, is ended."

Her voice was precise. "All that, lieutenant, never began for you. You would not understand."

The detective spoke gently. "In any case, Hugh Black left you in anger?"

She said, "In a sort of—quiet anger—" Hadi Ratan cleared his throat. "My men are searching for him. He is necessary, of course, to complete your alibi."

"Alibi?" she asked.

The police lieutenant shrugged. "You are an expert in the art of throwing a dagger, a knife. I myself have witnessed your skill. I myself saw the dead man fall forward. I did not see him struck down, but with the stage lighted as it was, a thrown knife might easily have been missed. I saw few of the knives that you threw at the targets, Madame, until they struck. And with the added deception of mirrors—" He broke off, bowed, his smile sardonic.

"The dead man is one Richard Janisohn, posing as The Great Black. If it should be that he were hated—"

The woman interrupted. "But I did not hate him."

Jo Gar said, "There are other matters. Your men have found no dagger or knife. The two assistants have not been thoroughly questioned. The Princess Vlatkoff has stated that she was in this room when Janisohn was struck down. Others were on the stage behind the man who is now dead."

The police lieutenant moved close to the woman, pointed a brown finger at her. "It is true, it is not, that the one who is now dead was in love with you?"

"Yes!" she said quickly.

Ratan's eyes were small. "And it is true, it is not, that you did not love him?"

Again she spoke swiftly, firmly. "Yes!"

The silence following her answer was broken by the murmur of voices in the corridor beyond the dressing room. A police-uniformed Filipino came into the room. He spoke rapidly to Hadi Ratan in Tagalog.

When he had finished Hadi Ratan hurried through the doorway. The woman turned wide dark eyes to the detective's gray-green ones.

"I do not understand the language."

"The police have found a knife," said Jo Gar.

"A knife! Where?"

"In the ceiling of the corridor, princess, less than twenty feet from this door."

The edge of a typhoon breeze was gustily slapping the city of Manila as Jo Gar and Hadi Ratan emerged from the Manila Hotel after escorting the princess to her room there.

The police lieutenant halted near his car, frowned at the detective. "Charming liar," he said. "She will do well under guard until I verify my opinion."

"And your opinion is?" Jo Gar asked.

Hadi Ratan shrugged. "Richard Janisohn was in love with her. He would not give her up. Hugh Black, she states, would not marry her because her family was superior to his. That, I think, is a lie. The Great Black would not marry her because he suspected Janisohn. She knew it, and she feared Janisohn. So—"

A gust of typhoon wind rocked both men. Ratan smiled coldly at Jo Gar.

"You have been retained by her, but I do not conceal my thoughts from you. So—she struck Janisohn down with a perfectly thrown knife. Apparently, someone had attempted to murder The Great Black—that was what she wished the police to believe. But she had knowledge that Richard Janisohn was impersonating The Great Black."

"What of her statement that she was in the dressing room with Hugh Black when Janisohn fell? And where is Black?"

Hadi Ratan's voice was positive. "You have a fine reputation, Señor Gar. The princess' sarcasm crept into the title—" "Is your client, but I think that after the princess threw the knife at the man she knew was impersonating The Great Black she went to Black's dressing room. I think he had already departed."

"The doorman is an old Filipino by the name of Vincente Lapa. He thinks that The Great Black left the theater just before the pigeons were released—that is because of the applause he heard. The Great Black had left when Lapa heard it. That applause, you recall, was just before Janisohn fell. Almost immediately after that Madame Vlatkoff threw her knife, unseen; reached the dressing room unseen. Her story that The Great Black was with her there is a lie."

"As for your second question: Where is The Great Black? What does a man do when he has quarreled with the woman he loves? Does he retire to his hotel room? Perhaps. Or perhaps he walks the city, visits drinking places. The police are searching for him, Señor Gar."

"And when you find him?" Jo Gar asked.

Hadi Ratan raised palms to a flurry of warm rain. "You disagree with my theory, but you, too, have promised your client only that you will seek the murderer of the dead man. Perhaps, then, when we find this Hugh Black, he will not recall having been in the dressing room with Madame Vlatkoff at the proper time to establish her alibi. Perhaps he will not recall it in time."

"Perhaps," Jo Gar agreed. "Then there was the knife. Since you believe that Princess Vlatkoff used it in killing a lover she wished to forget—how did it reach the ceiling near the dressing room?"

Hadi Ratan's smile became grimmer. "Two men have come to me, Señor Gar. One was seated in the audience in the

third row, another in the first. Each of them saw the knife after it had struck. When the assistants pulled the body behind the curtain, the knife remained in the neck."

Jo Gar whistled. "And after that?"  
"We found blood on the knife we withdrew from the corridor ceiling," Jo Gar nodded. "It is so. Yet The Great Black's assistants who lifted Janisohn's body must have seen the knife."

Hadi Ratan's voice was mocking. "It is so," he replied. "Yet Madame Vlach-noff is very beautiful, and it is not beyond possibility that they realized Janisohn was only a lover of hers—a past lover—and one who impersonated a great magician for a few minutes." Jo Gar whistled again. "And thus the knife was returned to the princess, fingerprints removed from the hilt. And it was she who skillfully tossed it against the corridor ceiling."

"And why not, Señor Gar?"  
Jo Gar smiled. "I can think of many reasons, lieutenant. But the rain and the wind are for younger men—men like yourself. I seek shelter, *Adios*."  
Surprise was in Hadi Ratan's eyes. "Adios, Señor Gar!"

As Jo Gar closed the door of Ling Po's shop, a bell tinkled. "The hour is late, and Jo Gar is regretful."

Ling Po waddled toward Jo Gar, bowing many times. "The hour at which Señor Gar visits me—it is the best," he stated. "You are wet, Señor."

"It does not matter, Ling Po. Tonight I have not come to sip tea and hear wise words. I have come for help. I have been foolish tonight, Ling Po. I have visited many shops. And here, in the shop of my good friend—"

His eyes went to a small space on a

low shelf holding many objects: dusty Buddhas; fans; strings of wooden beads. After a few seconds he asked, "Today you sold something from the shelf?"

The wrinkles of Ling Po's yellow skin formed a smile again. "It is as you say, Señor," he said. "It was the small lacquer box of very fine workmanship. It brought a good price."

"A lacquer box—and the purchaser did not bargain with you, Ling Po?"

The elderly Chinese looked at the detective with a puzzled expression. "He did not bargain, this one," he stated. "Some men can afford not to bargain," said Jo Gar. His right hand buried itself in a pocket, withdrew an object, held it beneath Ling Po's eyes. "This is the lacquer box for which the purchaser did not bargain, Ling Po?"

The eyes of the old Chinese widened. He nodded. "It is the box," he muttered. "I do not think that in all Manila there is another—"

He stopped. "But Señor Gar, how is it that you—"

Jo Gar smiled and placed the box carefully on a counter. He said, "Please, Ling Po, do not touch the box. You see, there is still dust on a portion of it."

The black eyes of the Chinese held an inscrutable expression. "Since you have not asked me, yet wish to know, Señor Gar—he was a tall one, the purchaser. His shoulders were broad, and he possessed great dignity. His hair was dark and rolling like the China Sea."

Jo Gar smiled. "You perhaps recall the hour of the purchase, Ling Po?"  
"It so happens that this one asked me the price of the clock of my ancestors," said Ling Po. "My eyes went to it, and I recall the hour. Within twenty minutes the hour of eleven would strike."

Jo Gar looked at the old clock, glanced at his wrist watch, raised his eyes to the old clock again.

"I told the tall one that the clock was not to be purchased. It has never failed by so much as a minute, Señor Gar. He bowed to me and went away."

The detective nodded. "It is good not to sell things that have served a family well," he said. "And was tonight the first time the purchaser of the lacquer box had come to your shop, Ling Po?"

The elderly Chinese shook his head. "Two mornings ago he visited me, Señor Gar. He did not buy, but he looked at many objects. He asked me then if my shop was open at night, and I answered that my shop was open most hours of the clock and that I slept little."

Jo Gar nodded. "Yet you had been doing tonight just before the purchaser of the lacquer box entered the shop?"

There was faint surprise in Ling Po's black eyes as he nodded. "It is so. Tonight I was weary. But Señor Gar, how is it that you . . ."

His voice trailed off.  
"Tomorrow you shall know many things, Ling Po. But tonight—"

Jo Gar lifted the lacquer box from the counter, moved across to the shelf. On the spot where the box had rested there was little dust. Jo Gar lifted the box at the proper angle on the shelf.

He said, "It is almost two. Long ago I should have been home in bed. Kalina, my assistant, will be home—"

His gray-green eyes smiled. "The box rested there before you sold it to the tall one, Ling Po?"

Ling Po nodded. "For many months, Señor Gar. Then it is purchased, and within a few hours you return it."

The detective removed the lacquer box from the shelf, placed it in a coat pocket. He bowed to Ling Po. "And I go now to return it to the owner, Ling Po. Tomorrow I shall visit you again."

The elderly Chinese bowed low. "Good, Señor Gar, for in mystery there is often

## "OKAY OFFICER...HERE'S A TICKET FOR YOU!"



THEN SHE MAKES THAT CRACK ABOUT MY BRATH AND HANDS ME THIS DENTIST'S ADDRESS! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, JOE?

...THAT'S THE STORY, SO I CAME TO SEE YOU.

WELL, DENT, TESTS PROVE THAT 75% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BRATH, AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BRATH COMES FROM UNPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BRATH

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

BAD BRATH, HUH? MAYBE THAT'S WHY MAYN'S BEEN GIVING ME THE RUNAROUND. WELL, ME FOR COLGATE'S FROM NOW ON!

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

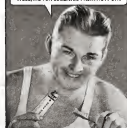
WHAT! ANOTHER TICKET, OFFICER?

TICKET? NO MAAM! I WAS JUST WAITING TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIE, IT SURE FIXED THINGS UP BETWEEN ME AND MY GIRL

Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his Sparkling Smile!



...AND NO TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!





danger. I do not seek mystery as you do."

"My profession requires that I seek it," said Jo Gar. "It is so also with the profession of—magician." He went from the shop, closing the door behind him.

The automobile Jo Gar hailed rattled along the Escolta, passing sleepy drivers of cabs. When it passed police headquarters the detective called sharply in Tagalog, "Stop! Wait for me here."

Inside the building he went directly to the office of Lieutenant Hadi Ratan.

"You are still up, Señor Gar?" the lieutenant observed. "I advise you to return to your house and sleep."

"You are pleased with yourself, Lieutenant—and you offer me advice. May I ask why?"

"It is a pleasure to inform you, Señor Gar. The Great Black left my office only a few minutes ago. His statements did not in any way aid your client, Madame Vitchnoff. On the contrary, his statements were damaging to her. And he did establish a perfect alibi for himself."

Hadi Ratan was enjoying himself.

"We have established the exact time that Janisohn fell to the stage, the knife in his neck. It was eighteen minutes to eleven. At that hour the princess states that she was in the dressing room in Hugh Black's arms. And yet, Señor Gar, The Great Black states that he left the theater before the applause intended for him and accepted by the dead man, and that at twenty minutes to eleven he was in a shop a half-mile away."

"You have investigated his statement?" Jo Gar asked.

Hadi Ratan shrugged. "Later in the morning, when the shop will be open. But I do not doubt Hugh Black. He came to me of his own accord as soon as his heard of the murder. He tried at first to protect Madame Vitchnoff. Then, under my questioning, he admitted that he believed she had thrown the knife, knowing Janisohn had taken his place."

"And the reason for the murder?"

"Hugh Black had discovered that she had had an affair with Janisohn. She did not think he knew it. She no longer loved Janisohn and was afraid of him. Black believes it is possible Janisohn was attempting to blackmail her. So—" the police lieutenant shrugged—"she threw the knife, at which she has great skill."

"She lied about being with Hugh Black, thinking that she could reach him before we did, and that he would protect her. Or perhaps she did not think much about Black, believing she would never be suspected. In any case, she murdered Janisohn. I have phoned. She is being brought here now."

Jo Gar glanced at his wrist watch. "How long has Hugh Black been gone from this office?" he asked.

Hadi Ratan said, "About five minutes." The detective nodded. "You told him you would investigate his statement that he had been in a certain shop at twenty minutes of eleven—after daylight?"

"Yes, Señor Gar."

Jo Gar's voice was soft. "This is the purchase Hugh Black made, Lieutenant." He held the lacquer box toward Hadi Ratan. "The shop was that of Ling Po, who deals in curios of the Orient." Jo Gar went on. "I have talked to Ling Po, and he has said that a man answering the description of the magician purchased this box from him this evening at twenty minutes to eleven. He was aware of the time because the purchaser also questioned him about buying his ancestral clock."

The detective paused. Hadi Ratan was regarding him with suspicion.

"How is it that you possess the box?"

Jo Gar said, "It was the only object in Hugh Black's room at the Manila Hotel that had not been there before he left for the theater in the evening."

Hadi Ratan frowned. "How do you know that?" he demanded.

"When I accompanied my client and you to the hotel, you recall we went to Hugh Black's room. You talked with the manager outside. The Princess Vitchnoff informed me that she had left for the theater with Hugh Black and that the box had not been on the table near the window when they departed."

Hadi Ratan continued to frown. "So you took it and traced it to Ling Po's shop. Clever work, Señor Gar!" He laughed nastily. "And all you learned was that Hugh Black was not at the theater at the moment of the crime. In fact, he was merely purchasing the box he placed in his room before we arrived there."

Jo Gar said, "It so happens that I learned more than that." He glanced at his wrist watch again. "Before dawn," he added, "I can turn over to you the murderer of Janisohn."

"The murderer is now under careful guard," Ratan told him.

Jo Gar shook his head. "The princess did not murder Janisohn. My reputation is not a small one in the Islands. Will you come with me, lieutenant?"

"Where do we go?" asked Hadi Ratan. "To the shop of Ling Po."

The Street of the Three Candies was little more than a narrow, curving alley, the entrance to which was almost directly opposite Ling Po's store. Standing in the darkness of the alley, Hadi Ratan whispered impatiently. "We have been here more than thirty minutes, Señor Gar. I am tired. I shall stay with you only ten minutes."

Jo Gar's fingers gripped Ratan's wrist in a signal for silence. There had been no sound of footfalls along the street, but now a faint figure came into sight. It paused before the entrance to Ling Po's store. Shadow moved within shadow, and there was the sound of a door closing.

Jo Gar motioned Hadi Ratan to follow him and hurried across the street. In the doorway of the shop the detective's left hand moved to a hip pocket as his right turned the knob of the door. His automatic shifted to his right hand as he entered the store.

Above the counter a light wavered, left the face of Ling Po's ancestral clock. Even as it swung away, Jo Gar saw that the glass covering the clock's face had been hinged to one side.

The beam from the light struck across Jo Gar's face. Then the beam was gone. Jo Gar said sharply, "Fleece stand still." There was a clicking sound—the beam of Hadi Ratan's flashlight shifted high, dropped. Hadi Ratan swore.

The white light shone full on the face of Hugh Black.

Ling Po called sleepily from the rear of the shop. "What is it that happens?"

Jo Gar said grimly, "Remain quiet, Mr. Black. I have in my hand a weapon that is swifter than a knife."

In the glare of the beam Hugh Black's lips were twitching.

Jo Gar called, "Ling Po, it is Señor Gar. Quickly—make a light for us!"

There was silence for several seconds, and then Ling Po pattered into the room. A switch snapped; light from two bulbs whitened the interior.

Jo Gar raised his automatic, walked toward the magician. As he moved he said slowly, "This, Lieutenant Ratan, is the man of Janisohn's."

"You lie!" Hugh Black cried fiercely.

Jo Gar halted near the counter. "I do

not lie," he said. "The Princess Vitchnoff loves you more than you love her, Mr. Black. She tried to protect you, even while defending herself. That is why she said you were with her in her dressing room—when Janisohn collapsed on the stage. But you were not with her."

The Great Black stood motionless.

"You murdered Richard Janisohn," the detective went on, "because you discovered that he had an affair with the Princess Vitchnoff. And that you had come to hate the princess, Mr. Black. Knowing that she would be suspected, being skilled at throwing a knife—"

"You lie!" Hugh Black's voice was hoarse. "I was not in the theater when Janisohn was murdered. I could not throw a knife if I—"

Jo Gar called, "You did not throw a knife, Mr. Black. You struck with it."

"You fool!" The Great Black's words held a smothered fury. "They have told me that he fell in full view of the audience—as he was bowing."

Jo Gar said, "He did not fall in full view of the audience, Mr. Black. It was you who fell. I was you who with your magician's skill produced a knife, clutched at it and the back of your neck as you sprawled to the stage!"

"Madre de Dios!" Hadi Ratan's voice was a whisper.

Jo Gar said, "Your two assistants carried your body to one of the illusion cabinets. Janisohn hurried to you, not knowing what had happened. The assistants had left you. It was then that you pulled Janisohn down, Mr. Black. It was then that you knifed him!"

The ancestral clock ticked against the heavy breathing of Hugh Black and Hadi Ratan. Ling Po made no sound.

Jo Gar said almost tonelessly, "I did not believe the Princess Vitchnoff's story. I saw her in her room when she was in the dressing room. The stage-door attendant was not positive of the time he had seen you leave. There was blood on the cabinet base—stains that even the careful Lieutenant Ratan did not see."

"I was not positive that Janisohn had taken the applause for this evening, Mr. Black. The knife found in the corridor ceiling was a trick to confuse. The princess, having murdered, would not have thrown it there. I think one of your assistants placed it there."

"And then there was the matter of the lacquer box, Mr. Black." He watched The Great Black's eyes widen, as fear came into them. "It puzzled me. The box was not in your room when you left with the princess for the theater. Yet it was there after Janisohn's murder. There was still some dust clinging to the box. It had been handled carefully. I thought perhaps you considered the box—important. I was not wrong. I traced the box to this shop."

THE GREAT BLACK managed a twisted smile. "You are a fool," he breathed. "I have been told that Janisohn fell to the stage at exactly eighteen minutes to eleven. I was just leaving this shop at twenty minutes to eleven."

Ling Po said slowly. "It is as this one says, Señor Gar. It is so."

Jo Gar spoke calmly. "Why did you come here this morning, Mr. Black? You broke into the shop of Ling Po. Why?"

The Great Black laughed. "I wanted to see if I was clever enough to manage an entrance. I wanted to—"

Jo Gar lifted his gun arm. "Knowing Janisohn was murdered, you tell us you wished to test your skill? Play a game?"

The Great Black's eyes were on the detective's weapon.

Jo Gar went on, "We waited for you,

Mr. Black. I knew that you would come here tonight. You came to Ling Po's shop once before you purchased the lacquer box. You looked around carefully.

"This evening you returned. Ling Po had been dozing. You were in the store when he greeted you. You purchased a lacquer box—and because the box was important to you, it was taken to your room. That was a mistake. You should have kept the box with you.

"You were afraid that the Princess Vlatshoff might accuse you of the murder of Janisohn, so you sought to establish an alibi. Mr. Black. You saw to it that Ling Po noticed that you departed from his shop at twenty minutes of eleven, but you did not depart at twenty minutes of eleven. For while Ling Po was dozing, you had set back the large hand of the clock fifteen minutes! It was actually five minutes to eleven when you left this shop—and you had already murdered Janisohn."

There was silence in the room. The Great Black was swaying.

Jo Gar spoke gently. "I waited for you because I had noticed that the clock was fifteen minutes slow. I knew you would return. It must be set ahead again. It must be an accurate clock."

There was no color in Hugh Black's face. "The damned—box! I might have—"

Jo Gar turned to Hadi Ratan. "He is your prisoner, Lieutenant Ratan."

As Hadi Ratan moved toward the magician, Jo Gar watched. The Great Black's eyes. He could not read the expression in them. A confession to come? A defense? Suicide, perhaps, in a small cell? The detective suddenly felt tired.

Ling Po spoke. "Even at this dark hour, Señor Gar, there is the solace of tea."

Jo Gar nodded and, without looking at the Great Black or Hadi Ratan, went slowly toward the rear of the shop.

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## The Flat Next Door

(Continued from page 37)

swift, puzzled expression cross his face. Instantly it was gone. Yet once the Farnhams had disappeared indoors, it came again and I could see that Phil was not walking beside me toward Fifth Avenue so much as groping toward some cross-road in his mind.

"Look here, Linda," he inquired presently, "what was it you told me about that fellow, Farnham?"

"Nothing that I recall."

"What's his job?"

"Broker."

"Money?"

"Nelle has remarked on several occasions that his wife is his meat ticket, if you take any stock in servants' chatter."

"His wife ever say he'd been married before?"

"Heavens, no! What makes you think he has?"

"Can't imagine, but the minute I got a good look at him, something clicked. I've seen him somewhere. Seem to link him up with some woman—not this woman."

"Now wait, Phil," I pleaded. "Don't make any rash statements. Linked up with some woman sounds frightening."

"Not a bit," Phil reassured me. "It's an experience every man has at least a few times in his life. Only in this case, something tells me I ought to remember how, when and where."

"He's a Californian. Does that give you any hint?"

"California," Phil said. "California. Let's see, I was there six years ago on the way to Honolulu. No—the connection

# Thank Goodness



I MADE THAT  
"ARMHOLE ODOR"  
TEST  
IN TIME



If the slightest moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress . . . the worm of your body will bring out a stale "armhole odor" and destroy your charm . . .

**Y**OUR eyes meet his. And suddenly there's something electric in the air. You talk. Every word seems to draw you more irresistibly together. You're going to be so happy. And then the spell is broken! He can't forgive your careless neglect of that little hollow under your arm.

So many girls make the terrible mistake of thinking that merely to deodorize is enough. They never stop to realize that single-action preparations are not made to stop perspiration. Only the double action of Liquid Odorono can keep your underarm both sweet and dry.

As long as you use single-action preparations, you will continue to perspire. Moisture will collect on your dress. And your dress will give you away time and time again.

### Let Your Dress Tell You!

It's only human to think, "I am not like

that!" But, just to be absolutely certain, test your dress tonight. As you take it off, smell the fabric under the armhole. You may be horrified at that stale "armhole odor"! And you must face the fact that *that* is the way you smell to others!

Do you wonder that women everywhere, who make any pretensions to refinement and social standing, are so faithful about taking the little extra time and trouble to apply Liquid Odorono! So much depends on those few seconds of waiting for Liquid Odorono to dry . . . your peace of mind, the safekeeping of your charm.

### Gentle, But Sure

Liquid Odorono merely diverts the perspiration from one small closed-in area to other parts of the body where it can evaporate freely. And it leaves no grease on your frocks.

With Odorono, dresses and coat linings can't stain. Cleaner's bills go down. In two strengths, Regular and Instant, at all toilet-goods counters. Double your popularity by sending today for sample vials and leaflet offered below.

### SEND 8¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY SAMPLES

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Dept. 8C7, 191 Hudson St., New York City  
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2126, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢, to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

Name

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City  State



has something to do with the tropics." He walked on frowning, then shook his head. "Sorry, not a hint."

"What do you think of Elaine?"

"Most beautiful thing I ever laid eyes on. Farnham ought to be cowed." Elaine said.

"I suppose it's a disease. Elaine's happy, though." I added a bit anxiously. "You can see that in her eyes."

I made the observation to reassure myself and Phil's answer didn't surprise me. "She's not the sort to let anybody know if she's unhappy."

"Well, he'll get a hold on himself now, with the baby here."

"He'd better," said Phil. "She's no milkop to stand for that kind of performance indefinitely."

In the next few months, Phil saw a lot of the Farnhams. Cliff had bought an interest in some coffee plantation about which Phil could give him firsthand information. They invited him to their cocktail parties and frequently to dinner.

Then Elaine took a house in Connecticut for the summer. Cliff didn't like the country. Most of the time he was in town. The flat was left in charge of a scrubwoman who cleaned up in haphazard fashion every morning.

One night I came in with Phil from the theater and supper. As we stepped out of the elevator, three men and three women were waiting and the Farnham door was open.

"Don't keep Cliff up too late, Janet," one of the women called.

"Bye-bye—little girl and boy going bye-bye right away," Cliff's voice answered thickly.

The others laughed. As the elevator carried them down, the Farnham door closed.

I went weak and shaky. My brother stood with lips tight, staring at the closed door.

"In God's name, why can't the man appreciate what he's got?" he ripped out.

I asked: "Must we stand here and do nothing? Can't we make him put that woman out of Elaine's home?"

Phil's laugh was dry, crisp. "He'd have the right to throw us out."

"We can call the superintendent."

"And cause Elaine all kinds of embarrassment."

"The house management could put a stop to it before things get worse. She'd be better off—"

"She'll be better off," Phil broke in, "not to find out. If there's any kind of trouble, news of it is bound to reach her. Can't you see what it would do to a sensitive woman? Can't you see we've got to think of her?"

I saw plainly enough, too plainly for my peace of mind. I saw the state Phil was in.

"Worst of it is," he plunged on, "this probably isn't the first time." He unlocked our door with hand twitching in rage that demanded to strike and strike hard.

"Tomorrow," I said firmly, "I'll talk to him—or you will."

"And be told to mind our own business. Remember the night I heard him bawling her out. I remarked that was the best thing we could do. He sat down and his head dropped to his hands. 'Wish to hell I'd followed my own advice. Wish I'd never seen her.'"

I went over to him. "Phil, no! You mustn't let yourself feel like this."

"Let myself? Let myself? Lord, Linda, that's funny. Don't you suppose I fought not to let myself? All the reason—all the common sense. No use, old girl."

"But this can't result in anything but misery for you."

He looked up, his mouth a grimace. "Sure, I see that as plain as I see you standing there. Yet right now I'd give plenty to go in there and beat Farnham to a pulp."

"Has she—has Elaine any idea?"

"That I love her? Not a suspicion. Why, Linda, I've never even talked to her alone. I'm just your rather pleasant brother. What makes me see red is that I must move to protect her. She's his, and she loves him—that's that. I've just got to sit tight and let her take it."

"Don't talk as if something dreadful had to happen."

"No, of course not," Phil muttered. "Nothing is going to happen to hurt Elaine."

We left town shortly after that. Phil went to northern Canada on an engineering project and stayed a year. I was glad to have him go away. I could see nothing but disaster in his love for Elaine Farnham.

For myself, I wanted a complete change of scene, so I sailed for France and spent the winter on the Riviera.

When I got back little Nancy was like something transplanted from a magazine cover, all golden fluff of curls and black-fringed blue eyes, dimpled and joyous. No one could resist that baby. To Marcia, she was a composite of all the saints and angels.

I looked a wraith. The change was shocking. She seemed to have aged ten years in ten months. Her lovely warm pallor had become a transparent whiteness. All the light had gone out of her.

Toward Christmas Phil came home. The very day of his return he dropped in on the Farnhams. I waited anxiously for his comment but he made none, except to remark that Nancy was almost too beautiful to be real.

"I'm glad Elaine has her," I said. He still he said nothing. I couldn't even get out of him what he thought or felt. I couldn't discover whether the past year had accomplished all I hoped for.

During the winter Nancy suffered a bad attack of flu, and when she was the mend, Elaine took her to Asheville. Marcia went along. For over a month Farnham had the place to himself.

About nine o'clock one evening my bell rang with the sharp repeated summons of terror. Phil hurried to the door.

Elaine stood there. Hugged close in her arms, Nancy was whimpering as a child does when awakened from tight sleep.

Across the hall I heard Cliff's besotted voice shouting, "What the hell you mean, sneaking home? Play tricks on me, will you? Get out! Get out, I say! And stay out!"

Phil pulled Elaine in and slammed the door. In her white face the eyes were staring and he moved numbly before she could bring out a word.

"I'm—sorry. I—I don't know what to say."

Phil's arm went around her shoulders, and he led her to the couch before the fireplace. She just sat there staring into the fire.

Presently she looked up at me. "Such a dreadful scene. I'm so ashamed."

I took off her hat, smoothed her hair. "Don't don't be upset. Tomorrow we won't even remember. He was lonely—"

"That's why I hurried home. He wrote he was lonely and seedy. So I thought . . . What does he mean, calling me a sneak?"

"Not a thing," Phil interpolated. "He's tight—doesn't know what he's saying."

Elaine turned slowly toward my brother. "What must you think of him—of me?"

"Don't you worry about me," Phil answered. "I've been so drunk myself,

I tried to pick daisies off the steps of the governor's palace in Valparaiso."

"But to tell me to get out. He's never said such a thing."

"Stay here with Linda tonight. Walk in tomorrow morning as though you'd just arrived."

Elaine looked up into Phil's troubled face. I wondered if she saw there what I saw.

"Please don't think Cliff has ever been this high. He drinks—there's no use trying to hide it from you. But I wouldn't want you to believe he's ever talked so to me. You don't, do you?"

"No. Of course not," Phil gave a gesture of dismissal.

"Something must have happened."

"Shm—on her feet. 'Perhaps he's ill.'"

"Don't go back now," I urged. "You need rest, and Nancy should be in bed."

"Take my room," said Phil. "I'll bunk in here."

ELAINE GLANCED at the baby curled like a kitten in a corner of the couch, serenely asleep. Again her eyes met Phil's. She gathered Nancy in her arms. "Forgive me for all this bother."

"Bother!" came from Phil huskily. "Bother? Don't you know we'd do anything in the world to help you?"

I sat beside the bed until Elaine drifted into restless sleep. On my way back to the living room Nellie summoned me. Marcia was waiting in the kitchen. Her pawlike hands tore at her apron. Her jaguar eyes were bright points.

"Mah lady all right, ma'am?"

"She's asleep. So is the baby."

"She din' see me hustle dat woman out de back way, did she? Ah come in de house first an' he jump up, yellin' at me. Den he se mah lady an' yell to her to get out."

"I'm sure Mrs. Farnham has no idea anybody was with him."

Marcia's mouth worked. "He kill her if he keep on," she muttered. "Dat's what he do—kill her." Still muttering, she moved like a black shadow across the dimly lighted service hall.

As I told Phil, he paced the living room, I suspect as much. The minute I opened our door and saw Marcia motion me to keep Elaine with us, I knew what was wrong. Linda, what's to become of her?"

"She can leave him. If he makes life impossible, she can go and take Nancy."

"Can she? You think it'll be as easy as that?" Phil shot at me. "He's a shrewd one. Farnham is, drunk or sober. Tomorrow when they meet he'll have cooked up some plausible excuse for tonight's performance and she'll believe him. Then the thing will happen again. And so it will go on."

"Marcia says if he keeps it up he'll kill her."

"Kill her? He won't get that far. Not if I have to kill him first, he won't."

"Phil?"

"I mean it. Before he has the chance to break her, I'll break his damned neck."

I knew Phil meant it. The thought so terrified me that I begged him to save Elaine further embarrassment. I pleaded with him to avoid meeting Cliff Farnham for a while. He finally gave in, packed his bag and went to the Engineers Club.

Now for the first time I must unlock the little gray-leather volume which is Elaine Farnham's diary. Not long after that night she gave the book into my keeping.

"I can't destroy this and I don't want it in the house. Read it, Linda, if ever anything . . ." She left the sentence unfinished and hurriedly substituted,

"Read it if ever you're tempted to think me a coward."

I have never thought her a coward. I open the volume now because I have no other way of finding out what happened in the Farnhams' life immediately after that unhappy experience. To the close-written pages Elaine confided facts which pride would never let her tell to a human being. These I must have in order to arrive at a decision. I must not let myself be swayed by either prejudice or affection.

So I turn to Elaine's description of the day following, when Cliff Farnham appeared at my door, apologized for his behavior and asked to see his wife.

MARCH 30, 1936. Early this morning he came over to Linda's and begged me to forgive him, the way he always does. His one excuse was loneliness. Yet I can't believe there wasn't another reason. I can't forget his look when he shouted at me to get out. What does it mean? Even drunk, he's never been in such a rage. And that queer horrible expression.

This morning it was gone—not a trace left. He kissed my hands and whispered how desperately sorry he was. He pleaded that when he's drunk, he's another man.

I'd lain awake most of the night thinking of that other man and what it would mean for Nancy to grow up with him. What it might do to her when she's old enough to notice, to be afraid.

I said we mustn't discuss the thing in a stranger's house. I went in and got Nancy. She put her little arms around my neck and hugged me.

Oh, God, why doesn't Cliff try to cure himself? Why does he always appeal to me with promises he doesn't intend to keep? Why does he always swear this will be the last time and make me feel I ought to stand by him?

I can't go on this way. I don't want to have to live with the man I saw last night. I don't want my baby to have to live with him.

This constant fear of what he'll do next, it's making a coward of me.

This minute it doesn't seem possible that only six years ago I told myself this lovely room of ours must never hold anything but happiness. I can't be the same woman who got such a thrill selecting colorful draperies—La France rose and foliage, the decorator called them. I asked Cliff why the man didn't just say green and pink and let it go at that. Cliff answered that he wouldn't be a Fifth Avenue decorator at a fat figure if he did. The figure was fat enough, and Cliff stormed at himself for being poor and having to let me foot the bills. I told him the Jennings money had always longed to go on a New York spree, and we'd better help it spread itself.

We bought the crystal chandelier and side brackets because they tinkled like chimes. And Cliff insisted on mirrors all over the place because they made him feel like a sultan with a collection of wives coming to him from all directions. Then he took me in his arms and said I was all the women in the world to him. I whispered that all the women in the world made a large order but I'd do my best.

Until last night I kept telling myself Cliff was like a sick child. I kept saying to myself, "If he had a fever, you'd see him through, wouldn't you? You wouldn't desert him. Well, this is a fever, and he's not responsible. Don't listen to his foul language."

That's what I've tried to do but I can't any more. I keep seeing the man who ordered me out of my house, with his eyes biered and horrible and his teeth bared like fangs.

Tonight he will come home looking himself. Or is it himself? Which is the real Cliff? Which must I live with if I stay here? Which is the father who's got to help me shape Nancy's life? If I had the answer, if only I knew.

I think of the Cliff I pledged myself to in the shadow of Taj Mahal in India. I didn't ask myself or him any questions then. After one short month of knowing him, all I wanted was to hold forever the romance he brought me. Now all I ask is peace.

The Arabs have a saying: "Only God and myself know what is in my soul."

How true! Only God and myself. Am I willing to face what is in my soul? Then I must do it now. I hear the front door close and Cliff coming along the hall.

As if nothing had happened, he announced that the Tillotsons were here for cocktails. The Moores dropped in later, and Andy Brock. Andy stayed for dinner and then took us to the theater. Afterward supper and dancing and home in Andy's car. No chance for a word alone with Cliff until our door shut behind us.

Then I told him I was going to leave him. All that I'd held back for so long came tumbling out. How I knew he didn't love me; how I'd known it long before Nancy was born. Whatever his reason for marrying me, it wasn't love. I'd felt that in so many ways, even though I'd kept telling myself I mustn't believe such a thing.

But last night made me decide we had to face the truth. What was the use lying to myself and letting him lie to me? We both knew I wasn't his sort of woman. We couldn't go on as we'd been living these past few years.

All the time I was talking, Cliff loomed back in an armchair. He didn't look up

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until I'd finished. Then he stared at me, and his eyes were like glass. "Try it," he said. "Just you try to go. Then watch me take Nancy away from you."

I think my heart stopped—it was so still—then it raced on. This was just bravado, of course. He couldn't take Nancy.

"If you force me to put up a fight," I heard myself saying, "the courts will never give her to a father who's a drunkard."

"The New York courts will," he laughed. "Ask any lawyer. I could beat you within an inch of your life, and you could have me arrested for assault. But you'd never get free from me without my consent, collusion or carelessness. I have no intention of supplying you with any of them."

**I** ASKED HIM why he wanted to hold me when he'd be able to live as he pleased if I were out of his way.

He studied me with a queer, measuring look, as though what I said only amused him. "The fact that I don't mean to let you marry anybody else is good and sufficient reason."

I told him I never wanted to marry again. I said, "I won't even insist on a divorce. It doesn't matter. Nothing does except that I want to get away—and I want Nancy. Any arrangement you'll agree to—"

"I'm not quite the blind fool you take me for," Cliff interrupted. "You think I don't know that Phil Nist is sitting tight, waiting to follow you?"

I was too bewildered to say anything, and I must have showed it because he went on, "Instinct is often stronger than judgment. You flew to him last night like a bird to its mate. I wasn't so drunk that I didn't see him open the door and put his arm around you."

"You know it was Linda Chester I went to—" I started to say.

But Cliff broke in. "And spent the night with her, too, I suppose. You only had to cross the hall to come home. Why didn't you? What kept you under a stranger's roof instead of your own?"

"You kept me there. Nobody but you." "I doubt if any court of law could be persuaded to take that viewpoint," Cliff answered. Then he got up abruptly and went into his dressing room.

Marcel brought me a cup of tea and begged me to go to bed. But I can't sleep. I've got to decide what immediate step to take. There must be some way out. I've got to fight through somehow. I can't let myself be frightened.

MARCH 31, 1936. There is no way out. Holmes McKenna told me so today. I went to him because he was my father's friend and lawyer. He says he can't help unless I'm willing to hire detectives to follow Cliff.

I could do that, although I hate the thought and I don't believe Cliff had affairs with other women. Must I have him shadowed until I find cause for public scandal when there are far more important causes for separation? His drinking is more important. Its effect on our baby is the most important of all. But if I leave him and take Nancy, he can force me to bring her back.

Even if I don't ask for a divorce, if I sue for legal separation and custody of my child, he can block me. I can't prove he's unfit to be her father simply by claiming that he drinks to excess.

What an outrageous thing for him to say about Phil Nist! Yet McKenna says, if Cliff should choose to make an issue of it, he can answer any suit of mine with the same ugly insinuations. He can

build up a case for himself by a counterclaim.

I love Linda Chester. I'd die before I'd drag her into any nasty legal mess. My troubles with Cliff must be mine alone.

APRIL 10, 1936. This afternoon I ran into Phil, the first time we've met since that night. I'd gone for a walk around the reservoir, and he came swinging along from the opposite direction.

We talked about the glorious spring weather, about anything and everything except what was uppermost in my thoughts and must have been in his.

The thing Cliff had said about him kept hammering in my brain. I felt I owed him an apology. Stupid, apologizing for an insult Phil didn't even hear, but I had a horror Cliff might let go one day and say to Phil what he'd said to me. I wanted to guard against it.

Perhaps that's why I burst out, "I want to tell you something about the other night, Phil. Please listen—will you?"—then forget the whole nasty business."

He looked at me and frowned. "I forgot it long ago. I wish you would, too."

"There's only this—if ever Cliff makes any crazy accusation against you, don't take it seriously. When a man's drunk, he's apt to get all sorts of mad ideas. You said that yourself."

"What does Cliff accuse me of?" he asked.

I lied. "Nothing definite. He didn't like my spending the night at Linda's. He claims I should have come home."

"He also claims," Phil added, "that you stayed because I persuaded you to, doesn't he, Elaine? He holds me responsible. He believes I had some personal motive."

"He says you had. I don't think he believes it."

Phil stopped, and his lips were pressed together as if they locked to hold back words. Then he said, "Elaine, did Cliff accuse me of being in love with you?"

"Yes, that's exactly what he said, and he's apt to repeat it sometime when he isn't responsible."

**P**hil's voice was low and brusque. "But he's right. He's right—I do love you. I can't help telling you, Elaine."

I couldn't answer for a minute. Then I said, "It's just sympathy. Please realize it's only sympathy."

"I tried to sell myself that bill of goods. Can't be done. No man has ever loved a woman more than I love you. Understand, I'm not posing as a Galahad. If I were, I'd keep my mouth shut. But I have the right to tell you, Cliff's behavior the other night gave it to me."

"What can it get you, Phil? I mustn't wreck you the way I've wrecked myself." "We can't do anything about that. Being so helpless is what kills me. If I could put up a fight for you! If you weren't so much in love with him."

I shouldn't have admitted the truth, but I couldn't hold back. "You don't think I'm still in love with Cliff? How could I be? It was over long ago."

"Then leave him," Phil begged. "Not for me—I don't count—for your own sake."

"I can't. He won't let me." "Did you tell him you want to go?" "Yes."

"He can't hold you against your will." "Yes, he can. He says if I leave him, he'll take Nancy away from me."

"Nonsense! He's not fit to have the child."

"That isn't so easy to prove." "Linda will help you prove it. I'll help." "And he'll file a counterclaim that it's

conspiracy—that I want my freedom to marry you. He told me so."

Phil flinched. Then he said, "Don't let him bludgeon you, Elaine. Get a first-rate lawyer."

"I've seen Holmes McKenna. The law will back Cliff up. I can't desert him. The law is on his side."

"Does he love Nancy enough to put up a legal fight for her?"

"If I thought he loved her, I'd offer to compromise in some way. He doesn't pay any attention to her. Often I think her chatter gets on his nerves. But he'd fight for her just the same."

"I see. Nancy is a weapon to hold over your head."

"The only one he knows that makes me give in."

Phil walked along with his brows contracted. "If our dignified New York divorce law insists the only way to get free is to trail Cliff like a criminal until you catch him with another woman, do it, Elaine."

"He says he'll never give me the chance for a New York divorce."

Phil said like a prayer, "God, there must be some way to save you!"

"I'm not the one to be saved," I answered. "Because of Nancy, I can see this through. It's you, Phil. Pull out. You've got to. I couldn't bear to mess things up for you. You've got yourself involved because I seem so desperately to need your help. I won't be a leech. I won't hang onto you until you're sucked dry. Break away now."

"Going away won't mean breaking away."

"Yes, it will. You love your work. Find an engineering job thousands of miles from New York."

"Odd part is, I'd rather love you and not have you than have any other woman on earth. It's not a love that will ever ask anything you can't give."

"But don't you see what a selfish parasite that makes me?"

"No—you can't help or control my feelings."

"Promise one thing," I pleaded, "just one. When I take Nancy to the country next month, leave her alone. Get out of touch with me until the autumn at least."

"Exactly what I intended," Phil answered, "though not for the reason you suggest. I'm off for the Pacific Coast and a group of tropical islands. Some data I want to check up what may concern you."

"Concern me? What possible data—?" "It's all too vague to talk about. I've had this trip in mind for a long time. But after today there's a condition. I won't go unless I have your word that when you need me you'll send for me."

Not if, but when I need him! He said it with a sort of fatalistic assurance.

I'm writing all this down because I know that some day I'll want to turn back and live that hour again. I haven't asked myself how much Phil's confession means to me. When you bathe in the sun's warmth, you don't analyze why all the chill vanishes. Phil's love does that for me. No matter where he is, I can't ever again feel quite alone.

Here the record comes to an abrupt stop. The rest of the pages are blank. It seems almost that Elaine was afraid to analyze further what she thought or felt. About a month later she handed over the book to my keeping.

Meanwhile, because I asked him to, Phil remained at the Engineers Club.

Since my brother's return from Canada, he had mentioned off and on the possibility of a trip to the Society Islands in the Pacific Lower Archipelago. He gave no further details save that this business of a personal nature

would keep him away some months. I knew he had been in correspondence with a French government official located in Tahiti. Now his plans took definite shape. He expected to fly to the Coast toward the end of April and from there to go to the islands.

I had booked passage for England, expecting to sail in May.

Late one afternoon—I realize now it was the day he met Elaine—Phil came in worried. I asked what bothered him.

"Don't go abroad, Linda. Take a house for the summer near Elaine's. Stay close to her."

He kept striding up and down. I put my hand on his arm to stop him.

"For heaven's sake, tell me what upsets you so!"

"She wants a divorce, and he won't let her off. I don't trust Farnham."

This was all I could get out of Phil. Vague as it was, it served to switch my plans. I promptly asked Elaine if she could stand having me as a neighbor summer as well as winter. The old light flashing over her face answered me more acutely than words.

A Connecticut real estate agent found a cottage about a quarter of a mile from the house the Farnhams had rented. I prepared to close my flat as soon as Phil should start off.

Whether Elaine's threat to leave him had frightened Cliff into sobriety I couldn't tell, but everything appeared to be running smoothly in the flat next door. I found it impossible to account for my brother's fears, with their strange hint of mystery. Once I asked for further explanation.

"Nothing definite to give you," he answered. "It's a hunch, that's all. I've had a man digging up information. As yet he hasn't enough to satisfy me. I'm going after the rest."

Two days before he left, Marcia came over with a note from Elaine. They wanted us to dine the following night, a farewell party.

"Beg off for me," Phil said. "I can't sit down at Farnham's table. If I do, I'm likely to let him know just what I think of him."

"But Elaine—"

"Ask her to step in for a minute. She'll understand."

Though she apparently did understand, Elaine begged him to accept. "Can't you see, Phil? If you don't come, Cliff will ask me why. He won't believe any excuse you give."

I left the room and have no idea how she convinced Phil. However, we went to the dinner.

The other guests, Mr. and Mrs. Tillotson and Mr. and Mrs. Moore, we had met previously. Mrs. Tillotson was a leader in Cliff's set. She had shining gray eyes with overlarge pupils under threadbare brows. I had often noticed that those eyes sought Cliff's even when she wasn't talking to him, and tonight they seemed to drift toward him with a certain eager restlessness. Mr. Tillotson was an incessant punster, his humor growing broader as dinner progressed. They all called him "Tillie," which seemed funnier to me than any of his jokes.

Both he and Mr. Moore, a shrewd sharp-featured man who could drink silently and persistently, showing not the slightest ill effects, were Farnham's associates in his South American holdings. The latter was also his attorney. Mrs. Moore, little, pretty and shrill, had mouse-colored hair clipped in severe manner with straight bangs.

For the first time in months I saw Elaine in evening dress under flattering night light. This may have accounted

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**SHIRLEY'S** away up in the mountains at Lake Arrowhead for her vacation. Look at the big fish her brother has just caught for her. Isn't it a beauty?



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Two days before he left, Marcia came over with a note from Elaine. They wanted us to dine the following night, a farewell party.

"But Elaine—"

"Ask her to step in for a minute. She'll understand."

Though she apparently did understand, Elaine begged him to accept. "Can't you see, Phil? If you don't come, Cliff will ask me why. He won't believe any excuse you give."

I left the room and have no idea how she convinced Phil. However, we went to the dinner.

The other guests, Mr. and Mrs. Tillotson and Mr. and Mrs. Moore, we had met previously. Mrs. Tillotson was a leader in Cliff's set. She had shining gray eyes with overlarge pupils under threadbare brows. I had often noticed that those eyes sought Cliff's even when she wasn't talking to him, and tonight they seemed to drift toward him with a certain eager restlessness. Mr. Tillotson was an incessant punster, his humor growing broader as dinner progressed. They all called him "Tillie," which seemed funnier to me than any of his jokes.

Both he and Mr. Moore, a shrewd sharp-featured man who could drink silently and persistently, showing not the slightest ill effects, were Farnham's associates in his South American holdings. The latter was also his attorney. Mrs. Moore, little, pretty and shrill, had mouse-colored hair clipped in severe manner with straight bangs.

For the first time in months I saw Elaine in evening dress under flattering night light. This may have accounted

**THE BIRDS** wake Shirley up early every morning. She loves to have her cool, refreshing "Double Fruit" Puffed Wheat breakfast out on the porch, where she can look out over the big, blue lake.



You'll just  
love my  
Summer  
breakfast



# QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT



for my impression of improvement in her appearance. I could not quite define it. More than anything actually physical, the change seemed in her expression. The strained look, the heavy shadows that made her eyes sink into dark pools, were less noticeable. The curling crop of her hair was vivid copper under the crystal chandelier.

A Japanese butler served us. Throughout dinner Cliff drank highballs. As if by magic the little Jap kept his glass filled.

We women must have been alone in the living room over coffee and liqueurs at least half an hour when the men joined us. Mrs. Tiltonson was questioning me about Phil's journey. My brother had told them he was bound for Honolulu on an engineering proposition and I added nothing further.

But Mrs. Tiltonson turned to Phil. What a pity, she teased, to devote one's time to mechanics on an island created for more satisfying pastimes. Didn't Phil consider that a shabby waste? Now if he were to take a sweetheart along . . .

Phil laughed. Why not wait until he got there? He'd been pretty well around the world and never found a shortage in the romantic market.

Suddenly Cliff swayed forward. His face was very red, his eyes such narrow slits that all one could see was a blood-splashed gleam. The ice in his highball struck against the glass.

"Behold," he leered at Phil, "perfect specimen of age of chivalry. Our friend Nast don't want other women. Only one woman he wants. She's wife of another. What's he do? Exert 's manly charm? No! Try 'n' win her? No! None o' that. Too honorable gentleman."

Elaïne's face was an ivory mask. She tried to head him off. "Cliff, stop! If this is supposed to be a joke, you're carrying it too far."

"Joke, m'dear? Joke? I pay our friend great compliment 'n' you say I joke." He moved close to Elaïne. "Come on, drink 't'm. Drink's health 'n' safe journey. Come, Elaïne, drink to knight you pure temptation 'b'ind him."

"Cliff"—Elaïne caught his swaying arm—"for heaven's sake, pull yourself together!"

**T**he glass splashed its contents over her as he shoved her aside. Excited laughter came from the women.

"C'm on, all of you—age of chivalry—knight who loves 'n' rides away! Drink!"

"Phil," I whispered swiftly to my brother, "laugh it off. Treat it as a joke."

"C'm on, m'dear." Cliff gripped and swung upward Elaïne's empty hand. "Where's glass? Brandy for m'wife! Somebody give her brandy. Mus' drink to her knight. He's flyin' away because he loves—"

The sound from Phil's throat was like a wounded animal's. I couldn't hold him back. His fist crashed into Farnham's jaw. The man toppled over; the glass he still clung to splintered on the hearth.

Phil stared at the sprawled figure. "Sorry," he muttered to Elaïne. "Couldn't help it."

Elaïne looked at him, though I knew what she said was meant for the others. "It wasn't your fault. I hope you understand he's too drunk to know what he's saying."

Phil's clenched hands unknotted. "Of course," he nodded. "Of course." He turned from her to the other women. "My apologies. Shouldn't have lost my temper. I should know Cliff well enough to realize this was just a little fun on my expense."

While the two men helped their host

to stagger to his feet, Mrs. Moore remarked slyly that it was refreshing these days to see primitive man in the raw. Mrs. Tiltonson's knowing smile intimated a great deal more than her. "Oh, we all knew Cliff must be joking."

Elaïne followed us to the door. She spoke in a frantic whisper. "Phil, can you ever forgive me? I didn't dream—"

"If I could only take you with me," came from Phil.

"I'm all right. Don't worry." "Then I apologize to Cliff? Will it make things easier for you?"

"No, I'll be all right," she repeated. "This has to be good-by. I can't see you again."

"I know. Good-by, Phil."

"Good-by."

They did not touch each other. Phil had the look of a man who faces death.

**A**Ll at over Elaïne said in a low steady voice, "One thing I've got to tell you before you go so that you'll remember always. I love you."

I had crossed the hall, wanting to give them a few moments alone. Phil was beside me almost at once.

As the door of the Farnhams' flat closed, he said, "Take care of her, Linda."

Nothing more. Early the next morning I finished off at the New Air port.

I did not hear from him until we were settled in Connecticut. The Farnhams had a lovely house and garden that Elaïne enjoyed tending. Cliff came out for week ends.

To my amazement, Phil's first long letter was from Manila. He had made no mention of going there.

You will recall when I met Cliff Farnham (he wrote) I tried to remember where and under what circumstances I'd seen him. Then I was wrong. I had never laid eyes on the man. My recollection was due to newspaper pictures. This all came back to me a good deal later. The way an obscure item that had eluded memory suddenly for no reason comes clear. Even then, I couldn't recollect where I had seen the press pictures. But I was sure the man I had in mind was mixed up in some trouble with a woman; that the trouble occurred in the neighborhood of Tahiti. Since I had never been there, the link-up was confusing.

Then I had a stroke of luck. In Canada last year I met a Frenchman, Captain d'Armand, who expected to leave shortly for a government post in the South Seas. His headquarters would be Tahiti. I asked him to notify me if an American, Clifford Farnham, had lived there within the past ten years. Before he got back to New York, word came that he could find no trace of any such person—could I let him have a likeness of the man?

You know that bridal picture you had of Elaïne and Cliff. Well, it disappeared for a day while I had duplicates made. One went out to d'Armand.

Information arrived ten days before I flew West. The letter told me to check up in Manila on a man named Gilbert Crane who greatly resembled Farnham and who lived in Tahiti for several years because of his wife's delicate health. When she died, he had returned with the body to Manila, their former home.

There was some doubt, d'Armand wrote, that Crane was an American. The records had him down as a native of Victoria, British Columbia. He gave me a detailed description of Crane, gathered from people who knew him. With allowance for time, it fitted Farnham down to the ground.

I purposely avoided giving you my

complete plans. As a matter of fact, they're indefinite until I see what I unearth. I may not have to go to Tahiti. On the other hand, I may be off before this reaches you. Write immediately and let me have news of Elaïne.

Tell her nothing of all this. Say only that I love her too much to risk sending any letters, even through you.

And Linda, give her the unselfish love that's so much part of you. All that you've been to me so long, be to her now. I depend on you.

Phil

Despite his resolution not to communicate with Elaïne, my brother's next letter brought an enclosure for her.

What he had to tell me was brief. Gilbert Crane, he had discovered, was a chemist with a wealthy wife older than himself. A nasty suit over her will, brought by her brother and sister, claimed that she had always guaranteed to provide for them whereas the entire estate had been left to her husband. There were no children.

Phil expected to have further details within a few days. The case had been in the courts twelve years before, but he had access to all the records and hoped to locate a picture of Crane.

Evidently the fellow had an aversion to being photographed. Until I find out what he looked like, I can't be sure that Farnham is the man.

The day I received the two letters, I telephoned Elaïne to come for her. Once she'd read it through, I asked her to burn it. "Don't be tempted to keep a single line, Elaïne."

"When the letter was ashes, she said, 'It seems dreadful to let Phil give so much and to give him so little.'"

"When you care as he does," I answered, "you don't weigh giving and taking."

"I love him. I'd go to him if it weren't for Nancy." Then suddenly she added, "Linda, there's something I want to ask of you. If anything happens to me—you know, it can without warning—take Nancy. I'm going to town Monday to see Holmes McKenna. I want to make my will—appoint you her guardian—"

I interrupted. "Did Phil say a word in his letter?" I paused, afraid of voicing too much. It was uncanny, her mention of a will at this particular moment.

"No, why should he? It's just that I've been troubled for a long time about what might happen if Nancy were left alone, with nobody but—"

She looked at me with a dreadful calm. "What will happen to her if she hasn't anybody but Cliff?"

"But dear"—the thing made me shudder—"you're not going to leave her."

"One never can tell. Mothers don't always live to see their children grow up. If I'm not here, I want her to be brought up in the right surroundings—happily, Linda. I know I'm asking a lot more than I should. You adore her, don't you? She'd never be a burden."

"Of course I adore her. She's like you."

"Then listen, please, to what I have in mind. I know I can't force Cliff to give her up to you, but I'm leaving him a big sum of money if he does. And if he refuses, everything I have will go into a trust fund for Nancy so that he can't touch a penny. It's the only way I can protect her."

"You'll probably live to play with Nancy's youngsters." I tried to speak lightly. "Why consider any other chance?"

"Because I've got to. Suppose—suppose I'm not here, and he gets terribly drunk. Can't you see what he might do to a helpless child?" Her hands gripped each other. "I'm going to ask Holmes' advice

about explaining in the will why I want you appointed guardian. If he thinks that unwise, I'll attach a letter. I'll give you copies of all documents. If Cliff tries to break the will, promise you'll fight him, Linda. Promise!"

I laid my hands on her shoulders. They were shaking. "Elaine darling, don't torture yourself this way. I'll promise anything you ask."

"The originals," she hurried on, "I'll put in a special safe-deposit box at the New York Exchange Bank. You'll have a duplicate key—so will Holmes. Nobody else. Cliff left yesterday on a business trip to Montreal. He'll be gone two weeks. I want everything settled before he gets back." Her hands uncupped, pressed against her temples. "You can't imagine what a relief this is, knowing Nancy will be safe."

I shook her. "Elaine, has anything happened to put you in this state?"

"Nothing—and yet a lot of things. Probably nothing but my nerves. I feel better now."

All Elaine's plans were postponed, however, by Nancy's sudden illness. She had been quite well. We had picnicked on the beach, and she splashed gaily in the Sound. After supper she complained of a headache. A few hours later, Elaine telephoned me to come at once.

The village doctor diagnosed the case as ptomaine—evidently the child had eaten something tainted. Were there signs of sickness when she returned from the picnic? Elaine told him about the headache and explained that she had given Nancy a third of one of her own headache powders.

Nancy's bright curls lay wet on her forehead. Her little hands tore at the sheets. She could scarcely swallow the emetic Doctor Norris administered.

"Have you the prescription for your

powders?" the old man asked Elaine. "It's at the drugstore. Mr. Farnham had them made up for me last week. I told him to leave the prescription. They're harmless."

"Often a child can't stand what an adult can. I'm not saying the medicine had anything to do with this. I'm only searching for causes."

"But I've given her doses before on my physician's advice. They always help. Doctor, what are you trying to tell me? You can't mean there's any real danger."

"No, of course not, my dear. We must make her throw up. We must make this retching produce results."

None of us had noticed Marcia in the doorway. She loomed over us now, pushed the doctor aside and lifted Nancy from the pillow. Trudging up and down she began to croon, her eyes all the while fastened on the twisting, pinched face.

At first her voice came to us rising, falling, rising, falling in savage rhythm. I thought she was crooning some dark lullaby. Then through the fog of my fear came:

"De Lawd—de Lawd is mah shepherd—de Lawd—He is mah shepherd—mah shepherd is de Lawd... Yes—dough Ah walk fru de valley—fru de valley of deaf—fru de valley dough Ah walk—Ah will fear no evil—no evil will Ah fear, Lawd..."

On and on went the husky incantation, rolling forth Marcia's own version of the Twenty-third Psalm.

"Ah will fear no evil—Lawd, no evil will Ah fear—Lawd, Lawd, no evil will"

Marcia halted. Her crooning ceased.

"Bk," she mumbled. "Milk—quick."

The golden head had fallen back over the black arm.

"Milk?" The doctor's impatience was evident. "What for? Milk is only used as

an antidote for certain poisons. This isn't a case of—"

"Milk!" cried Marcia.

Before she spoke, Elaine was stumbling down the stairs.

We forced the milk down Nancy's almost closed throat. We used all there was in the house. I got into my car and went tearing off to the nearest farm for more.

When I got back, Nancy was still in Marcia's arms but her faint breath was less spasmodic, the contorted mouth had relaxed. Doctor Norris informed me the immediate danger was past.

"That's all I can promise for the present." He motioned me to follow him to the hall as Elaine put the child in bed and sat stroking her hand. "Are you Mrs. Farnham's sister?"

"Only a close friend."

"Well, I ought to tell you there's just a chance—acute cases of ptomaine like this are so debilitating, we can't be sure. You'd better send for the child's father."

"No!" I said sharply. "No."

"I'm simply giving you my advice." "No, no," I repeated. "You don't understand."

"I understand that a lot of young people today don't get along. But we must overlook these things when a child's life hangs in the balance."

"Nancy can't die," I choked. "You can't let her. You must save her. If she dies, Mrs. Farnham will. I tell you, that baby is her life. You can't let them both—"

He stopped me with a warning glance at the closed door. "Come, come, I'm not saying there's no hope. There's every hope, of course. I simply can't accept the responsibility."

"All right. I'll take it. The responsibility of not notifying Mr. Farnham is mine."

For a week we could not tell about

## OVER HER FRESH UNDIES—A 5-DAY DRESS!



**Foolish Joan! But when cousin Judy came to visit she learned—**

WELL, JUDY, YOUR DRESS LOOKS CLEAN! WHY SHOULD YOU LUX IT?

I'D HATE TO RISK EVEN A HINT OF PERSPIRATION ODOR, JOAN. I ALWAYS LUX MY DRESSES AFTER A COUPLE OF WEARINGS

BUT YOU'VE NEVER NOTICED THAT IN ME, HAVE YOU?

WELL, I DID, JOAN—TODAY, LUX TAKES IT ALL AWAY, YOU KNOW—AND HONESTLY IT KEEPS A DRESS LIKE NEW

LATER

GEE, JOAN, YOU'RE THE SWEETEST THING! JUST LIKE A FLOWER

JERRY'S RUSHING ME AT LAST—MAYBE JUDY'S LUX TIP DID IT

**Dresses absorb perspiration odor... Avoid Offending**

Dainty women shrink from offending others. They Lux their dresses often. Any dress safe in water is safe in Lux. Lux removes perspiration odor completely—prevents offending. Lux has no harmful alkali and with Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing.

**LUX FOR DRESSES**

Nancy. We managed to conceal the truth from Elaine, or thought we did. If she suspected, she said nothing. Day and night she kept her vigil. She never left Nancy's bedside.

One afternoon Nellie brought over from my cottage a letter from Phil that had arrived in the noon mail.

I don't know why, but something prompted me to read it outside the sickroom. I went down to a summerhouse built over a brook. There I tore open the envelope, in my impatience, ripping it wide so that both letter and a newspaper clipping fell to the floor.

I stopped and saw Cliff Farnham's face. He looked out of the yellow newspaper cut with his familiar heavy-eyed smile. Except for the fact that the picture showed no mustache, he was exactly as he appeared in the bridal photograph.

**I**N bold black type under the likeness, I read, "Gilbert Crane." And above it, "No Indictment." The newspaper was a Manila daily of twelve years back. The clipping is before me now:

In a decision handed down today by the special grand jury appointed to investigate the death of Mrs. Gilbert Crane, her relatives, Thomas Pendergast and Miss Caroline Pendergast, were unsuccessful in securing a murder indictment against the dead woman's husband. This was the most sensational cases the Islands have ever witnessed.

Thomas and Caroline Pendergast first sued to set aside the will by which Mrs. Gilbert Crane left her entire estate to her young husband, Mr. Pendergast and Miss Pendergast claimed that this will had been executed under duress. They lost the suit. They then demanded a complete investigation of circumstances surrounding the woman's death.

According to a statement, Crane, who is a chemist, persuaded their sister Martha to leave Manila where the family had resided for years and go to Tahiti to live. From that time, they alleged, their sister who had always enjoyed perfect health began to show signs of decreasing vitality. They affirmed that there could be no possibility that tropical heat had affected her, as she had spent considerable time in the South Seas and thrived in that climate.

In June of last year, Mrs. Crane died of a kidney disease. Her body was brought to Manila for burial in the family plot.

Following their unsuccessful suit to break Mrs. Crane's will, Thomas and Caroline Pendergast charged that Martha Crane died not from natural causes but from poison administered in small doses. They asked a court order to have the body exhumed for examination.

Crane declared the accusation an outrage, characterized it as fantastic, inspired by jealousy, disappointment and vengeance. He sought to have his wife's relatives every inch of the way. He procured an affidavit from the Tahitian physician who attended Mrs. Crane. To the effect that the woman died a natural death resulting from inflammation of the kidneys.

In spite of this, the Pendergasts obtained an order to exhumate the body. An analysis of the vital organs was made by Autopsy Surgeon Leo Witholm.

Doctor Witholm's official report stated that the condition of the body rendered thorough examination extremely difficult. Mrs. Crane evidently had suffered from a complication of diseases and had taken

numerous drugs. He found traces of arsenic, but in view of the fact that the body had been embalmed, the amount of poison discovered might conceivably have been contained in the embalming fluid. Since arsenic was also compounded with certain medicines in harmless proportions, it was possible that it had been administered in such proportions for curative purposes. Doctor Witholm therefore did not consider the results of his analysis sufficiently affirmative to warrant the conclusion of arsenic poisoning.

On the strength of his report, the grand jury decided that Mrs. Crane did not meet with foul play and refused to indict Gilbert Crane for murder.

I could not pick up Phil's letter or even attempt to read again the clipping in my hand.

The sinister implication of the account which cleared Gilbert Crane, alias Clifford Farnham . . . Elaine and this man . . . Elaine following in marriage another wealthy woman who had died mysteriously in the tropics . . . Events of the past few months . . . Elaine's threat to leave him . . . The fact that she might come across some evidence sufficient to divorce him. (It all catapulted over me.)

The prescription for Elaine's powders taken by Farnham to the druggist . . . How could one be sure they were not doctored by him, mixed with . . . God, that baby upstairs! Nancy lying sick until death!

I stooped for Phil's letter. Plain to see that it had been written under terrific emotion. Panic was in every line.

Coming home with all data. Be in San Francisco shortly. Flying back, but it was for me, not telling what he may do. Take Elaine away now. Get her out of his reach! Wire me your address to St. Francisco, Hotel, Frisco. Will wire data of her arrival but will not tell him of his way the minute this reaches you.

I stuffed the letter and clipping in the pocket of my linen dress. Before taking a step toward the house, I must see what could be done. First and foremost was Clifford Farnham's imminent return from Montreal. Unless something stopped him, he would be in town within a few days and out here for the week end.

What then?

Could I get Elaine away? Impossible! She could never be persuaded to leave Nancy, and the child was too ill to be moved. Besides, Elaine must be given no inkling of the contents of Phil's letter. The shock might prove too much for her. I must keep the whole thing secret until Phil arrived.

But should I? Those powders! Could I get hold of them without rousing Elaine's suspicion? And if so, what to do? Hand them over to the police or hold them for Phil?

If Nancy should die . . . No, I dare not let myself think of such a possibility. I hurried indoors to Elaine.

Seated beside Nancy's bed, she was softly murmuring a fairy tale. As I entered, she pressed a finger against her lips and crossed the room.

"Sleeping! Sleeping peacefully. And a while ago she asked me to tell her a story. That's a good sign, isn't it, Linda?"

A good sign! I assured her it was, while prayer was on my lips that some way be shown me to save her and her child from the menace that hung over them.

Later, on my way out, I stopped in the kitchen for a word with Marcia.

She was bending over the stove stirring gruel for Nancy's supper. I said I had a favor to ask of her.

"Yes'm," she answered, without turning from her task.

"I want you to go upstairs now and look for the headache powders Mrs. Farnham uses. Take the number from the box and telephone the druggist to renew the prescription."

"Yes'm."

"Then lock the old box of powders safely away until I ask you for it. Don't let Mrs. Farnham know anything about what you're doing—understand?"

"Yes'm."

"Put the new box exactly where you find the old one."

"Yes'm." Marcia's face was blank of expression.

To make certain she had it straight, I repeated the details.

She swept the back of her big hand across her forehead. She mopped face and neck with her apron.

"You'll attend to it when you take Nancy's supper up?" I asked.

"Yes'm. Mah lady keep dat box handy in de table beside her bed."

That night I didn't try to sleep. Through the long hours I attempted to contrive some plan by which Elaine could be spirited out of Clifford Farnham's reach until my brother arrived. I could think of none. Over and over I told myself Elaine had been with Farnham—or Crane—all these years and continued to live, but it meant nothing in the face of the immediate evidence against him.

At seven I rang for Nellie. I was up and dressed by the time she brought my breakfast. She remarked that I looked terrible.

"I'll be glad when Mr. Phil gets here," she said. "Is he coming soon, ma'am?"

I thought of Phil's letter and the clipping, still in the dress I had worn yesterday. They must be locked in my desk at once, I felt. The pocket of Phil's letter was there. The folded strip of newspaper was gone.

Where it had been lost—how I couldn't imagine. Perhaps it had fallen out of my pocket as I drove home. I searched the car but found nothing. I walked to Elaine's place, studying every foot of the dirt road on a chance that it had blown out of the car. Not a scrap of paper was in the moist brown earth.

**Q**UETLY I retraced my steps to the summerhouse. Not a sign of anything. On the way back I passed the garage. The doors were open, Clifford Farnham's roadster stood inside.

I heard my name called huskily and saw Marcia coming from the house.

"Mr. Farnham is here," I said.

"Yes'm. Late las' night he come after everybody in bed 'cept me. Ah tell him Nancy sick 'an he better sleep in de guest room."

"Marcia," I asked, "is there any possible way we can get him to go back to town? With Nancy so ill—if he should get drunk . . ." A stupid excuse, but all I could think of.

Marcia's jaguar eyes fastened on mine. "He won't get drunk. Ain't you notice, Miss' Chester, he ain't let himself get drunk lately?"

I hadn't noticed, yet it was true. Throughout the summer Clifford Farnham's drinking had been moderate—for him. And it flashed on me—this was a precaution to keep himself from bungling the thing he had undertaken.

I lost all nerve, then, all discretion. I could feel my mouth twitch as I whispered, "We must get him out of here, Marcia. We must keep him away until my brother gets home."

Marcia started to speak, halted, then said, "Yes'm," and went into the house.

A little later she brought me a message that her lady wanted to see me. Elaine was having breakfast in bed. She was smiling. Her voice had the throb of song. "Linda, last night Doctor Norris told me Nancy's out of danger. My baby is going to get well. The horrible nightmare is over."

I said I'd never doubted Nancy would recover. And meanwhile her words pounded, "The horrible nightmare is over." I wondered if Elaine knew that her husband was in the house. Apparently not, because she hurried on, telling me of plans for Nancy's convalescence.

"I asked Doctor Norris about taking her to the mountains. Just a few weeks in a bracing climate will put her on her toes again." She broke off suddenly. "Linda, you look tired to death. This has been as hard on you as on me, and I haven't thanked you." She caught my hand, pressed it against her cheek.

I bent down and kissed her. I didn't trust myself to speak.

"That old bodyguard of mine," she went on after a minute, "that Marcia person insists on keeping me in bed all day. She says I'm used up. Would you say I'm used up, Linda? I slept like a baby, and now I want to get out in the sunshine." Her hands lifted, palms up, as if she would catch the brilliance that flowed through the window across the bed, fairly saturating her.

"Marcia is right," I told her. "You must stay in bed these next few days. Visit with Nancy, of course, but don't go downstairs. When Doctor Norris says the word, we'll whisk you both on a train."

"It's glorious to take an interest in life again—to want to live. For a while everything looked so black, I didn't care. But now, I've so much to live for."

When I left the room she had drifted off to sleep.

In the lower hall I met Clifford Farnham looking very fit in a blue polo shirt and white riding breeches. I tried to act as though I were astonished. I said Elaine hadn't expected him before Saturday.

He had arrived from Canada yesterday, he explained, and found New York so hot he decided on a long week end.

This was Thursday. Friday—Saturday—Sunday!

"Not much of a welcome"—I forced a casual smile—"with Elaine so wretched."

"Elaine? I thought Marcia said Nancy was the sick one."

"She has been but she's on the mend. Elaine is worn out nursing her."

"What seemed to be the trouble with Nancy?"

I searched his heavy-lidded eyes as I answered, "Some sort of poisoning."

Not a sign, not so much as the flicker of an eyelash. "Some insect bite, perhaps?" he suggested.

"No. It was internal."

"You had a doctor, of course. What does he say?"

"Ptiomaine, he called it. Strange thing was, it happened after Elaine gave Nancy part of one of those powders she takes so often."

"Why, that couldn't have hurt her," he replied after a slight pause. "Nothing but a bromide Doctor Glerson prescribed."

I wanted to scream my accusation, yet that insanity that would be, He'd throw me out of the house. Elaine would be completely at his mercy.

"The child almost died," I managed quietly enough. "Doctor Norris says she must go to the mountains as soon as possible."

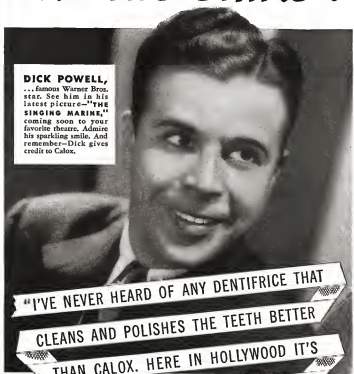
"Not a bad idea." He swished at his riding boot with his crop, and it gave out the curious sound of someone being

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beaten. "Not at all a bad idea. I'll talk it over with Elaine."

"Not now," I caught his arm as he turned toward the stairs.

Impatiently he jerked free of my grasp. "Really, Mrs. Chester!"

"She's had one of her frightful headaches and just dropped off to sleep," I explained hastily.

He gave me a peculiar look of calculation, but instantly covered his annoyance with a shrug. "Quite right. Let her sleep. Plenty of time to settle everything. I'll be back for dinner."

He stroiled out to the garage, crop still teasing his boot. He appeared lost in thought.

Elaine received the news of his arrival without comment. She said only that she had better get up and dress, and she asked me to dine with them. The light of release from worry still shone in the crystal-clear blue of her eyes.

I watched her move about the room, so transparently frail yet infused with new life. I watched while I kept assuring myself, "Cliff Farnham won't dare. Knowing what nearly killed Nancy, he won't dare."

When he came in for dinner, there was an odor of gin on his breath. After his day in the saddle he had evidently taken cocktails at the club. Not drunk by any means, he was fully aware of everything he said and did. He mixed dry Martinis and told Elaine she'd better have a few—they'd buck her up.

"About that trip to the mountains, my dear," he remarked at dinner. "I've a notion to go with you."

Elaine kept her gaze down a bare second. Then lifted her eyes squarely to his. "That won't be necessary, Cliff."

"Necessary? Of course not. But I'm fagged anyway. Set me up for the winter. I'll stay here until we go."

"But we won't be able to leave for some time. Nancy's not strong enough."

"Oh, yes, she is. I stopped in to see this Doctor Norris of yours just now. We had a nice long talk. Pleasant old duffer. He assures me Nancy will be able to travel by Monday. Marcia can go to town and get the flat ready, while we spend a few weeks at a charming spot I know in New Hampshire."

I didn't hear the rest. I know he went on talking, but I didn't listen.

He was going to take Elaine away. He knew why. He was taking her out of reach of those who loved her, taking her among strangers who would give no watchful protection.

We had coffee in a screened corner of the veranda. I remember how moonlight struck the silver urn and the reflection on Elaine's face, giving it an unearthly look of being poised like a luminous mask in the shadows.

In the midst of Cliff's account of the day's polo match, Elaine raised her hand to her head and asked if we'd excuse her. "Tired, that's all. Why not drive over to the club, Cliff? There's a dance on and—"

He was on his feet. He didn't answer. He followed her indoors.

I heard him call to Marcia, "Put a decanter of whisky beside my bed."

I was conscious that I still held my coffee cup. I put it down and went to the screen door. As I pushed it open, Cliff was at the foot of the stairs.

He turned and said with a bland smile, "You'll pardon me."

He took the stairs two at a time. I heard a door bang. And as if he had banged that door in my face, I knew I was being cut off from all help I might give Elaine.

The reverberation through the still house seemed never to stop. Then I saw Marcia stalk across the end of the hall. She was carrying a tray and a decanter. With her padding step, she mounted the rear stairs.

The next morning Clifford Farnham was found dead on the bed in the guest room, sprawled across it as though he had tried to get up and dropped back again. His face was distorted in an agony of pain. Heart disease, Doctor Norris pronounced it, but Doctor Giersen, who dashed out from town when Elaine called him, admitted acute alcoholism. He told us he had warned Cliff innumerable times to lay off liquor or the stuff would do for him.

Marcia was the one who found the body.

I don't know just why, but as I entered the room with Elaine, I sent a swift glance toward the bedside table. The decanter was gone. When I went downstairs, it stood empty and scrubbed to a sparkle on the mahogany sideboard in the dining room.

Elaine never went back to live in the flat next door. "Don't even ask me to go inside, Linda," she said after Cliff's funeral. "Nancy and I will move to some quiet hotel. I want to shut the door on everything that's happened. I want to forget."

Elaine can do that. She can because

she neither knows nor suspects what I both know and suspect.

Elaine did not see Marcia hand me a folded, yellowed newspaper clipping the day we left for the city. In an expressionless drawl she informed me that I had dropped it in her kitchen, but she gave not the slightest hint of whether she had read its contents. Neither was Elaine present when I asked Marcia for the box of powders I had instructed her to lock up in a safe place.

Marcia's eyes were puzzled, and she inquired anxiously, "Didn't you want Ah should from dem powders away an' get a fresh box? Dat's what Ah done, M's' Chester. Ah frowed 'em away an' got new ones for mah lady."

Marcia said with Jaguar eyes gazing steadily into mine. She seemed concerned chiefly with regret for having made a mistake in carrying out my orders. Yet I knew better.

And after my return home, as I watched her for several days dismantling the flat next door, padding about the place more than ever like a black fateful beast of the jungle, I kept seeing Clifford Farnham as I last saw him alive, so fit and well, and then sprawled dead with a horrible expression of suffering. And I thought of the whisky decanter that had disappeared from his bedroom.

Even now, with the flat empty and the last traces of Clifford Farnham erased, I keep asking myself, "Was his death due to heart disease or alcoholism, or was it meted out in strange retribution in the manner he had prepared for another?"

Is it my civic duty to put these questions up to the police? Shall I invite investigation? If so, what will be the result? How many lives will be affected? And what ultimate good will such an investigation bring about? If I fail to do so, will I become an accessory after the fact of a crime, as the law states it? I do not know. All I do know is that, having written down a clear account, I see my way clearly.

The manner of Clifford Farnham's death will remain as reported by the doctors. The questions I have put to myself will never be answered. I don't want them answered. They will go into the flames with all documents that have anything to do with the case.

Elaine must never know the truth. I want only her happiness and Phil's. So does Marcia.

And Phil arrives tomorrow.

THE END

## The South Pole by Lincoln Ellsworth

(Continued from page 25)

Death Valley and the intense winter cold of the Cascades in British Columbia. The Antarctic wind is an absolute—the mightiest wind on earth, its force twice that of a West Indian hurricane. The desolation and silence of the Antarctic continent are absolute. Though it is as large as North America, no human being lives on it, no furred animal inhabits it. Along the edges exist a few birds, but they are all.

At few places on earth does a man confront eternity so starkly as at the South Pole. When I flew over Antarctica in 1935, I crossed an immense range of mountains thrusting black, snow-powdered crags up a mile above the mile-thick ice cap. Those mountains have perhaps stood there for a billion years, forever unseen until my eyes beheld them. The name for them came to me instantly—the Eternity Mountains.

But it is not only my dislike of normal, average existence that accounts for my

interest in the South Pole. Hundreds of thousands of square miles of Antarctica have never been visited. An expedition into that unknown waste, whatever it costs in money, hardship and even life, is worth while if its only result is to help geographers complete the map of the world.

Some natures happen to respond to this human need to know the unknown. Somebody has to go and find out, and I happen to be one who wants to.

Another attraction of the South Pole for me is a personal one. I was born a physical weakling, and I was a nervous,emic boy until I was fifteen years old. By courting hardship, I remade my body. So I rejoice to pit my physical powers against the hostile forces of nature where their violence is most absolute.

Still another consideration is the publicity an explorer receives. When I was young at the game, I thought I wanted

no publicity at all; but I was to learn my mistake.

In the Antarctic you have to feel yourself the principal in a drama the world is watching. You are humanity's champion, civilization's advance spy. On you battle, alone in a vast continent, the only speck of life moving on its surface. There is spiritual exaltation enough in that thing, but when you add some discovery of importance, then your soul expands with ecstasy.

And the acclaim you receive when you come out—cheering multitudes, committees of welcome, medals and honors. It enters into one's chemistry like a drug. It explains why I am always restless and unhappy between polar adventures. I sometimes think I long for the South Pole just for the sake of coming out.

Perhaps the simplest explanation is that, for me, polar exploration is sport—the most dangerous of all sports, and the most worth while.

## The Menace in Parole (Continued from page 33)

remote, if that is any comfort to the families he has victimized with gun and bludgeon since his boyhood.

Alabama is the first state on the roll call at national political conventions, and if I were to call the roll on political abuses I would have to bear in mind what the chief of police in one of Alabama's largest cities says. He estimates that sixty percent of his men's time is consumed in running down parole violators, and that eighty-five percent of the crime in the city is committed by parolees.

A few men have engaged in a type of law practice in Alabama known as "parole pleading," and the press there reports one attorney as having secured forty-three paroles thereby in one week. And so it goes.

Last year there was an uproar in a large eastern state which in the past has prided itself on having an efficient system of supervising ex-convicts and recipients of clemency. Newspaper clippings recount the indignation of citizens upon being informed that an ex-bouncer for a dance hall, a former fruit vender and a sleepy tailor were joining the parole force.

But let's resume the roll call of the states. In California, which has a full-time parole organization, I find many authorities whom I could quote, but the most concise expression of all their views is summarized in the San Francisco Examiner's editorial of July 11, 1935, which concludes: "The weakness of the parole system is that the procedure too often is just an *ex-parte* movement in favor of the convict."

For instance, Clyde Stevens, was sentenced in 1931 to serve from five years to life imprisonment for armed robbery. Within three years he was paroled, and

all the West recalls how he used his knowledge of the prison to lead the sensational San Quentin jail delivery of January 16, 1935. The whole California parole board was kidnapped; the warden was beaten severely and two members of the parole board were wounded.

Then there is the case of Elton Stone of Los Angeles. On November 24, 1935, a fourteen-year-old girl was shot through the head by a Peeping Tom outside her window who then entered the house and attempted criminal assault upon her corpse. He was later caught and identified as twice-paroled Elton Stone, a burglar.

"But," say the unreserved champions of parole, "you always bring in these nationally notorious cases and cite them as if they indicate a general rather than an exceptional condition, beyond normal expectancy."

I draw my conclusions from the evidence that mounts before me. However, as a test for the accuracy of that view, let us examine the parole record of Idaho, a state with no great cities like New York or San Francisco in which sensationalism can flare.

We find first the name of William Dainard, alias Mahan, alias half a dozen other names, and we pass right over it because all the world knows that Dainard, twice pardoned, led another criminal and the latter's wife to kidnap little George Weyerhaeuser of Tacoma, Washington, for \$200,000 ransom in 1935. Harmon Waley, Dainard's associate in that case, boasts three paroles and a suspended sentence from the state of Washington, a suspended sentence in Utah on condition he leave the state, and a pardon from Idaho.

Dainard was bad, but would you say he was worse than William Henry Knight, of whom you probably have never heard? The Federal Bureau of Investigation never had any trouble with him, but—

On Christmas night, 1935, police officers Tom O'Neill and J. E. Mooney, of Butte, Montana, were hurrying up a side street to investigate reports of a disturbance, when a man to whom they were paying no attention at all stepped out of the shadows and blazed away at them. Both officers fell, wounded, and O'Neill died.

Next morning all Butte was in a furor, and in the afternoon James T. Gilligan, an ordinary citizen, came home to find a very unwelcome guest, pistol in hand, holding Mrs. Gilligan and the children prisoners. Somehow Gilligan got word to the police, who laid a terrific siege. Choked by tear gas and cornered, the desperado killed himself.

Then the checkup began. A few days before, it was disclosed, the man had shot a woman through the neck. Then he had shot and killed a man whom he accused of "snitching" on him. Then, in a stolen car, he had fled to a ranch, and there had killed the owner of the ranch for reasons unrecorded. Then he had crept back to Butte, and on Christmas night, when the policemen ran into his path unexpectedly, fired the shots that brought his career to its climax.

What did his fingerprints disclose? That he was William Henry Knight, several times arrested, who was paroled from the Washington state penitentiary in 1932, after serving six months of a burglary sentence. In Idaho in April, 1934, he was given one to fifteen years for burglary, only to be paroled in time

We don't  
smell it...

We don't  
taste it...

But we know  
it's there!

# When gin really mixes...

you neither taste  
nor smell it  
in a Tom Collins

AMERICANS, we believe, want a gin that enriches other flavors, never overpowers them. Fleischmann's, the original American gin, is made especially for the American taste

—especially made to mix. Its "mixing" secret is a formula known only to our "inner circle" and a safe. When you order a Tom Collins, say: "Make it with Fleischmann's."

## Fleischmann's Distilled Dry Gin

Distilled from American grain. 90 Proof. The Fleischmann Distilling Corp., Peekskill, N. Y.  
This advertisement does not offer this product for sale in dry states; it is offered for sale only in compliance with all State and Federal Statutes.

The real  
American Mixer





for his bloody behavior of the following Christmas season.

Had this obscure criminal served out his term in the Idaho penitentiary he could not have killed three persons and wounded two others in a senseless mad-dog spell. Incidentally, William Dainard was described as a "model prisoner" when the governor of Montana pardoned him in 1924 after his service of one year on a two-to-four-year first-conviction sentence.

Illinois has a full-time, well-paid parole organization. I quote a former officer of the Illinois Board of Pardons and Paroles: "It appears that the pendulum of justice and mercy has swung to the extreme in favor of criminals. . . . Theoretically, parole is a beautiful thing but in practical operation it has failed."

**Y**OU MUST have heard of one John Dillinger, of Crown Point, Indiana, but have you ever studied the box score of damage done by that paroled rat and his mob, many of whom were also paroled?

Here is what they accomplished in fifteen months of terror:

Law-enforcement officers killed.....	8
Law-enforcement officers wounded.....	2
Private citizens killed.....	2
Private citizens wounded.....	1
Banks robbed.....	4
Armies and police headquarters raided.....	3
Jail deliveries.....	3
Suicides by gangsters.....	1
Gangsters killed by officers.....	8

You can put your finger blindly upon the map of the United States and be almost certain to touch a section in which defiant criminals, encouraged by lax prison discipline and corrupt or inept parole or pardon officers, have made society pay in blood and death for releasing them.

The press continually reports clashes between police and penal authorities on matters of prison and parole administration. My sympathies are frankly with the police because I know what they contend with on the firing line.

Do you consider how parolees live up to their trust? Few figures have been offered to show that an adequate watch is kept on their conduct after release. All we can judge by is the familiarity of the phrase, "and the officer was shot by Jones, a paroled convict," or, "This is the third trip up the river for Jones. He has been pardoned once and paroled once."

But do only gunmen betray the parole boards? Robert C. Nelson, who loves other people's jewelry, is a sample of the less violent but no less vicious kind. Our files show that for many years he was a "fence" for the underworld in the handling of stolen goods. A year or so ago, \$188,000 worth of gems were stolen from the socially prominent Mrs. Margaret Hawkesworth Bell at Coral Gables, Florida. Since the evidence indicated an interstate movement of stolen goods, the FBI went into the case.

In the roundup was Robert C. Nelson, who was ultimately convicted of receiving and possessing stolen property. Among other interesting items of his career in New York we found a parole from Sing Sing prison, eight months after he had been received there on a four-to-eight-year sentence for jewel theft.

It takes but a flip of the index cards to spot the little-known name of Sam Coker, but Sam was a desperate character when the FBI laid hold of him. He was sent to the Oklahoma state prison in 1924, supposedly to serve thirty years

for bank robbery. In January, 1931, he was paroled but in a few days was back for parole violation. In less than a month he escaped. Some time afterward he was again sent to prison. In 1935, he was paroled for a second time.

Did Sam go straight? When agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation captured Harry Campbell, wanted in the Bremer kidnaping as one of the Karpis-Barker gang, Sam Coker was found doing Campbell's gangster errands.

Call the roll of agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation who went out to break up kidnaping and extortion and made the supreme sacrifice. Every one of these died at the hands of a convict who had been paroled or otherwise had received ill-advised clemency.

My prize example of the faker who hoodwinks sympathetic citizens is Joseph "Specs" Russell, whose record in Ohio includes a juvenile-court bench parole, one from a boys' farm, three from the boys' industrial school and two from the state reformatory.

The last of these paroles was granted on July 15, 1927. Between that date and July 6, 1927, Russell stole six automobiles and committed nineteen robberies in Cleveland. Then, from July twentieth to August second, he committed twenty burglaries and six robberies, and stole an automobile. He was apprehended August 4, 1927, and pleaded guilty. He received a sentence of fifty-five years in prison.

Did that discourage Mr. Russell? Here is what he wrote to a feminine friend shortly after arriving in his cell:

"I am sure you read what the high and mighty judge gave me, fifty-five years. But that is all the bunk. If I go down and behave I will be out in no time."

And did he have cause to feel that way about the processes of criminal justice?

Well, in 1931, the Ackerman indeterminate-sentence law was passed with retroactive effect, and that lopped thirty-four years off "Specs" time. In the same year the Gillen good-conduct law was passed, and that provided a reduction of seven and a half years. "Specs" then moved up his heavy artillery and submitted to Governor Martin L. Davey a petition for his release bearing the names of four thousand persons and organizations.

While the governor pondered, the Cleveland Association for Criminal Justice investigated and found that those who had signed the petition without knowing a thing of Russell or his record not only were legion but were also distinguished and supposedly shrewd citizens. After some thought on the matter I have decided not to publish their names, but the list would make interesting reading.

Such is parole as it is administered. Clemency for the convict, but not for the law-enforcement officer who loses his life.

No clemency for the agents of the FBI who go forth to war on crime, or for the families they leave behind them unprotected by pension if the honest man dies at the hands of the crook.

I could be cynical, if I chose, after going over such a set of examples as the foregoing, but I remain an advocate of parole for worthy and reformed prisoners. And I hope to give a fair answer to those who will naturally ask: "What can I, an ordinary citizen, do to protect my home and to help my community in this matter?"

For more than a year past the Attorney General of the United States has been studying conditions in every state

in the Union, and he has stated there is no "parole system." There are forty-eight state methods of handling prisoners, besides one Federal method and one District of Columbia.

As for myself, I must point out that my views are my own and not to be considered the official position of the Department of Justice.

The most important of all steps toward curing the parole evil, whatever it will make the average American realize that crime affects him, directly or indirectly, every day. The annual cost of crime is \$15,000,000,000, or a tax of ten dollars a month per man, woman and child for everybody in the country.

Abuse of the parole principle contributes heavily toward that total because it allows the worst criminals to run loose in contempt of the law they have outwitted. One out of six in the standing army of crime—4,300,000 murderers, rapists, arsonists, thieves and the like—is of less than voting age. These figures do not include petty criminals.

Specific action will follow when the average citizen considers the foregoing, considers the disgraceful influence of crooked politics in law enforcement, the distortions in life that follow upon a single criminal event in the family of the criminal and the family of his victim, the repercussions and repercussions that go on for years.

A criminal obeys the law only because he is forced to. He can understand the certainty of going to prison and staying there if he does wrong.

All too often easy paroles, especially for hardened offenders, form a deterrent not to crime but to those who give their lives in an effort to prevent crime.

Parole should never be granted solely because of a criminal's good conduct in prison, but as a very slight indication of reform, because the shrewd crooks behave in model fashion as an inducement to clemency.

Parole must be administered free of political influence of any sort by competent, trustworthy authorities in criminal problems who engage in law enforcement as a life career. Of course, paroles would have to be gained lawfully employed, and violation of the terms of their paroles should be made a felony with heavy penalty, bringing with it renewal of the original sentence and separate punishment in its own category.

**E**VERY STATE should gear its system to a national standard which is perhaps best set today by the Federal parole board, with its highly trained staff and close supervision of parolees after their selection by careful process.

Remember, the criminal has forfeited his right to be considered until after the welfare of the good citizen is protected. Against the condition of parole mismanagement brought on us by medical quacks, sob sisters and political panders, I protest with all the strength of my being.

I submit that the emphasis today is on more paroles, when it ought to be on fewer paroles. Every citizen should work in his own community through press and pulpit for reform in law enforcement in all its branches.

We can never have honest, thorough and impartial justice or law enforcement in America so long as we have unfairness such as there is today in parole, and until our penal system comes from behind its cloud of disgrace, which will not be until the sentimentalists and convict-industry theorists recognize the fact that there is no royal road to law and order.

## Hollywood Wife

(Continued from page 61)

was flickering in them. Grant had a moment of panic as he wondered if she had played with fire once too often and had at last been caught by the blaze.

"My pet," she said, "you're presumptuous and melodramatic. My life is my own, and I know how to handle my affairs. I know my public as well as you do. Run along, now. I've got to get on the set."

Outside the door Volney Grant stood still, thinking. April Miller had never been in love. Jeff Charane, idol of many women, had been married for eight years to a fine woman. He had yet to know the madness of love as it can be forced to grow in the greenhouse of Hollywood. April thought she could get away with anything because she always had. And she was clever; reckless with egotism. This might mean trouble—big trouble.

Volney Grant went down the stairs slowly. He didn't like to trouble the Old Man. But for all his simplicity, Sol Seibert was very wise. He knew people. For twenty years he had kept control of one of the biggest studios in the world, one of the greatest theater chains on earth, because he knew people.

But things had been breaking tough lately. They simply couldn't afford a scandal with Miller and Charane, and Abe Schenley had hinted pretty strongly. He'd better talk it over with the Old Man. And it might be a good idea to find out whether April really had her hooks into Jeff.

She might be kidding herself. On the other hand, Jeff, like a lot of actors, was a naive soul. Actually, he didn't always know when he was acting and when he wasn't, so how could he be expected to know about April Miller?

When Jill Charane came through the gates of the studio that afternoon she was tired and annoyed. All Hollywood luncheons were awful, but this had been worse because there were a lot of society women there—rich women who'd come for the racing season at Santa Anita. When they were introduced to Jill, she saw herself in their eyes, read their thoughts. They saw a small, rather plain woman past thirty, with silver dust in her hair and frank lines about her eyes and mouth. Jeffrey Charane's wife? How amusing!

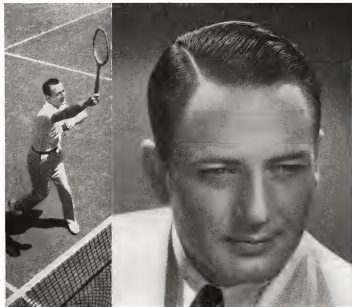
Used to seeing Jeffrey Charane on the screen with Spain Lazo, with Marguerite Evans, with April Miller, they were amazed to find his wife so much less glamorous. Jill herself had that feeling sometimes when she saw snapshots of Jeffrey Charane and his wife. I look, she thought, like a surprised owl. Her smile was rueful then, because it did matter—it would matter to any woman.

They asked her questions about Jeff. Wasn't she very proud of him? Jill had a stock answer for that one. She said, smiling, "You see, I was the first Jeffrey Charane fan." But later, to Doty Lattimer, another Hollywood wife, she said, "It's a bit thick sometimes to have them practically fall over with amazement because Jeff's married to me." And Doty shrugged and said, "You get used to it." But Jill knew that she had so little to show in the spectacular panorama of Hollywood. And in Hollywood you had to put things in the show window.

That was why she understood so well what Jeff called the Wives' Union. Their solidarity was a defense. It was a difficult thing to be an ordinary woman in the twenty-four-sheet parade of Hollywood;

*Broiling Sun  
and a soaking shower  
leave your hair lifeless*

Protect yours with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"



**H**OWEVER good for your muscles and morale, five sets of tennis, hard-fought in the summer sun, give your hair a tough mauling, robbing it of oil.

And then, drenching it in the shower or the pool, you complete the process yourself—and your hair at the end of tennis and a shower is limp and lifeless.

But that's where Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" step in to aid and help you. Apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk massage. Feel the fine tingle as

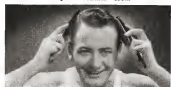
circulation increases. Your sun-parched scalp "comes to life"—your hair takes on a rich, lustrous appearance without a trace of that very objectionable "patent-leather" look. 50 seconds to rub—10 seconds to comb and brush—that's the "60-Second Workout."

So, go out and play your tennis in the broiling sun, get in your 36 holes of golf. Cool off with a swim, but protect and enhance the good looks of your hair with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

**1. 50 SECONDS TO RUB**—Circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



**2. 10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH**—Your hair has a lustrous—but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.



**Use VITALIS**  
AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

it made the wives afraid. To be thrown right after night into pitiless competition with the most beautiful women in the world; to stand aside by side with women whose names spelled millions at the box office. They were good wives, sweet and fine, but Hollywood had twisted them out of proportion so that they wore an armor against the world.

Yet in unity they were a power. They held toward one another a protective loyalty. The older women whose husbands held in their hands the motion-picture industry, ruled their husbands. They were to be reckoned with by any scabs, any pirates outside the union.

And that day they had stopped talking when she came near, and once Doty Lastimer had said something Jill didn't understand about a "baptism of fire." She had started to add something more when Marguerite Evans said, "Come on, Jill, I've got to get back to the studio. Your car can follow us." In the car Marguerite said, "Everybody in Hollywood talks too much. What was old lady Seibert saying at lunch that turned you green?"

Jill shrugged. "Some nonsense about not trusting April."

Marguerite said, "Not a bad idea." "Let's be catty," said Jill, with a laugh. "Don't you trust angel-face?"

"And a cobra," said Marguerite Evans. "Look, Tots. Never listen to anybody, including me. Everybody in this place wants to run your life and know everything you do, think, feel or imagine. You can't cope with it unless you keep your sense of humor. Nothing else will save you. They're all eaten to the bone by a disease called curiosity. You've got yourself and Jeff to think about. Keep your mouth shut—and remember that nothing lasts here except celluloid, and that doesn't last long."

The doorman on Stage 5 didn't recognize Mrs. Charane. She was taken to the studio. She said, "I'm Mrs. Charane," and he let her in. She walked quietly toward the glow of the lights which told her where they were shooting; stood in the shadows outside.

Jill's breath caught at the beauty of the set; her heart cried out at the beauty of the girl who sat there waiting. Her golden loveliness was something that she couldn't think of as belonging to any real woman; it was something to be imprisoned in celluloid. The guardian of such beauty should use it worthily, Jill thought. It was hard to think evil of anyone who wore so fair a robe of flesh.

Jeff Charane came in and stood before the girl. I know what they love him, the wife in the shadows thought. He believes it. He isn't a good actor; but he's having a gorgeous time, and watching him, I can feel it. He's never grown up. He wasn't strong enough to take all he wanted from life, so his thirst for adventure is slaked by play-acting. He believes it, and that's why they love him. He has forgotten that he lives in a brick house; that he hates to get up in the morning—he has forgotten me.

The lights went on full. The cameras began to grind. The noble words of self-sacrifice, as the swaggering adventurer said his gallant good-bye to his love, rolled out in an impassioned tide. It was difficult for Jill to believe the she had spent hours and hours helping him to learn them. Jeff was a bad study.

He took the girl in his arms and kissed her, and since it was the last time, he tried to take enough from that kiss to last him through lonely years to come.

Jill Charane saw her husband's face after that kiss. It had been a long time since she had seen that look on Jeff's face—that dazed, lost, throbbing look of anguish and delight.

After eight years, she said, laughing at herself, to fall into the old trap of believing that her husband was in love with an actress just because they played love scenes together. Why, it was laughable! Then she felt a terrible throbbing in her breast and knew that it was her heart beating.

Quietly she went across the dark stage and out into the sunshine. At the door of Marguerite Evans' bungalow she stopped and steeled herself.

She said, "My dear—Maggie, it's an odd thing to see your husband making love to another woman."

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"I mean," Jill explained, laughing, her chin up, "even in fun. Do you think people who play love scenes—this is too silly—but I just wondered—"

MARGUERITE SAID slowly, "Jill, listen. People who play great love scenes together almost always feel them. We deny it. We laugh about it. But we lie. No two emotional people can play those scenes; their imaginations are on fire, and not for something. Often they hate each other; they fight and quarrel. That's one way. Sometimes . . . But Jill, it doesn't mean anything. It's not real. It happens, and usually it's over—"

"Oh, of course," said Jill Charane. "Of course, Darling. I must run. I always like to be home before Jeff gets there."

But it was very late before Jeff got there. He was in April Miller's bungalow. It was a place not unknown to him. But that evening there was something different in the air. They did not talk much, for it seemed there were only certain words they could say, and Jeff felt that if he spoke those words he would be lost.

April's head was bent. He could see only the bright hair and the slim white neck. And then he realized that she was crying.

He said, "April, my dear, my love—don't! What is it?"

Very low, she said, "You mustn't come here any more, Jeff. We mustn't see each other any more. I can't bear it."

Jeff stood up. His sandy head was flung back against the current, for one moment he flung himself back against it, and in that moment he heard her sob.

"I didn't mean—" she began, and when he knelt down beside her, she took his face in her small, soft hands. "You see, I didn't mean it to be like this. I've been very bad. I only wanted—a little of you. Just a little. I've always been so alone, Jeff. I thought—but you see, it can't be like that. I'm bad and greedy, and—I want all of you."

The kisses and the murmured words—the words that would be said—and the ecstasy of surrender filled them.

He said, "If only—" and broke off. If only—if only . . . It lay between them, a real and living thing.

"No one could love you as I do," she said. "No one. And oh, Jeff, you need me so. Don't you see? You're starved for beauty and passion, and the things that would make you great. Together . . ."

It was not that night or the next, but in time the inevitable words were spoken.

"Jill will understand," Jeff said. "She's—pretty swell."

The blond girl said slowly, "I wouldn't take you away from her—if she cared. I know she loves you, Jeff. But—she's different. Love with her isn't as it is with us—a thing we can't live without. She'd be happy with her own life. She's more—more like a mother, isn't she?"

And oddly enough, in that moment Jeff remembered only that part of Jill's love that was maternal, that had

mothered and protected him for eight years. And that told against her. "She'll understand," he said. "She's a grand sport."

"But we must be very careful," April said. "Don't tell anyone until you've talked to her. It can all be done quietly. She can go to Europe—she told me she'd always wanted to go. She'll love that. And when she comes back, there needn't be any gossip or scandal. Jeff, it's really going to come true? Have I really found love and happiness? I don't think I could live now if it didn't come true."

When Jeffrey Charane kissed her, he thought that at last he knew what it meant to be a great lover.

Those days had been full, too, for Jill Charane. The grapevine was busy. The air waves of Hollywood carried rumors: Jeff Charane—April Miller. That curiosity with which Hollywood is impregnated was busy tearing away the veils from this new drama.

And when Jeff walked into the library that night, Jill, sitting before the fire, knew it was upon her. She had never seen Jeff look like that before, so torn.

"I'm glad I've had some warning, she thought. I won't make a fool of myself."

He said, "Jill—!" and couldn't go on.

She was the same Jill he had known and loved. The square hands, the humorous mouth, the familiar brown eyes. He had never thought of her as proud, but he saw now that he had to deal with a proud woman. In spite of all the Old Man had said that day, if she stood by him they couldn't stop him.

"I will not haf it," the Old Man had said. "You are crazy. Your wife is a fine woman. I will not haf such a scandal in my studies."

But if Jill stood by him . . . It did not occur to her what a strange partnership it was that he asked of her.

Because he was beyond anything but a direct brutal statement, he said, "Jill, I've fallen in love. I want a divorce."

"Are you quite sure?" Jill said. "Is it to marry April?"

The flood of his words, at that, stunned her. She stopped them with lifted hand, with blazing eyes. "Stop it! I don't have to listen to the details. Have men no decency?"

Then pity got her. He had always had her to turn to—for comfort, for guidance. It wasn't fair to ask him to change now, in a moment.

THEY TALKED for long about the studio; the Old Man; about April and their contracts. And all the time it seemed to Jill impossible that Jeff never once thought of her. It didn't seem possible that only a few days before everything had been as usual; he had awakened in her arms and said, "Aw, Butch!" just as usual. That now he did not know he was destroying her life.

Unexpectedly, Jill began to laugh. It wasn't real; it was too fantastic. "Just what is it you want me to do?"

"If you won't make any scandal; if you'll give me a divorce, quietly, so that no one will suspect. That's all. It's only the scandal the studio is afraid of. The parts April plays—"

"I know," said Jill, and thought, As long as I live, I shall never get over this. "I have to think it over, Jeff." And at his look: "Don't behave like an idiot. The world isn't going to end tonight."

But my world has ended tonight, she thought. The most awful part is that I want to cry in Jeff's arms; to find comfort where I have always found it. They have each other, but I have no one.

It was the first time in eight years

that Jill and Jeffrey Charane had slept apart. In the lonely night she took her resolution. He was her husband, and he was the child she had never had. This thing was evil; she knew that it was evil. No one knew Jeff as she knew him. He needed her. At dawn, confused and bewildered by pain, Jill went to the telephone and called Marguerite Evans.

She said, "I—I don't want to stand in the way, Maggie. It's for him, isn't it? Am I right?"

And the magical voice said, "Darling, of course. He's not worth it but you love him. Stick it out. Only, heaven help you, you don't know what you're in for."

And in that Marguerite was right, Jill had no idea what she was in for, but she found out soon enough.

There is no exact explanation of a Hollywood scandal, but they all begin in Hollywood. Sometimes they end there. Sometimes they sweep on and on, leaving devastation in their paths.

The very next day Jill Charane knew that she held the balance of power, for a scandal would destroy those things which meant all of life to April Miller and Jeffrey Charane. If Jill lifted her finger, those things would vanish. So they waited on her.

At the hairdresser's Jill heard it, whispered in an adjoining booth. Her friends came to her, and they had the fury of the Wives' Union against the pirates. They wanted punishment, destruction. Jill Charane laughed at them.

But she lived in a house with a man who had been her husband and her lover, and who was now her enemy. She lived with a man in whose arms she had slept, and now she knew he belonged to another woman. Wherever she went, curious eyes were watching her, wondering how she stood it, how much she knew, why she went on.

The lines grew deeper about her mouth and eyes.

But the worst began the day after a luncheon at the Vendome with Marguerite. As they walked into the paneled room that is Hollywood's favorite luncheon spot, they saw Jeff and April Miller.

Marguerite's insolence was a masterpiece. Behind its screen Jill smiled at her husband and waved to April, and somehow got to a table. People spoke to her, and she held her head high and smiled. There wasn't a table, she knew, that wasn't talking of her. "Jeff Charane and April Miller—and Jeff's wife came in!" It was drama such as Hollywood loved. April sat, her head drooping, then suddenly got up and almost ran, as though she could bear no more.

It was then that Jill Charane saw Abe Schenley, the most widely read columnist in the country.

He sat down. His hand dropped over Jill's. "Mrs. Charane—you see, it's news. There isn't anything I can do about it. Are you going to get a divorce?"

Jill Charane never knew where her courage came from, but it came. She said, "My dear Mr. Schenley, aren't you being absurd? Isn't it rather sophomoric to imagine that I'm going to get a divorce just because my husband lunched with the star he's playing with—who is one of my best friends?"

"Then why did she run out like that?" "Maybe she had a pain," Marguerite Evans said, in a bored voice. "Maybe she had to see a dog about a man; maybe they had to get back to work."

"Do you mind if I ask them?" Abe Schenley asked.

"Of course not," said Jill. "Now I must go. I've got a horse in the third race. He can't lose. Shall I play him for you?"

Mrs. Jeffrey Charane in her box, her brown face touched with that ironical,

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## "Air-Spun" BY COTY A NEW KIND OF FACE POWDER



crooked smile, smart and terribly aloof. She's hard, people said. Look at her. After all, what does she care? She's got the name—she's Mrs. Jeffrey Charane—and all the dough she wants. Why should she give him up? But how can she? When she knows he's in love with another woman.

Hasn't she any pride? I wouldn't have a man in the house ten seconds after he didn't want me any more. I wouldn't let me. But you can see that she doesn't care. Well, after all, she went through the lean years with him. I guess she wants to cash in now—maybe you can't blame her.

It was as though Jill heard it all; as though her brain were a receiving set.

Her horse didn't come in, in the third race. Looking up, she saw that Selbert, the Old Man, beside her. She hadn't meant to tell him, but suddenly she did—about Abe Schenley; about the voices and the eyes; about her own heart; about the enemy with whom she lived.

The Old Man nodded. He said, "I guess we must do something. So far, Volney keeps it quiet in the papers. I guess now we have to get us an article campaign."

"I can't stand much more," Jill said. "I think I'd rather—I think it would be better to do as they wish."

"No," said the Old Man. "No. A man like your husband; a girl like that April. Jeff—he's a pretty good boy, only he doesn't know that he's nothing at all without you. I know. He's a play-actor. April—April is a bad girl. When a girl's born so beautiful—too beautiful—we got to have sympathy. But even for all the money I got invested, I don't care about her; I wipe her out tomorrow. Only Jeff, I like him. But without you, I throw him over, too."

"But I can't do anything to hurt him." "Then you stick," said the Old Man. "We are alike. We are going to take care of people that are a little crazy. Without you, I don't invest one cent in him. He doesn't love April. He smokes opium—out of a pipe. I try to save my stars. Not only from the scandal; but from what destroys them both."

"You got to save your husband. If you leave him now, in one year there is no more Jeff Charane. Even if you divorce him without scandal, and he marries April, he will go to pieces without you. Wait a little. If you've got love for him it's got to be bigger as your ride. Wait. Tonight I send Volney Grant to see you—and Jeff."

Volney spoke bluntly to them. "We've got to stop this thing," he said. "No matter what you decide to do later, we've got to stop it now. I'll ruin you. I'll ruin you better do as I tell you. The thing's beyond me alone now. You've got to help."

That night Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Charane appeared at the Trocadero. In their party was Miss April Miller. With Miss Miller was a handsome young polo player from Santa Barbara who had been devoted to her six months before. Mrs. Charane and April Miller apparently had a great deal to talk about. Jeff Charane danced with his wife. The news got about that it was their wedding anniversary and that the emerald bracelet Jill Charane wore was an anniversary present.

April Miller was visiting in Santa Barbara. Rumor had a new string: April was really going to marry the young millionaire at last, and Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Charane were seen together constantly. Somebody had told somebody that they were going to adopt a baby.

And then April Miller's engagement to

Randolph Iselin Harvey was announced, and the Charanes gave a party for them.

"It's tough on the kid," Volney Grant said, "but he don't work for us and I got to have a smoke screen."

"It's a beautiful job," Innes Fallon admitted. "Everything under control?"

"I think so," Grant said wearily. "I think I've got Miller scared, but you never know when an egomaniac will bust loose. April's stuck on Jeff. If we can only hold out until he gets his senses back."

"How long does it usually take?" Fallon asked.

"Depends," said Volney Grant. "Jeff's not too smart, but he's a nice guy—and he's got Jill."

But that night was the night when at last Jeff no longer had Jill.

Things had settled a little. Jill and Jeff were sitting in the library and things had been peaceful—almost natural—when April Miller came in, her small face white, her eyes very blue. She was wrapped in something blue and silver, and above it her golden hair shone.

Jeff said, "April, dear!"

Jill said nothing. She waited. But this was her own house. And something within her was crying as though it would never stop.

April said, "I'm sorry, Jeff. I didn't mean to come. Only I think sometimes I shall go mad, alone. I think sometimes I can't go through with this farce, knowing you are here—with her. Jeff, they've lied to us. They've told us this is just until the scandal blows over and we can be safe. So we can have each other and keep our work, too. But it's not true."

They seemed to have forgotten the dark woman in the big chair.

Jeff said, "Darling, no! It's just for a little while."

"Ask her," said April Miller. "It's all a plot to separate us. They're afraid we'd be too strong for them. Ask her. She doesn't mean ever to give you up. She wants to keep you—at any price."

The man stood very still.

Jill said, "Never mind, Jeff. Don't worry. I'm giving you up. Right now."

Her face was hard; her eyes were cold. She smiled at them. "I think you were made for each other."

As she went out, she heard Jeff say, "Butch!" and her heart stopped to listen, but in a moment April was in his arms, and he had forgotten everything else in that strange desire and delight which April knew how to awaken in men.

The Old Man told Jill, "You go away. That is too much. Even for your husband, you do not stand that. Go away—and we will see what comes. Go to New York for a visit. Buy some nice clothes. See some plays. I will see."

The picture was cut and ready for release. Volney Grant arranged to show it first to Jeff Charane and April Miller, and he sat with them in the darkness of the projection room. He and the Old Man, strategists of many campaigns, had cut and edited this version of the picture, and the Old Man himself had written the main title.

When it appeared it said in quivering quicksilver letters: "Jeffrey Charane in 'Love's Serenade' with April Miller."

Volney heard April gasp, and he waited. He knew movie stars. Innes Fallon had put the idea into his head, and he had of Eric O'Banion's last preview and the night that followed it.

The picture unwound. It was beautiful, brilliant—and it was Jeff Charane's

picture. April Miller was a charming leading lady. There wasn't, Volney knew, a single good scene of hers left.

The storm broke in the darkness halfway through the picture, broke with a shriek of fury and a torrent of words. Volney pressed the button under his hand. The screen went blank. The light went up. But Volney wasn't looking at April Miller; he wasn't looking at the blond angel who cursed and shrieked, and whose eyes, unveiled, were the eyes of an angry cat. He had seen all that before, several times. He was looking at Jeff Charane.

JEFF CHARANE came through the front door of the brick house. He was tired and his eyes hurt from the lights and his throat was sore.

Chips followed him in and said, "D'you want anything before you go to bed?"

"No," said Jeff, "except I'd like something to eat. I haven't had any dinner."

"I'll see if I can find anything," Chips said. "Everybody's gone to bed."

"What the hell have they gone to bed for?" cried Jeff. "They might stay up until I get home. Those damn restakes!"

Chips opened his mouth and closed it again. He went out, and Jeff opened the windows on the terrace and stood watching a faint moon and hearing the sound of the wind in the leaves. It sang a lonesome song, whispering about the house as though seeking a friend.

It had been a hellish day. April fighting for the camera, furious with him. They'd had another scene in her dressing room. It didn't seem to him they'd had anything but scenes since that night they had been married. April, sitting in the moonlight, listening to the lonesome song of the wind, feeling the empty house around him, he knew that the passion which had driven him back to her was a slave driver with a lash.

Their kisses were jagged peaks of flame between desert sands of emptiness.

Suddenly he rubbed his hand across his lips. The aftertaste of April's kisses was as stale as the aftertaste of champagne. And then he rubbed his hand across his eyes, which stung.

Chips came in with a sandwich, and Jeff began to laugh. Tears to drink and a sandwich to eat and the memory of April screaming in the projection room for company. Serves you right, you fool!

Chips said, "What's so funny? When's the missus coming home? This place is a mess, and you look like hell. It's none of my business and you can fire me because I'm quitting anyhow, but this way of living don't suit me. Carting you home half drunk at all hours and trying to get you up in the morning, besides seeing you make a fool of yourself! I'd just as soon starve in peace."

"Chips," said Jeff Charane, "you are a hundred percent right."

After a long wait he spoke into the telephone: "Butch, will you come home? There isn't any reason why you should, except I can't live without you."

The Old Man gave a wonderful party for Mrs. Charane when she came back from her visit to New York. The Old Man said, "Look how happy Jeff is!"

Jill looked. She thought, He has forgotten already. He has no memories. In his way, he loves me.

"She's a fool," the Old Man was going to say with him in his next picture?"

She was only wondering if she could go through it again. Next time, it might not seem worth while.

## Fly Your Own Plane—and Go Anywhere! (Continued from page 45)

away from there. But the lure of the cabin wins.

"Put your feet on the rudder pedals," he directs, as you settle yourself at the stick. "Now, if you were flying and you pushed the left pedal, the ship would turn to that side. You have to bank, of course—you'd skid like a racer on a dirt track if you turned flat. So you push the stick to the left at the same time, lifting the left-hand aileron—that hinged flap out on the wing. When the wind hits the aileron it forces the wing down in a bank. Moving the stick to the right brings the wing up again, and you center it to fly level."

"And pulling it back this way?" you query.

"Puts you into a climb, and pushing it forward sends you down in a glide. The stick, besides working the ailerons, is connected with those two horizontal sections hinged on the tail, alongside the rudder. We call 'em the flippers. Now, head the stick straight up and down, and the pedals even. In the air, throttle four-fifths open, you'd be cruising along at a hundred."

You are lost in a roseate dream. Across the nose of the ship you are seeing open sky and slow-drifting clouds.

"Must be great," you sigh. "Some day, when it isn't a rich man's game..."

"When they've come down around the price of a car, eh? Then here's your ship! Just five hundred and forty dollars down and she's yours!"

"Me—buy a plane?" you gasp.

"Sure; you just said you'd like to. Here's your chance—only five-forty down and the rest in twelve easy payments. Instructions free unless you take more than ten hours."

"But I've no place to keep a plane!" You name the suburb where you live, but he calmly produces a map.

"In three weeks you'll be able to rent hangar space—it costs about the same as a garage—two miles from your town. One of your citizens named Samuel Jones has just leased this meadow to start a flying club."

Sam Jones! You realize you're slipping, and you make a last attempt to escape. "I might never learn. I get dizzy looking down from tall buildings."

"So do I, but you don't get that sensation at all in a plane."

"But I wear glasses."

"That's okay for private pilots. Tell you what, if you don't pass the physical and I can't teach you in a week, the deal's off. What do you say?"

Something has happened to you. In a daze you reach for your checkbook, and within an hour the salesman, whose name proves to be Slim, has you saying "ah" for a government-designated medical examiner. The Air Commerce Regulations require that you be in fair health, with good heart and lungs, no mastoid or organic disease of eye or ear. Your glasses do not debar you so long as the condition is not serious.

You pass a final test, standing on one foot with eyes closed for fifteen seconds, to prove your sense of balance. Then the examiner hands you a Department of Commerce student-pilot license. For his professional services you pay ten dollars.

Slim has a taxi waiting to rush you to the airport. "Listen," you plead, "I ought to learn more about planes before I fly."

"I'll fix you up tomorrow with the company's ground-school course. But

here's all you need to know now: When the prop's whirling at high speed it pulls the ship ahead. Forward speed is what keeps the ship flying. The air hits the wing underneath and forces it up, and there's a vacuum created on top that adds to the lift."

Before you know it you're at the airport. In five minutes you're seated in a duplicate of the ship you ordered, except that it has two sets of controls. Slim turns on the ignition switch and slightly advances the throttle—a small handle between the seats. At his signal, a mechanic swings the propeller and the engine sputters into life.

Slim moves the throttle. The engine speeds up to a brisk drone, and you stiffen like a man in the electric chair.

"Relax," advises your pilot. "I'm only warming her up. Better fasten your belt, though. We might hit some bumpy air."

Hastily you snap the safety belt. As the temperature creeps up, Slim reduces the engine to idling speed. Signaling the mechanic to pull the wheel-chocks away, he opens the throttle a trifle.

"Always hold the stick back in taxiing," he explains as the ship moves ahead. "That keeps it from moving over. Never taxi fast, and take off and land as nearly as possible into the wind."

He turns the ship into position on the runway and shoves the throttle wide open. With a roar, the plane hurls itself forward. He lets the stick come to a mid-way position, eases it back as the ship gains speed.

Smoothly the wings lift you from the earth. There is none of that expected dizziness.

With the altimeter showing a height of three thousand feet and the engine



OH, JANE,  
I CAN'T GO. MY  
SKIN'S SO ROUGH  
FROM RIDING IN  
THE RUMBLE SEAT  
THAT I'M A SIGHT

DON'T BE SILLY!  
I KNOW A  
SPECIAL CREAM  
THAT MELTS  
SKIN SMOOTH



THAT WAS A SWELL  
STEER ABOUT POND'S  
VANISHING CREAM.  
NOW MY SKIN'S SMOOTH  
POWDER STAYS ON

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throttled to cruising speed, Slim nods toward the dual controls. Gingerly you take over—and the nose promptly swings to the left.

"Propeller torque pulls her that way," explains Slim. "Give her a little right rudder."

You shove the pedal like a man putting on the brakes. The ship leaps around in a wild skid. In a panic, you kick the left pedal—and almost throw yourself out of your seat.

"Turn her loose a second," directs Slim. You release the stick and move your feet back, and the ship neatly levels out.

In a few moments you find the correct pressure to hold a straight course. Five minutes of this, and Slim directs you to try a right turn. Warily you move the stick to the right, banking to a cautious fifteen degrees. The moan of the wind suddenly increases.

"Sideslip!" raps Slim. "Give her the rudder—easy!"

You obey to the letter. The nose slowly swings, the sideslip ends, and you're in a gentle turn. You center the stick and rudder—skidding a trifle—and find yourself level again. Next time you bank to the left, and gradually you acquire the sense of coordination, making S-turns across the sky. In half an hour you can make a thirty-degree bank with hardly a slip or a skid.

"Good work!" Slim commends you.

"Now let's try a landing. Nose over slowly and close the throttle."

The roar of the engine dies. Slim helps you turn for the proper approach to the runway and gives crisp instructions:

"Watch the air-speed meter; keep the hand at forty-five. Don't ever glide under that speed until you flatten out. Break the glide about fifteen feet from the ground and keep moving the stick back slowly to bring the tail down. Keep your wings level."

A crawling sensation comes into your stomach as the ground lifts up at you. "Flatten her!" Slim snaps. "Back a little—not so fast!"

In a series of swoops you hit and bounce, shock-absorbers crunching, while Slim pursues the dual stick and the throttle. As the ship stops you wait, cringing.

"Not so bad," he pronounces. "Go ahead. Take her off this time."

Your first take-off! You climb, and at two thousand feet begin more turns. Then down to a second landing. This time, by sheer accident, you make a perfect three-point, wheels and tail touching at the same time.

In the days that follow, you practice strenuously, and on the ground you memorize the Air Traffic Rules. On the seventh day, Slim hands you a seat-type parachute and buckles on his own. Later, at five thousand feet, he tells you:

"Going to give you tailspins, Slim

back, cut the throttle, and right rudder as she stalls. Let her spin just a second, then stop put everything in neutral. If she doesn't stop, give her a little left rudder."

Up goes the nose, steeper, steeper, until the prop is futilely beating the air. Back comes the throttle. A kick at the rudder and down you plunge in a whirling kaleidoscope of ground and sky. Heart pounding, you center the controls. The spins ends, and you bring up the nose with a firm pull at the stick.

Two more spins and you land, flushed with triumph.

"She's yours for solo!" says Slim.

Solo! The big moment is here. You swallow hard, open up the engine—and you're in the air! You climb for safe altitude. Slim's seat is empty. Never before have you been so terribly alone.

You bank, with a new caution, at a thousand feet. Obeyingly the ship turns, levels, turns again. You swing from left to right, confidence renewed, until the greatest thrill of all sweeps over you.

You're a pilot! You're one with the birds, the vast blue sky, the fleecy clouds about you . . .

Hold tightly to this moment, for you are in that magic transit from groundling into birdman. Adventure, glory, danger—perhaps—await you in the sky. But only once will you know this sublime exaltation. For in this moment, above a puny world, you are a god with wings.

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## Fido's A B C's by *Howell N. White, Jr.* (Continued from page 56)

method of rubbing the dog's nose in the mess he has made I prefer the following procedure.

Before the dog is housebroken, never let him out of your sight in the house. At the first suspicious move, rush the dog outdoors and keep him there until he has performed his duty. Then a word of praise, and he is brought back into the house.

If, however, he does escape your vigilance, show him the mess, scold him and take him outside. If this is not effective, show him the mess and slap his nose with a folded newspaper.

Here belongs a word about discipline. No dog can be trained on love and candy. There are times when you must punish your dog, though the punishment need not be severe; whippings ruin the dog entirely, or at best retard the training. The old stand-by of a folded newspaper, which startles with a loud "crack," is perhaps the most effective corrective. But you must catch the dog red-handed; his memory is short. Suppose you discover that Fido has stolen a loaf of bread from the kitchen table, hours before. What can you do at the moment? Nothing except scold. Then you must lay a trap.

Set out some more food in the same place and hide in ambush, armed with a slingshot and some BB pellets. The thief approaches. He is about to seize the plunder, speak to him sharply, and let fly the trusty frog-killer. Caught in the act! And he knows the reason for the ringing of his south end. Chances are that he'll never try it again.

Another method, equally good, would be to bait the trap with a delicious-smelling morsel of food, filled with red pepper or made bitter with quinine. Pepper and quinine are useful items; by their judicious use you can soon break your dog of the disgusting, worm-breeding habit of eating manure. Also, if you wish to train your dog not to accept

food from strangers (a wise precaution to prevent poisoning), let one offer him a pepper-filled dainty.

Won't your dog come when he is called? Then wait till he's hungry; call him and reward him with food. Don't give him food as a reward more than a few times; he should come because he is called, not because he is hungry. If he does not respond promptly, let him run on a long leash; call him and at the same time tug sharply on the leash.

But all this is kindergarten stuff. Fido belongs in the first grade.

Let's start by teaching him to walk to heel. We'll train him with an ordinary chain choke-collar and a strong leash.

"Heel" does not mean "behind," but the left side of the handler. The dog's right shoulder should be as close as possible to your left knee. Walk rapidly forward, always keeping the dog in the same relative position to your body. If he hange back, pull the leash sharply until he comes into position; if he pulls ahead, choke him back, at the same time repeating the command "To heel."

If he yelps and protests, do not spare the choke. Don't give in to his childish bawling. If he droops his head, choke him up; the dog must learn to walk smartly, watching closely the movements of the handler.

For the next lesson, commence by having the dog walk to heel; then stop, at the same time saying "Stop," and pull the dog abruptly to a standstill at your side. Then give the command "Sit," and pull him back on his haunches.

Give him a word of praise for a good performance, a tug on the choke-collar for a bad one. Keep him moving and paying attention; if he starts to play hooky, bring him back to the classroom with a swat from that newspaper you have in your hand.

As he progresses, give the commands in a lower voice; finally you will need no spoken commands at all. A well-trained

dog will walk at heel through the heaviest traffic of New York City without a leash; in the country he will allow a rabbit to spit in his face with impunity until his master tells him to go.

Scarcely less important than this training is the lesson to "down." Sit the dog, then give him a sweeping movement to the ground. If he does not obey, choke him down. To make him get up, give the command "Up" and step on his toes. He will not dawdle.

The lesson "sit stay" or "down stay" is fully as important as the others. Sit the dog, touch him lightly on the nose with your hand and tell him to "stay." Walk away, keeping a close watch from the corner of your eye. If you catch a movement, say sharply, "Fido, stay!" If he continues to move, go back, slap him with the newspaper and take him to the exact spot where you first left him.

Repeat until he stays perfectly. Then it is the fun part to hide, until the dog moves. The instant he does move, show yourself and tell him to stay. He will soon have the healthy belief that you are watching him wherever he is.

There is an infinite variety of lessons to teach a dog. I taught my eight-month-old Great Dane to caddy for me in one lesson. You will love your friend and companion not only for his gay affection, but for his sturdy usefulness. The first few weeks of lessons in the fundamentals are half the battle; with your own firmness and kindness you must cultivate his respect and his inherent desire to obey.

Above all, don't lose your temper. To your dog you are a superior being, a god. If you have any weaknesses, don't let him find them out. Remember the story of the village idiot who was asked the reasons for his remarkable success in training dogs. "Waal," he said, "there's only one thing. You got to know more than the dog."

COMING—"Alaskan Clipper," a thrilling short story by Kenneth Gilbert

## Your Morals—If Any by Marjorie Hillis (Continued from page 57)

find out the rules for yourself, and the first of them is that the woman loses.

It wasn't long ago that most women claimed that they preferred having it so; that the few women who didn't lose, who came through unscathed, were pretty dreadful. It is still true there is the cheap little wisecracking type to whom nothing means anything anyway, and there is the suave, sophisticated woman who prides herself on controlling any situation. But the first is not worth talking about, and the second has completely missed the point. A majority of modern, warm-hearted women still feel that an affair that is not truly of the heart will never be excusable. That one must, at the very least, be Giving All for Love, not merely getting all for nothing. They would claim that, without true love, an affair would not even be an adventure!

There is unquestionably a third type now, neither cheap nor chilly, but mysterious and therefore, perhaps, more dangerous. But even she must confront a few cold facts now and then.

For instance, this little matter of Emotion, which seems to give even the most Spartan girl a lot of bad moments. The truth is that men and women just don't look at Love the same way. The woman, if she's any kind of woman, must be genuinely in love before she's interested in the type of affair we are discussing with such unblushing candor. Get her to talk about it and she becomes radiant. Life is glorious and the man in the case is perfect.

He, however, is not so enthusiastic. More than that—unless I'm extremely blind—he soon cools off distressingly, while she can keep her interest alive

almost indefinitely. So what to do, what to do?

No matter how alluring, she seldom seems to avoid that unpleasant period, the Waiting-for-the-End Problem. Here is where the married woman always has the upper hand. Marriage is a sort of endowment policy on the future.

But it isn't marriage we're talking about. It's affairs, which, unless my eyes deceive me, are always dangerous. They have no future. A woman may pretend hers has, but she knows that the end is around the corner, and she'd better make the most of the moment at hand.

And there are other things to make you look before you leap. For one, the little matter of Self-deception. Any woman knows without being told that an affair is inexcusable when a third person is hurt, but the sad truth is that this reduces the choice of possible opponents startlingly, before you even begin.

Life is like a bundle of twigs which you can't get untangled, and only an occasional odd one slips out. The problem with a great many women seems to be to convince themselves that the current man is the exceptional odd twig. They will explain eagerly that Jack doesn't owe a thing to his family, who always treated him like Peck's Bad Boy, or that Jim hasn't lived with his wife since 1928. Their explanation is profuse, but not honest, and when a woman isn't honest on this point, the eventual catastrophe is quicker, surer and worse.

Then there is the little matter of arrangements, which has put a damper on many a grand passion. Planning a first clandestine meeting may be romantic, but continuous scheming for anything is wearing, continuous explaining more so.

Still another difficulty seems to be the man's attitude. For though the woman in the case may persuade herself that she is a noble sacrifice on the altar of love, to the man she is—crudely but accurately—his mistress. The man may be desperately in love with our heroine, but he doesn't think much of her, and while this old-fashioned bit sounds like a line out of "East Lynne," it seems to be true and there's no use stewing about it.

Which brings us back to the unhappy ending. No doubt lots of women face it gaily, or at least quietly. The others, who are cast off weeping and wailing, are objectionable spectacles, and I suspect that even the first group aren't having a whirl.

But the endings are better than too many beginnings. For one thing does lead to another. The second affair is never as excusable as the first—if that can be excused. It's something slipped into a little more easily, something a little cheaper. One affair is one thing; two are a little different; and three come dangerously close to promiscuity.

It may be that all this is Victorian and stuffy. Perhaps I am wrong in suspecting that morals and marriage are of tough fiber and hard to change. It's possible that the prejudice (if any) against affairs is dated, and that the women who disregard it are brave pioneers, paving the way for a fuller life for the Extra Woman. I don't know.

But I do know that we aren't there yet. I'm reasonably sure that if you're thinking of a secret Leap, you'd better prepare for a good thorough dose of misery. Things being as they are, you ought to be a strong character if you're going to be a weak woman!



**Seagram Tom Collins**  
2 oz. Seagram King  
Arthur Gin, Juice of 1  
lemon, 2 teaspoons sugar.  
Shake well and strain in-  
to 12 oz. glass. Add ice  
cubes and soda to fill  
glass. A half lime gives  
added flavor. Decorate  
with slice of orange and  
cherry if desired.

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**Seagram's** KING ARTHUR **Gin**  
IT'S "SOFT-STILLED"

# Star Rising by Clarence Budington Kelland

(Continued from page 79)

cast some pearls, you provided yourself with a private swine to cast them before."

"Don't go misconstruing an innocent thing, East. Isn't it natural I should rave about you and that Stokes should want to meet you? Don't be like that."

"Perhaps I should have selected another sponsor," said Stokes.

"What is the custom in England?" asked East.

"Custom? Eh? What custom?"

"Over here," she said, "even the most maladroit men precede the direct pass with a couple of amenities. I do hope Mr. Saxon didn't convince you I'd swoon at a glance from your obsidian eyes."

"I've known, I like you!" said Stokes, and a film seemed to pass from the eyes East had described, leaving them bright and intelligent. He rose. "Shall we say we never have met, what? Shall we look forward to another day and to a whole series of amenities? There seems to have been a flaw in my intelligence department. Good night, and beautiful dreams."

"And that was that," said Meta, when Stokes had dragged Saxon away.

"And for that," said East, "I shall have a part in his play. Watch me! And the young man will go back to England disappointed, amazed and baffled."

"Luck to you!" said Meta.

"Not luck," said East. "Pure science—and lots of it."

Even before the show closed on the last Saturday in May, East Lynne became obsessed by a feeling that something was going on about her of which she should have knowledge. Whatever it was involved Killian Van Kull. Maude Foxleigh was concerned in it. Paul Saxon played some part, and even Potter Lang was not detached from it.

This feeling was based more on instinct than on evidence. It aroused apprehension in East. Something dreadful was going to happen, but what she could not even conjecture.

This sense of the impending was brought to a head when Manny Goldstein, representing the East Lynne Benevolent Association, came to urge her to go home for the summer.

Manny made demands in his gentle way. "I want to meet this Van Kull. There is so much talk about. We decided I'd better look him over."

"I know he'd be delighted," said East. "But please don't meddle."

"THAT DEPENDS," Manny said. "You know, Skeezicks, we don't like the gossip. We have our responsibilities, which you have discussed in meetings."

"We are lonely," Manny said wistfully. "So we have many meetings to talk about you and read your letters." "Darlings!" exclaimed East. "I worship you all. I wouldn't hurt a hair of your innocent heads."

"No," Manny said, "but somebody might hurt a hair of your head—which is a heap more innocent than you think it is. By the way, baby, we've had something else to think about. We've been puzzled by somebody who's been nosing."

"Nosing into what?"

"Ground we covered in the beginning. Nosing into records; asking questions about your appearance on the scene."

"You mean, trying to find out who I am?"

"I suppose it amounts to that."

"Probably it's the duke, my father," she said with a pretense of humor she

was far from feeling. "Who's making the search?"

"Tom Kendrick says it's just some newspaper looking for a story."

East knew instinctively that it was no newspaper, but she kept her certainty to herself. "Well, dine with Killian to-night," she said, and the three of them did dine, commencing with some restraint.

Van Kull's graciousness and tact smoothed away the awkwardness. He talked about the theater of the past. He told about ancient actors; about the difference in the stage since the days when Jefferson could play "Rip Van Winkle" for a generation, visiting the same cities in the same rôle year after year.

"By the way, Mr. Goldstein, during your early days in the theater did you ever hear of a troupe called the Burfield Stock Company?" Van Kull asked.

East started. The Burfield Stock Company! Into her mind flashed a picture of Maude Foxleigh and her collection of old photographs of one photograph in particular, lying on a table in the cottage at Mattawamkeag, from which East's own face seemed to look out at her.

"Burfield? I believe they played our house for a few weeks back in—let me see—it was twenty-odd years ago."

"Uncle Manny, remember about it! Remember all you can!" exclaimed East.

He turned surprised eyes on her. "Why, that was a long time ago, Skeezicks. Why does it interest you?"

"Yes, East," said Killian. "What do you know about the Burfield Company?"

"Nothing," she said quickly. "Nothing. I knew an actress who was a member of it. Maude Foxleigh."

"You wouldn't have any old pictures of that troupe?" asked Killian.

"No," Manny said. "But there's a man in New York who might have. He's supposed to have the finest collection of theatrical photographs in the country. Stephen Carpenter."

Killian abruptly veered the conversation from this subject; brought it around to East and her career and her prospects.

"I'm urging her to come home to us for the summer," said Manny.

"No, Uncle Manny. Not yet. Not until the town is ready to put up triumphal arches and meet me at the station with a band. Not until Miss Pruyn is hysterical about her most eminent living graduate. I can't go back yet, darling."

When they were back at East's hotel she turned to Manny. "Well?" she asked.

Manny nodded. "He would never hurt you on purpose," he said. "It would depend upon yourself." He paused. "I have an idea nobody can ever hurt you without your active cooperation. He put his pudgy hands on her shoulders. "Sure you won't come home, Skeezicks?"

"Positive, Uncle Manny. And please don't worry. I've a project: I want to stay in New York and hatch it."

There was a telegram in her box from Potter Lang. "Look out," it said. "The courtship begins."

She had heard from him by letter or word weekly. He had taken his degree at college and gone home for a few days without stopping in New York. Only once or twice had she replied, but her neglect did not seem to trouble him. Sometimes it annoyed her to think that he was taking so much for granted, but at other times she was grateful to him for not bringing to the surface the question of what was to do about him. And there was a comfortable sensation that he was always in the background.

In the morning a box of roses was

delivered at her door. She opened it and found Potter's card and a curt message. "When I court I court," it said.

She buried her face in color and fragrance, and for the first time in her life wondered whether it was more important to be a woman or an artist. But she shook herself. "What is to prevent one from being both?" she demanded.

She was lunching with Draper Stokes. The Englishman had made good his promise to her and had arranged a presentation under more gracious auspices. On that meeting both of them pretended that they had not met before.

East could not choke down a sensation of pride and elation that this celebrity from across the ocean had singled her out for marked attentions. No girl could have done so. His picture was in every paper. He wrote amazingly successful plays and acted charmingly in them. He wrote roguish songs and music, which he played and sang with consummate art. Whatever he touched glowed with success, and New York wallowed at his feet.

IT WAS WHILE they lunched that noon that Tasker Paddock, the producer, stopped at their table. "How's for letting the old serpent into Eden for a moment?" he asked.

"Have a peep," invited Stokes.

"I'll come to the point and scam," said Paddock. "I've had the Actors' Benefit wished on me again. It'll be a big racket reeking with white ties at the Metropolitan. Sunday night in two weeks. Will you do your stuff? What I have in mind is your one-act piece, 'Laugh with the Gods,' with you playing Timothy. How about it?"

"Requires thought," said Stokes.

"Where'd I get a company?"

"You have the American stage to draw from. I'll guarantee anybody."

"Let you know by night," said Stokes.

"Help me urge him, East," said Paddock as he walked away.

"I think you should do it," East said to Stokes.

"Why?"

She laughed. "Because," she said, "it would give me a chance to show the world what I can do in a real part."

"Once there was a little girl who wanted everything and gave nothing," said Stokes.

"And once," she replied, "there was a man who gave something and didn't want everything in return."

"Are you up to it?" he asked. "Elaine Peel played it in London."

"Some day history will say that East Lynne played it first in New York."

"Modest little thing," said Stokes.

"Um. Come up to my apartment after lunch and read the lines. We'll see."

"Step into my parlor," said the spider.

"There are doors and windows and a fire escape," he retorted.

"And ugly-minded men writing gossip columns," she said. "But what's a little reputation among well-dressed people?"

"You utter profound truths. A man can perform atrocities in a white tie that would get him a jail sentence in a ready-made suit."

She sat across from him, young, vivid, alluring, intentionally provocative, and she smiled with elfin daring. "Come along," she said. "It will be entertaining to study your more hopeful methods."

So the two went to his apartment. It was all very brisk and businesslike on his part; a work of art in impersonality. After all, he was a young man who had

had a wide experience with women. True, he never had encountered one just like East. She was unpredictable. She stimulated him. She was desirable to him in such a multitude of ways that he was not sure he was not falling in love.

Together they read the playlet—a little masterpiece. It was only fifteen minutes long, but into it was crowded laughter, drama, emotions, tragedy. East visualized herself as Lena. It was a moving part, and she lost herself in it as an artist should lose herself—becoming the character consciously, intelligently.

As the reading progressed, she knew she never had played so well or found a rôle so suited to her. At the end she sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. She had done something. It had been a high moment in which for the first time she had realized herself. What his opinion was she did not care, for she knew she had come to flower in those few moments.

He, too, was silent, watching her face incredulously. She did not move, but her features were radiant.

When Stokes spoke it was gravely, with a curious hush in his voice. "I had only to cross one ocean to find you."

It was not a man speaking to a desirable woman; there was an impersonality in his voice and manner. He spoke as a sincere explorer in the unknown wilderness of art, and with the rejoicing of an explorer who comes suddenly upon a tremendous discovery.

"I didn't dream," he said slowly. "So," she said with eyes still closed, and a delicious weariness upon her, "I am a genius, after all."

"I bow," he said, and walked to the telephone. She heard him give a number; heard him speak to Tucker Padlock. "I will do my play for you at the Benefic," he said. And then, "Where can I

commence rehearsing tomorrow? . . . Good. I want Peters O'Hara and Marjorie Lefton and George Banks. Have them there tomorrow at two . . . Who is going to play Lena? An astonishing woman by the name of East Lynne."

He turned from the telephone to her. "Please go home," he said. "This is one afternoon when I want to keep separate the actress and the woman."

That night East dined with Killian Van Kull, who carried a newspaper in his hand as he led her to their table.

"Is it true that you are to play in Draper Stokes' piece?" he asked gravely. "How did you know?"

He read from Troy Nome's column. "Our Glamorous Foundling, the Pride of Fifty-second Street, has attached the plume. She will create the part of Lena in Draper Stokes' 'Laugh with the Gods.' And we have hitherto thought our British brothers were cold to the point of frigidity."

"He implies nicely," said East.

"It is not for me to ask questions," said Killian. "But I was disturbed to hear that you went to Stokes' apartment today."

"And for an hour Draper Stokes was superlatively a gentleman."

"I am very glad," he said. And then: "I have a confession to make. Mr. Goldstein was puzzled because somebody was prying into the facts surrounding your first appearance in this world."

"Who could be doing it—and why?" she asked. "When we lay down the more active affairs of life," said Killian, "we must have an avocation. You have been my avocation, my dear, and because I was interested in everything about you—and perhaps hopeful of being of some benefit to you, I have meddled. I am the snooter."

I have been searching for some clue to the line of duties—your forefathers."

"Oh," she said. "And you've found?"

"Little, I must confess," he answered. "But something. Be patient. When there is news to tell, I will tell it."

"Is that why you have been seen with Maude Foxleigh?"

"Perhaps."

Before midnight he conducted her to her hotel. In the morning she was awakened by a box of spring flowers and a note from Potter. "Tomorrow I court in person," said the note.

That evening when East returned to her hotel, she was tired from hours of rehearsing but happy, for it had gone well. As she entered the lobby she saw Potter Lang sprawled in a chair, and she could not be certain whether she was glad to see him or not. So many things had been happening since she had seen him last. But as he got to his feet and came eagerly toward her, the hero worship that had made her tag after him when she was a child came to life again momentarily, and she felt something that could only be described as a childish shyness.

"Hello, Genius," he said. "I just dropped in to tell you I adore you." "Your flowers were lovely," she said lamely.

"A mere nothing," he said. "How about we go up to your apartment where room clerks and transients can't watch me lay my heart at your toes? Is it done?" "Aren't you ahead of your schedule?" she asked. "I thought you weren't going to get around to me for a couple of years. You had projects."

"It's odd," he said, "but I got to thinking about you, and the projects couldn't compete. When will you marry me?"

"This," she said, "is what I call a

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pygmy garden. Two boxes of flowers and a proposal of a little more salesmanship, if you don't mind."

"They got off the elevator. She opened the door to her rooms, and they entered. She tossed her hat on a table and sank into a chair."

"It's been a gorgeous afternoon," she said.

"Concentrate on me!" he ordered. "I want to start off by getting the record straight, Madame Bernhardt. I love you. I want to marry you and love you until Gabriel toots his final trumpet. I think you're the most beautiful woman since the day before Helen of Troy. I want you to marry me forthwith, forget that you're greater than Napoleon and work off your art recting nursery rhymes. That's my platform, and how about it?"

"It won't get votes," she said.

"Do you mean I've got to argue?"

"I mean you've lost the election before the polls open."

"All right. We'll start over again. You love me."

"Probably I don't," she said.

"I'm going to be right once today," he retorted. "You love me."

"Maybe it isn't love, but it's certainly warm admiration," she admitted.

HE CAME CLOSER and looked down at her with a scrutiny in which there was nothing quizzical.

"You're taken on a petting," he said.

"You used to be an uppity brat who said disagreeable things because you got mad. That was nice and natural. Now you fence. Your outside is all covered with something slickery and too smooth. You used to pounce; you used to be an entertaining little wildcat. Now you wait to see how things sound before you say them. You're on exhibition. Don't go sleek on me!"

"So this is courtship!" she exclaimed.

"My dear," he said more gravely than she had ever heard him speak, "if this cockeyed career of yours is going to stick you into a new pattern and make you a different person from one you should grow up to be—the one I visualized—I think it would break my heart."

"Generally," she said, "when small boys slang me I pat them with a mattock, but because you date back—and because you have an idea that love and marriage are something that go together—I'll keep the rough side of my tongue off you. You issued your platform a moment ago. Now I'll broadcast mine."

"I am an actress. Whoever takes me, takes my career, as you call it. I mean to be great. I've got to be great. Only part of me can ever belong to any man, and the rest remains mine."

"So long as breath of life remains in me and I can find a job, I shall act. Married or single, I shall stick to the stage. What is left over of time and love, I shall, perhaps, give to some man. If you want it, go ahead and court. If you don't want it, that door opens easily."

"It commences to look as if you weren't in love with me—yet."

"Vaguely," she agreed.

"When you are," he asserted, "you'll juggle out a new set of ideas."

"Nice young men," she said, "are always so immature. You still live in an age of chivalry. You are long on dreams and short on sophistication, which is charming among nice girls whose business in life is to marry and have babies. But it draws a blank with women who mean to be themselves, individuals." She sprang to her feet. "I am East Lynne. Do you understand? I am East Lynne!"

"Which leads to what?" he asked.

"To selection. To making a deliberate

choice of what manner of life will give the most complete satisfaction. You've made me think about making that choice; you've forced it on me."

"Again, what choice?"

"Secondarily," she said, "a choice between men. What can men give me, add to my life? And with what man and in what sort of relationship will I get most nearly what I want?"

"That sounds a bit eccentric," he said. "In my own life at the moment are three men. There is yourself. You are young. You are swell. You want me to marry you and become Mrs. Lang. You have the advantages of security and a kind of happiness, probably. But you would mean the death of ambition. You would demand all, and give me what you could spare from your business."

"And?" he asked.

"There is an older man."

"Killian Van Kull?"

"If you must name names. He represents a not-too-demanding love, kindness, protection, an association with a gracious mind and with the finer, lower material things of life. Giving more than he asks; with the wisdom to make me contented and moderately happy without interference with my career and without marriage. He would be good to me; not too exciting, but sweet and understanding."

"There's a third?"

"Yes," she said. "And marriage is not included among the samples he shows. But with him life would be lived at volcanic heat. Heaven knows what he would do with me, but he would make me a great actress. There would be no peace—but I would live. Every minute I would live and suffer and hate and admire and probably worship. I would be jealous; I would fight and claw. We would probably roll on the floor and appear at dinner with black-and-blue spots."

"That's the last?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And you are seriously considering the other two—on the terms they offer?"

"I wasn't," she said, "until you entered this room."

"I think you are being a naughty little girl showing off. I don't believe you're faintly considering it. Now, take me, I stick to the good old wedding ring."

"You wouldn't realize that women consider wedding rings and opera hats with an open mind—both excellent if the occasion demands that sort of dress."

"That," he said, "is just flippancy."

"As suddenly as she had risen, she sank into her chair wearily, baffled, not knowing what she really did think about wedding rings or opera hats or cabbage or kings."

"I don't want to think. I'm tired. Why must you come asking conundrums? Why can't you leave me alone? Why can't everybody leave me alone and let these puzzles work themselves out?"

"Have you a bathroom?" he asked.

"Naturally."

"Go into it and take a soaking hot bath. Put on your snootiest frock, and I'll be back in one hour to take you out to frolic. I've got that much sense. Scram! He went to the door and opened it. "I still say that when I get around to it I'm going to marry you."

"Maybe you are," she said. "It seems to be up to you."

East would never realize what the next two weeks did to Potter Lang. She came close to a knowledge of it in the end, but it was impossible that she could visualize how the innuendoes festered in his mind. For it was a clear, straightforward mind, vulnerable to wounds as the denizens of New York's sophisticated night resorts were invulnerable.

He resented bitterly references to East Lynne in Troy's newspaper columns. He resented most bitterly of all the calm way in which New York accepted the fact that East was building her career on the foundation of her beauty, and that, for material advantage to herself, she could give herself to one man and to another man as expediency dictated.

It is in his credit that he did not allow his confidence in her to be shaken. He would not allow himself to doubt—and East, on her part, did not perceive how daily incidents battered against his trust in her.

That first evening Maude Foxleigh, apparently in an evil humor, stopped at their table as she was passing with a party that included Paul Saxon.

"Hello, dearie," she said with specious heartiness. "I hear you're fitting to England. Off with Sutton Place; on with Rotten Row, eh? Baby, you sure have learned your way around."

"Come along and watch your step!" said Saxon sharply, his eyes smoldering as they rested on Potter Lang.

"Have you broken the news to Killian yet?" Maude Foxleigh asked. "Oh, well, he's used to taking it on the chin. These old cradle snatchers haven't got what it takes."

East raised her eyelids lazily, and the corner of her lip curled. "When I get to a point where I am no longer asked to England, I shall at least retire gracefully—with other resources than blackmail."

"What was that?" demanded Saxon, suddenly white to the lips.

"Does it concern you?" asked Potter with a certain eagerness in his voice.

"You'd better go to England," said Maude venomously. "There are people in this country who would be relieved to see the last of you."

"Saxon," said Potter, "I'd take the charmer away if I were you. Your taste seems to have been attacked by dry rot." Saxon's knuckles showed white, but he had learned his lesson by a Maine roadside. He dragged Maude Foxleigh away.

"Nice people," said East negligently. It was on another evening that Troy Newman ended his bit. Always alert for a penny, he stopped East in a theater lobby and was introduced to Potter.

"Ah, the football hero who lurks in the background," he said. And then, "Euclid, to me why Paul Saxon is trying to promote your affair with Draper Stokes. I thought he had ambitions himself."

"If you mean what you seem to mean," said Potter, "I can use some of your company out on the sidewalk."

"I NEVER MEAN what I seem to mean," Troy said with a grin. "If you go around New York trying to punish everybody who asks interesting questions of East you're going to be a busy lad."

"Be calm, Potter," East said. "Troy is a professional snooter. It's a custom of the village."

But Troy's question caused her to sit thinking during the play. Paul Saxon promoting her affair with Draper Stokes! Now that she considered it, it certainly bore that aspect. It had been Paul Saxon who had hurried the term for her that he might introduce Stokes. Paul Saxon who wanted to marry her! But why?

Instinctively she connected this question with Maude Foxleigh's sneer—that someone in America would be relieved if she should go to England. Could that somebody be Paul Saxon? Maude Foxleigh, who was living in idleness upon money paid her by Paul?

It was an intricate, baffling pattern. It bewildered East. What interest could Paul Saxon have in her and her affairs? She

determined to lay all these questions before Killian Van Kull.

Little by little, experiences like these chafed and irritated Potter Lang to a point where he was almost beside himself. East did not dream how he lay awake of nights imagining himself battering Draper Stokes and Killian Van Kull to a pulp. He hated them. And with a young man like Potter hatred had but one outlet—in violence.

If East had sensed this growing hatred she might have been uneasy, and after the event she was to remember Potter's single outburst. She was to recall despairingly his words and the hungry, tense tone in which they were uttered.

"East," he had said, "if I ever became convinced there was an atom of truth in these cracks about you and Stokes or Van Kull, the world would come to an end. I would take them apart neatly with my bare hands."

East worked at rehearsals of Draper Stokes' piece as she never had worked before, and Stokes drilled her cruelly. Whatever his interest in her may have been off the stage, once they commenced to read their parts he was impersonal, feverish, satisfied with nothing less than perfection.

On the Saturday afternoon before the day of the performance he rode with her to her hotel. "I've done all I can do," he said in his intense way. "I think I'm satisfied, My dear," he added, "I can make you the greatest actress on the English-speaking stage. You have all the raw material. All it needs is to be molded, That and experience."

"Don't think I'm not grateful," she said.

"Grattude!" He sneered at the word. "I'll put you in my play this autumn. After the run I'll take you to London.

I'll make life open to you like a flaming rose. You're young. Your emotions are fictitious. What do you know about how a woman feels? You have never felt!

"Grattude!" I'll teach you how to love and how to hate and how to suffer and how to know ecstasy. Only then will you be a complete woman and a great artist. For a while we'll be together. Then you'll give of me, and I'll tire of you. But it will have been epic."

She sat silent, tired in body but alert in mind, considering what life, even for a brief span, could be with such a man—but most of all what it would give her, what advantages she would derive.

"We're great, you and I, because we are personalities. We would clash, but how gloriously we would clash! And from it all you would emerge a woman whose feet had known the heights of bliss and the abyss of despair. Common minds and common souls never can travel that road."

He arose, advanced to her side and, taking her two hands, raised her to her feet. She was not frightened; she might not have repelled him had he sought to draw her to him. In that instant she was close to seeing eye to eye with him, near to a belief that she had a right to take the glamorous gift he offered—to live perilously and highly. But he seemed content to look into her eyes with a gaze that contained more of respect, more of adoration, more of admiration than of desire. He was a poet drinking a poem. "Chooce!" he said, and strode from the room.

East continued to stand, shaken, tense. His voice, his intensity, all but convinced her that she belonged to the elect; that she was superior to convention.

She could not think: she could only feel. What was right, and what was wrong? What was expedient? And finally

she came to a reflection which was dangerous for any immature mind to entertain: Was there such a thing as abstract right or wrong? Was there good and evil?

East's was not a mind endowed for philosophical reflections. She was baffled.

She passed a night of unease, but youth and health are resilient. She awoke to a beautiful day, a day which she felt was to be crucial, the turning point of her life. And with the coming of the pulsating sun, she refused to face enigmas or to answer questions. Through that day she rested until Potter Lang came for her just before the dinner hour, for he had seized the privilege of accompanying her to the theater. Hardly had he arrived when a page rapped on the door and entered with a box of flowers.

"Open them, please," she called from her bedroom, and could hear the crackling of paper as Potter obeyed. Then there was a sudden silence. It made her uneasy. She stepped into the parlor to see Potter staring down at a mass of crimson and yellow and purple flowers. In his hand he held a card. The other hand was clenched.

He extended the card toward her. "It was open," he said in an odd, dead voice. "I didn't mean to read it. The words leaped out at me."

She read the penned words—from Draper Stokes. "Like our life together," it said—"all flame and color."

"Potter!" she cried.

"It seems pretty definite," he replied. "It is not definite," she said. "Would you believe me if I told you there has never been anything between Draper Stokes and myself more intimate than a touch of the hands?"

"I don't know," he said. "Lord help me, I don't know."

She went to him; her slender, eloquent hands gripped the lapsels of his

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cost and shook them. "It is true!" she cried. "It is true."

"If it is true," he said, "I must believe it."

And then, as if it were the day for calamity to pile upon calamity, a second rap sounded upon the door, and she opened it to Killian Van Kull's manservant, a Chinese boy.

"Miss," he said, parrotlike, "from Mr. Van Kull. He not so well. Not go theater." He extended his hand toward her. "He send key. After theater you come, he say. Much important you come. I go out; all servants go out. Key let you in. You come, he say. Must come." With that he left the room.

East stood holding the key, and it seemed the world had turned down about her. "Potter!" she said again, but this time fearfully. The implications were too deadly.

His lips moved in a thin smile. "You do scatter your shot!" he said, and walked stiffly to the door. "I guess I'll go and attend to a couple of things."

Suddenly she was terrified; she felt that terror was justified, for tragedy hung heavily on the air. "No!" she cried. "No, Potter, no! No!"

But he was gone. The door closed behind him, and her heart went cold and dead within her. She sensed catastrophe. Blindly she threw herself on the bed, striving to hide the world from her eyes in the softness of her pillow.

Later—she did not know how much later—her telephone rang imperatively. It was Stokes. "Where are you?" he demanded. "You should be in the theater."

"Coming," she said dully, and aroused herself. Through her head ran the old fable of the theater. "The show must go on!" She bathed her face and eyes in icy water, sat before her mirror to repair the ravages of emotion, went down to a taxicab, which hurried her to the theater where she was to put her fortunes to the test.

Draper awaited her in her dressing room in a state of nervous fury, but she did not mind.

"Be still," she said dully. "Go out and let me dress."

He hung out of the room. She dressed and sat awaiting her call, not with eagerness but with a sort of icy lethargy. Vaguely she reflected that her chance had come and that evil fortune was snatching it from her. She would go on, but she would not be a woman, only an automaton. She would fail, fail!

Then the callboy pounded on her door with the warning. She went out and stood in the wings of the enormous stage beside Draper Stokes. She was aware of the blaze of light, of actors on the stage, of music, of applause.

"Ready!" Draper said sharply. "For heaven's sake, come to life!"

And then, as she stepped upon the stage and found herself in the glare of the footlights, a minor miracle happened. Perhaps it was instinct; perhaps it was heritage—but suddenly she lived again. Warm blood pulsed; ambition lived. She was not East Lynne, crushed and terrified and numb; she was an artist with a task to perform.

Before she responded to her first cue a ripple of applause greeted her beauty—and then they were in the midst of the action. Her lines spoke themselves; no bit of direction was forgotten; her business became spontaneous living!

A hush rested upon the audience. It bent forward to watch and listen, for it was seeing a beautiful thing. The playlet was Stokes' finest piece—poetic, vivid, tragic. East knew how it felt to act. She did not lose herself in her part, but was acutely conscious and deliberate. It was as if she were some instrument from which she stood apart so that she could play upon it with practiced fingers. It was conscious art, masterly, calculated.

Then the climax was reached, the curtain descended, and the muffled tribute of the audience reached her ears.

"You darling! You gift of the gods!" exclaimed Stokes.

"I was good," she said. "I was very good."

He was taking her hand to lead her before the curtain—not once, not twice, but time after time as the auditorium thundered its demands. And then she was in her dressing room again, and it was over, and the cold heaviness returned. Tasker Paddock demanded admittance; Mather Hoskins could not reach her car soon enough. Managers, actors, crowded her room to urge their rights to her future services or to bask in her success. But Potter was not there.

"Give the child air," insisted Draper. "Clear out and let her rest."

He hustled them all out and, with infinite tact, went with them himself. East dressed, and then she remembered. Killian Van Kull had sent for her. His key was in her purse. His demand had been imperative, and therefore he must have a vital reason. Some knowledge had

come to him which it was essential he should communicate to her at once.

That his demand for her to come to him, coming hard upon the heels of Draper Stokes' flowers with their so easily misinterpreted note, had brought calamity—that did not matter now. What mattered was Potter Lang, and the business he had gone out to attend to. But whatever had befallen, existence continued. Life must be lived; things must be done. Killian would not have sent for her unless he deemed it expedient—and so she would go to him.

She completed her dressing and made her way to the stage door. She summoned a cab and gave Killian's address. The drive seemed everlasting, though it could have consumed but a few moments. The cab stopped before Van Kull's door. She paid her driver and alighted, fumbling for the key. It was with a strange feeling of stealthiness that she inserted it in the slot.

It frightened her that the house was dark inside. But her hand fumbled for the button and light sprang into being. The house was still, awfully still.

Suddenly her knees began to tremble. Terror gripped her without reason.

It was nonsense, she told herself. She compelled herself to traverse the entry, walk along the hall to the library door where Killian would be awaiting her.

"Killian," she called. "I'm here!"

But there was no answer. The library, too, was dark. She stood shrinking, undecided, not daring to enter, not daring to retrace her steps. She knew—by some occult communication she knew that the blackness of that room concealed something dreadful from her eyes. She could not bear the darkness, or not knowing what it hid in its sable folds.

Her fingers found the light switch and pressed. The room leaped into view. Its graciousness, its simplicity, its exquisite good taste exhibited itself in the sudden glow of light. But something more was to be seen. Something not gracious or exquisite or in good taste.

It was a human being—that had been a human being. In a priceless Chinese robe which glittered with age-old gold, Killian Van Kull lay before his fireplace on his side, very still—and there was dreadful crimson that drenched his visible face and continued to spread upon the polished floor.

East did not have to approach him to know that Killian Van Kull was dead. She screamed.

*What will be the effect of Killian Van Kull's death on the career of East Lynne?*

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## Love, Love, Love! by Jack Goodman

(Continued from page 44)

break them against each other," she said. "Just when we're becoming such good friends?"

"Against the other clams, idiot!" she said severely. Suddenly her tone changed. "By the way," she said, "I'm sorry, but I won't be able to keep our sailing date tomorrow. Victor phoned this morning that he'd be out of my ahead of time."

"Oh," I said. I hadn't given Victor a thought since that first day.

"Perhaps we'll see you on the beach," she went on. "Victor likes the bathing at Wauwinnet better than at Tom Never's Head. If you happen to go over to Wauwinnet . . ."

"Oh," I said. Wauwinnet is a much more crowded beach, and I knew Anita didn't like crowds.

"Don't just sit there saying 'Oh,'" she said irritably.

"Would you prefer to have me say goody-goody?" I said, just as irritably.

"Thanks, but I'm going to go for a long, muttering walk on the moors. I won't be able to get to Wauwinnet."

I didn't meet Victor until the following night. It rained steadily all day and I stayed at home reading and thinking black thoughts.

Anita phoned me in the late afternoon.

"Dad and Victor want you to come over for supper," she said. "Victor's dying to see you again."

"No," I said.

"Shall we say seven o'clock?"

"You didn't hear me. I said 'no.'"

"Oh, I'm sure that can wait," she said.

"Listen," said. "Your father is a swell guy and I like him. But if you think my idea of a barrel of fun is to have a casino orgy with him while you and your fiancé bill and coo—"

"Seven it is, then!" she said, in an exasperatingly cheery voice, and hung up.

Seven it was, and still raining when I washed into the Craven living room. As I came in, I got a momentary flash of Victor standing by the mantelpiece with a highball in his hand. He had been a good-looking kid when I knew him. Now he had little jaws that looked as if they would be big ones in a few years. And a tiny, telltale bulge around the waist.

He hadn't changed in other ways, though. His first words were, "Well, if it isn't Young Love Leland!"

Anita must have noticed something strange about my expression at this rally, because she said quickly, "Won't you give me your things? You're all wet."

Victor said, "That's what I always said about him a school!" and guffawed in hearty self-congratulation.

It was an effort, but I smiled politely. Then Professor Craven asked me if I'd like a hot toddy.

That hot toddy was the one bright spot

in an evening mainly spent listening to the steady drone of Victor's voice telling us how he happened to be such a wow in the oil-heating business.

I tried my best to be pleasant and only slipped up once. That was when Victor asked me if I still did any boxing. "A little," I said. Which was true. I train for a few months every year at Artie McGovern's.

"Are you still wide open for a right cross?" he said.

"That," I replied softly, "is something I'd like to find out sometime."

Anita switched the talk to my autogiro, which had been overhauled and was ready to fly again.

I left soon after, puzzling on the way home about how Anita could possibly want to marry anyone with Victor's outstanding talent for being unpleasant. It occurred to me, though, that it wasn't the first case of the kind I'd seen. It had happened with some of my best friends—men and girls who were the salt of the earth and who had paired themselves off with specimens you'd think should be restricted by law to staying under microscope slides.

Then it occurred to me that perhaps my judgment wasn't disinterested. Maybe someone who wasn't as crazy about Anita as I was might think Victor a splendid example of young American manhood.

Anyway, there was one thing I had to admit. When the autogiro nearly plumped me into Anita's lap, I had been wrong to think I was getting myself into a situation in which I would be the hero of the plot. There didn't seem to be any danger of that happening. All I had done was to get myself in love.

If I had written the story, I would have had a big climax scene in which the villain, the villain, disembodying terrible, and John Leland, hero, did something fine. Then Anita would break her engagement and everything would be just ducky. I went to bed thinking that stories were a lot better than real life, where nothing works out the way you want it.

The next week (before Victor showed up for the week end, of course) was half wonderful and half terrible. Wonderful because just being with Anita was wonderful. Terrible because I was gradually getting it through my skull that any further living I was going to do which didn't include a lot of time spent with Anita wasn't going to be any fun at all.

And I didn't know what to do about it. Not that I was being noble, or considering Victor, or anything as silly as that. The truth is I was scared stiff that if I told Anita what was on my mind she might decide not to see me any more.

As a consequence, we talked about everything else there is to talk about. We spent hours swimming and bathing, and a great many more in the gym. I showed her what little I knew about running it, and before the week was out she had mastered it well enough to handle the controls on a jaunt we took to Martha's Vineyard and back.

When I lifted her out of the ship that day, it was only by a violent effort of will that I stopped myself from kissing her. But I didn't, and my sex-control held up beautifully—until evening.

Anita and I had agreed that it was going to be a night on which it would be foolish to do anything but go down to the beach and swim in the moonlight and have a late supper of clams and corn steamed in seaweed.

The moon didn't fail us. We had finished supper, and Anita was looking like—well, better than any girl has ever looked since the dawn of history, that's all. One of her shoulders was golden with

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the color of the dying flames; the other was bathed in the silver of the moonlight. And the flickering of the flames brought out strange glints in her hair.

It was too much for me, although I consider that I used a great deal of restraint. With every impulse in me screaming, "Kiss her, you fool!" I gritted my teeth and looked into the fire.

"Look," I said, "I'm about to break up a beautiful friendship."

She looked startled. "Why?"

"Because I've fallen in love with you."

There was a long silence, during which we both got in a steady gaze at the fire. "I'm sorry," she said finally.

"I'm not."

"Now we can't have these lovely times any more," she said.

"With a slight change in your plans, we can," I said. "Don't marry Victor. Marry me."

"I've thought about that, John."

I looked up sharply. "You've what?"

"I've thought about it. Is that brazen of me? I think girls always do and seldom admit it. That night when Victor was so nasty to you—I could scarcely help realizing that superficially you're a much nicer person."

"How did the comparison come out in other ways?"

"Want me to be completely frank?"

I indicated that I did.

"Well," she said slowly, "you're charming; so charming that I was afraid I might be falling in love with you. We like the same things, and we hate the same things. I enjoy myself terribly when I'm with you. But—she paused and continued with a rush—"but, John, I'm terribly sentimental and old-fashioned about getting married and having babies. I want someone dependable who feels the same way as I do. Victor does. I don't think you could feel serious or sentimental about anything. I don't think you're dependable, either. Everything you've ever told me about yourself—the way you live, your engagements and the way they broke up—everything is glamorous, exciting, lighthearted, but . . ."

She shrugged and was silent.

It occurred to me to tell her that it was all so lighthearted only because I had never given much of a damn about anything before I met her. But instead, I said, "Shall we put out the fire now?"

"Yes."

"Collect a few ashes for me, will you? I'd like a supply to sprinkle over myself."

**I** DECIDED to go to Europe, after all. I wasn't needed on the Coast until October, and the last place I wanted to be until then was Nantucket. I couldn't get a ship until the following Tuesday. That meant I had three whole days to kill before sailing. Since I didn't want to be anywhere near Anita and Victor, I went fishing all day Saturday.

Sunday morning dawned as if it had definitely decided to be the best day of the year. I went around to the other side of Tom Never's Head and spent the morning staring at waves. Then I trudged back, fixed myself some lunch and got set for a trip in the giro.

It had begun to cloud up, and before I was ready to take off, the wind was blowing and the sea was beginning to act up.

I decided to take the ship up anyhow, because I'd never done any flying in bad weather and this was an excellent chance. By the time I was out over Nantucket Bay, I realized that it was far too excellent a chance. The wind was blowing me around like a leaf. I started to head back, and suddenly I saw Anita's sailboat with no one in it or near it.

I went cold all over, jumping to the conclusion that Anita and Victor had been thrown out and drowned. But then I noticed that the sail was down, and I felt easier. The boat had undoubtedly drifted away from somewhere.

By that time the waves looked big, even from several hundred feet up, and the boat was dancing merrily. I began wondering how Anita could have let it go adrift. The answer suddenly occurred to me. Peanut Island!

Peanut Island was a little hump of land which, when the tide was low, reared itself out of the sea a mile or so out of the bay proper. Anita and I had gone picnicking one afternoon, anchoring the boat just off it and swimming to it. And if my hunch was right, she and Victor were stuck there now.

I turned the giro and headed for Peanut Island.

There they were, all right, waving frantically at me.

The wind was tricky and I misjudged the landing twice, nearly plopping into the water both times. Finally I made it.

I hopped out and said, "I saw the boat. How did it get away?"

Anita pointed out a little way and said, "Look. Don't you see the way one mass of water seems to be rushing one way and another underneath it is going the other way?"

She was right. There were two distinct currents, as if the sea couldn't make up its mind which way to go.

"That's a rip tide," she said. "It must have torn the boat's anchor loose. We were talking and we didn't notice it for a long time. When we did, the boat was a long way off."

"Couldn't you swim to it?"

"We tried, but the rip nearly carried us out to sea."

I did a little quick thinking. The giro could take only two of us at a time, and unless it got back quickly, the rising tide would make another landing impossible.

Then it occurred to me that I had taught Anita how to handle the ship. That made everything easy. "Better get started," I said. "The ship only holds two and—"

"Oh, it only holds two, does it?" said Victor, his face an angry red.

"Why, yes," I said.

"Listen, Leland," he said. "Anita's told me all about you. I know you're in love with her—or say you are. That's why Anita and I were arguing so much we didn't notice the boat had disappeared. Let's skip that. You'll take Anita to shore first. That's all right, since you're the only one that can run the ship. But how do I know you'll come back for me at all, when you're in love with Anita?"

Anita said "Victor!" and looked at him wide-eyed.

"Just to mention one thing you're wrong about," I said. "Anita can fly, too. I taught her how. Now get in that ship before I throw you in!"

I turned to Anita to remind her what to do just before landing, but Victor interrupted. "Did you actually learn to fly in a week?" he said to Anita.

As Anita nodded, I said, "It seems to be taking you that long just to get the idea. Unless you hurry, there won't be any place for Anita to land to pick me up."

Victor looked from me to Anita suspiciously. "I'm not going," he said. "Not yet, anyway."

"Why? Do you like it here?" I asked with heavy sarcasm.

"I don't like it here," he said. "I don't like any place with you around," he said, which was a pretty good comeback for Victor. "But there's no reason why you should

stay instead of me. There's a better way of settling it. The best man goes."

I remember several conflicting emotions flashing through my mind. First was the realization that there was a legitimate chance to poke Victor in the nose, something I had been yearning to do for some time. Second was the recognition of the fact that Victor wasn't such a bad guy after all. Third was a certain dislike of myself.

"You've been reading too many cheap novels," I said.

He smiled confidently. "Scared?" he said. "I'll see that it doesn't last nine rounds this time."

I swung on him then, of course.

It wasn't much of a scrap, although it took time, and time was precious. It was apparent after thirty seconds that we weren't the same people who had been in the ring together years before.

**W**HEN Victor connected with everything he had, right on the button, I stayed up. He looked surprised. He was breathing hard and looking a little blue. I was in much better shape, probably because of years of boxing with gym trainers.

His footwork was still good, but the wet, sandy soil didn't give him much chance to use it. He did get in another nice one which blacked my left eye.

The right cross that I landed on his jaw immediately afterwards ended the scrap. I put everything I had into it. He sagged and fell over like a sawdust doll. As I stood getting my breath, one big wave washed over the giro's tail controls.

I heaved Victor into the ship in the passenger seat. "Get in!" said to Anita. "And don't forget to land into the wind, not with it. Pick out a big, flat spot that will give you plenty of margin for error. And don't forget—"

"John," she said. She was crying. "Victor would have gone with me if—"

"Shut up," I said. "Victor's all right. He would have gone without fighting, but he wouldn't."

"I'll be back in ten minutes," she said. "Don't fly back," I said. "Get a boat. I was lucky to land, and now it's harder. I don't think you could make it."

She kissed me. I remember feeling good about that. Then I made her climb in.

I watched her lift the ship, waved at her and then walked over to the highest part of the little island to think things over. Judging by the speed with which the tide was rising, it would be two hours before the island would be completely covered. But long before that, one of those overgrown waves was likely to wash me off.

I took a look at the rip and decided I would swim for it as soon as I had to. I peered down at the water with my shorts. Then I sat thinking about Anita.

Things had turned out, after all, like one of my own scripts, but with one vital omission—the happy ending. I smiled—a little wryly, perhaps—when I thought of that. It all depended upon the point of view. It was a happy ending, at that, from Victor's standpoint.

I tried lighting a damp cigar with some damper matches. I was still trying when I heard the unmistakable chug-chug of a motorboat.

Standing on tiptoes and peering between seas that looked like dancing mountains, I finally saw a little black boat coming from a direction at right angles to that which Anita had taken.

I nearly fell into the sea, hunched over and down and waving my clothes in an effort to attract the attention of the little black boat. But I needn't have

bothered. Its motor stopped when it was fifteen or twenty yards off the island. A wizened, annoyed-looking little man in oilskins threw a rope at me. I missed it the first time, and he seemed to be swearing at me as he threw it again.

That time I managed to catch it. I looped it around my shoulders, hurriedly made a sort of knot in it, and dived in. The knot came undone in the water, and the rope was nearly torn from my grasp. But I held on, somehow, and finally scrambled into the boat.

"Thanks," I said, gasping. The little man looked at me disapprovingly. "You all alone?" he said.

"Yes."

"Generally there's a couple of you," he said grumpily, and started his motor.

I didn't know what he was talking about and said so.

"A couple of you is what I said, young feller," he added accusingly. "Spooners, that's what. Every time a sorcerer comes up, you can count on it some fool boy and girl is stuck on Peanut Island."

"You mean you make a specialty of taking this trip in stormy weather just to pick up people?" I asked.

"Ain't nobody else fool enough to," he snorted, "else I wouldn't. You young folks ain't got the sense you were born with. Regular, you anchor your boats right in the middle of the rip. Regular, you get surprised when the rip tears the anchors loose. Regular, you get left there high and dry."

"Not dry," I amended, "but that's exactly what happened."

"Course that's what happened," he said testily. "Go down to Isham's Inlet tomorrow mornin'. You'll find your boat's drifted right in there. They always do." He disappeared into the hold and

came back with a blanket, which I accepted meekly.

"I'd rather get drowned than get saved in them there fancy pants," he said, eying my blue-striped shorts.

I drew my blanket around me with dignity and staggered below, where it was warm.

I was out again in two minutes. I was too worried about Anita to sit still. The wind was still tremendous, and Anita had only practiced landing the giro three times. Even if she had managed to land safely, I was afraid she might try to come back for me.

My fears were well grounded. I had just finished swapping names with my savior. His was Captain Jonathan Peabody. He was telling me that Moby Dick, the white whale, had turned white because he had heard that Captain Elijah Peabody, Jonathan's grandfather, was after him. I was about to question him further when I heard the giro's motor.

I spotted it immediately. It was traveling fast and passed over us at least a quarter-mile to leeward. For a little while it hovered above what was left showing of Peanut Island. Then it circled low around the island. Anita was looking for me in the water.

I took off my blanket and waved it.

The giro hurried over and swooped low. I caught a fleeting glimpse of Anita's anxious face peering at us. Then everything began happening at once.

She had flown too low. A strong gust of wind must have hit the giro. It heeled over and slapped right into the sea.

I was glad to be in my fancy pants. It saved a lot of undressing time. I dived into a large wave, thinking bitterly that in stories you can at least keep melodrama down to a minimum.

In what seemed an hour—but was actually not much more than a couple of minutes—I reached the place where I thought Anita had disappeared. At first I could see no trace of her. Then her red head bobbed in the water. I managed to grab at it just as it was going down again. She was unconscious. I wasn't so chipper myself by the time Captain Peabody hove alongside of me and threw down the rope. The captain had to haul Anita over the side himself. He had to lift me, too, and I could hear him swearing. Then a wave banged my head against the side of the boat, and for a while I couldn't hear anything.

When I awoke, my head was in Anita's lap, which didn't seem right, because the last thing I remembered, Anita had been the one who was out.

"How are you?" I said feebly.

"All right," she said. "I was just stunned for a minute by the impact of the water, I guess. I was so excited when I recognized you that I forgot I was flying. How are you, undependable?"

She bent over and kissed me. I felt even more puzzled.

"Never better. How's Victor?"

"He's taking a hot bath—and the six-o'clock train. Will you come for supper?"

This time I kissed her.

It took a long while, and we didn't stop when Captain Peabody looked in, muttered "Spooners!" and went back to his wheel.

I did promise Anita that I wouldn't think of using our experience as a romantic story. We agreed that it was a dangerous business. Look what had happened to me before. But that was before we knew we were going to have the expense of a honeymoon in Hawaii.

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## Storm Girl

### by Joseph C. Lincoln

(Continued from page 31)



did I put that newspaper?" he soliloquized. "Oh, yes, here 'tis. Don't bother me now, Dizzy—plain Desire, I should say—I've got to improve my mind."

She declared that goodness knew it needed improving and began to clear away the supper dishes. He unfolded the Boston paper.

It was but a few minutes later when they heard the purr of an automobile in the yard. The wind had risen steadily, and now the rain was beating against the windows. Desire, in the kitchen, heard the sound first.

"What's that?" she called. "Sounds like a car, don't it? Who on earth—at this time of night? And this kind of night!"

Simeon looked up from his paper. "Somebody from the life station, maybe."

Voices sounded on the walk leading to the side door of the Coleman House, a masculine voice and a feminine. The latter said, "Yes, Henry, you can bring it right in. If you can't handle it alone, I'm sure Uncle Sam will help you."

"Why, of all things!" gasped Desire. "Emmie!" She rushed to throw her plump arms about the girl's neck.

Emily kissed her fondly. "Oh, I'm glad to be here!" she sighed.

In the background Simeon was chuckling. "If there's any of them hugs left when you two get through," he observed, "maybe you might spare me a couple, Em. Don't get as many from the girls as I used to; your aunt watches me too close. . . . There. That's fine. Well, well, well. . . . Oh, all right, Henry, I'll help you with the trunk."

The driver of the depot bus was grinning in the doorway. Desire turned to look at him.

"Trunk!" she repeated. "Is it your trunk, Emmie? Why, that means—"

Emily smiled. "It means I'm going to stay—if you really want me."

"Want you? Don't talk silly. But stay—how long?"

"Why, for always, perhaps. At any rate, for a long time."

"Why, that's wonderful! But I don't understand, I thought—"

Simeon interrupted. "There, there, Dizzy, don't worry about not understanding that yet awhile. What you'd ought to understand right now is that this girl probably ain't had anything to eat since noon. You tend to that end of the line, and me and Henry will wrangle in the dummage."

But Desire was still in a daze of bewilderment. "But I don't understand," she repeated. "I—I just don't. You're comin' here to stay—for good? How can you? There's that nice bookkeepin' job you've got in Gloucester."

Emily shook her head. "There isn't any job in Gloucester, Aunt Desire," she said. "That's all over and done with."

"En? But—well, I will say your comin' now is an answer to prayer. Only—"

"Only nothin'" cried Simeon. "She came because she got my letter tellin' her you needed her. That's right, ain't it, Emmie?"

"Why, yes, partly right. Uncle Sam."

"Course 'tis. If anybody prayed you down here, I was the one. Desire, don't you ever preach to me about the prayers of the wicked don't count. See what this one hauled aboard! . . . Come on, Henry. Where's that trunk?"

Emily went up to her room early that evening. It was the room which had

been hers since she came to the Coleman House after her father's death. When her aunt opened its door and turned on the lights, the girl drew a long breath.

"Oh, it looks so good," she declared. "It's home. And I never realized until lately how good and comforting home was. Oh, I'm so glad to be here."

Desire looked at her. "You've said that half a dozen times since you got here. Simeon and I love to hear you say it, of course, only—"

"Only what, Aunt Desire?"

"Why, nothin', only—there isn't anything wrong, is there, Emmie? I mean, nothin's happened to—make you feel bad or anything like that?"

The girl's answer was prompt, possibly almost too prompt. "Wrong? Oh, no, of course not. Why? quickly. 'You have no reason for thinking there is, have you?'"

"Not a hint, except that you look sort of pale and worried, seemed to me."

"Do I? I suppose I am tired. I've had a long train ride, you know."

"That's so. Well, dearie, I hope you sleep well. Good night."

But she was far from satisfied. Emily did look pale, and in spite of her denial, her aunt was afraid that she was troubled about something. Desire mentioned her fear to Sam when she re-entered the living room.

"Simeon," she declared, "that girl acts awful queer to me. And did you look at her—her face, I mean?"

"En? Look at her face? What would I be lookin' at—her feet? Her face is all right; best-lookin' face I've seen in these parts. What's the matter with it?"

"It looks so much older than it did when she went away."

"Well, 'tis older, ain't it? So's yours and mine, far's that goes. Course I own up, Dizzy, that yours don't show it. When you get rigged up for Sunday, with all your store hair on, why—"

"Oh, stop tryin' to be funny! I tell you, Sam Coleman, there's somethin' wrong with Emmie. She don't look right. She's got somethin' on her mind."

"Oh, rubbish! 'Tisnt on her mind, it's on her stomach. She ate two of them biscuits of yours for supper, and if a man fell overboard after takin' a cargo of them biscuits aboard he'd never come up no three times."

"Be still! I never made better biscuits than those, and you know it. Simeon, what does all this mean, anyhow? Her comin' back here this way, givin' up her place in Gloucester and everything?"

"Means that I wrote her you needed her and she came. Sensible thing for her to do."

"Well, I suppose there's no use talkin' to you about it. You make fun of everything. But there's one thing—There!

Hear that?" as a gust of rain splashed against the window. "You notice what's goin' on, don't you? It's stormin'! And you remember what was prophesied about her years ago. She was born in a storm, and every important thing in her life would be connected with a storm. It's worked out, too. You can't say it isn't."

Sam laughed. "Yes, dear!" he groaned.

"Here's more of that Peleg Myrick business. Dizzy, I used to know old Peleg well as you did. Give him one drink, and he'd prophesy the weather. Give him two and he'd prophesy the next election. When he'd had four, he'd give out that the end of the world was comin', and

after a couple more, it had come—far's he was concerned."

His sister-in-law gathered up her sewing materials preparatory to going to her room. "All right," she said. "You're a scoffer and an unbeliever, but some day you may realize there is a whole lot in second sight and prophecy just the same. Peleg called Emily the 'storm girl,' and a storm girl she's been, so far in her life, anyhow. And mark you this, Simeon Coleman: Emmie was born while a storm was goin' on; her mother died durin' a storm; her father was killed by a storm, and—"

"And it's stormed every once in a while since. My, my, that's mirac'ulous when you come to think of it!"

Desire snorted in disgust and marched from the room. Her brother-in-law chuckled, picked up the paper and departed to his own sleeping quarters.

Emily Blanchard, alone in her room, did not go to bed immediately. She had told her aunt and uncle that she was tired, and that was true. She had expressed her delight at being home once more, and goodness knew that was the truth. She had explained that she had lost her position as bookkeeper with the Gloucester branch of the Boston marine outfitting firm, the members of that firm having decided to employ a man instead of a girl for the work.

All that was true, too, but it was only a part truth. There was much, so much, that she had not told them. The month just past had been a nightmare. And the nightmare was not yet over.

At any time she might be dragged back into it again; see his name in the papers and her own; be summoned into court, held up to shame, exposed as, if not the aider and abettor of a criminal, certainly as a victim and cat's-paw. Mr. Bradley had said as much to her when he notified her of his dismissal.

"You may be innocent so far as actual share in the crookedness is concerned," he said. "My partner and I are inclined to think you are. But we can't help feeling that, if you are, you are too unsuspecting and gullible to be of much use in a business office."

It was his tone as well as what he said that hurt. She had a moment of resentment. "In plain words, if I'm not a thief you think I am a fool," she said.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, exactly. You're very young, just a girl—"

But that was what he meant. And she had been a fool—beating implicitly, blindly worshipping, adoring. And all the time the object of her worship had been using her for his own purposes, lying to her, swearing he loved her and then going away to be with that other woman.

She blushed as she thought of it. And yet on her part it had all come about so naturally and until the beginning of that dreadful month she had been so happy in her fool's paradise.

The position as bookkeeper, typist and general office minder in the Gloucester office had not been hard. The pay was small but she had been glad to earn something any to learn by experience. The office itself was a single room in a block not far from the water front. Her desk and that of the manager were its only furniture, except for a few chairs and a safe. Bradley and Company carried on a good-sized business, but their

headquarters were in Boston and the Gloucester branch was little more than a station for the taking of orders from the owners of the fishing fleets sailing from that town.

The Gloucester manager was Edward Coombes—everyone who knew him called him Ed. Twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old, good-looking, well—if sometimes rather showily—dressed, a persuasive talker with a fund of stories, he was a favorite with the skippers of the fishing schooners, and through their friendship he obtained many orders for the outfitting of their vessels between trips to the Banks.

Emily liked him, too. He was an easy boss, never finding fault and overlooking small mistakes. She had been at the office only a few days when he began calling her Emily and insisted that she call him Ed. "I've been called that so long," he explained, "that when you say Mr. Coombes I look around to see who you're talking to."

Yes, Emily had liked him, and apparently he liked her. He was fond of sociability and a good time and seemed to have a wide acquaintanceship among young people of both sexes. Emily was lonely. She lived in an inexpensive boardinghouse, and though she might have made friends there had she desired, the people of her own age whom she met at supper and breakfast were not particularly interesting.

So, when Ed Coombes invited her to accompany him to supper and the movies one evening, she accepted. They had a pleasant evening together. Similar evenings followed. At the end of three or four months she was, although she scarcely realized it, head over heels in love with him. Realization came one night, however, when he kissed her.

She had had her share of mild high-school flirtations, she had been kissed by boys before, but this was different, and, as she vaguely sensed, dangerous. She struggled from his embrace, entered the house and hurried up to her room.

There, she threw herself upon the bed and burst into tears. Whether they were tears of indignation or shame or joy she was not quite sure. She was frightened, a little, and she knew she should have been very angry, but she was not. She was happy, and under the circumstances, to be happy was wicked. It must be, Ed did not really care for her; how could he? And he was her employer; she must be with him every day. She was afraid, quite as much of herself as of him. Perhaps she ought to give up her position at once.

When morning came, the question was still unanswered. Emily went to the office with her mind made up on one point. There should be no more familiarity. It would be Mr. Coombes and Miss Blanchard from then on.

It wasn't, of course, Ed Coombes soon sensed the situation, and, being an experienced campaigner, he knew when he had made a mistake. He did not apologize; he continued to be his sunny, genial self, and little by little the formality wore away and the old comradeship was resumed. They became more and more confidential and intimate until, at the end of the first six months of Emily's employ by Bradley and Company, there was an understanding between the manager of the Gloucester branch and his pretty bookkeeper.

It was not an engagement exactly, but it amounted to that. They were to be married, but they were to wait until Ed made himself a little more solid with the firm.

Emily, radiantly happy, was content to wait. She believed in him, trusted him

wholeheartedly and worshipped him as she might a god. The engagement—or understanding—was to be kept a secret for the present, so in her letters to East Trumet she made no mention of her love affair.

And then came the crash. Coombes was away from the office a good deal, soliciting orders, and Emily had been attending to the correspondence, the monthly bills and statements.

One day, on the first of the month, Ed being away on a trip to the Boston headquarters, or so he said, she sent out all the statements without consulting him. When he returned and learned that she had done this, he seemed unaccountably angry.

"But I only did it to help you, Ed. You were so busy, and I certainly ought to know how by this time."

"I know, I know, but I wish you hadn't. Some of these fellows are sensitive about being dummed, and competition is too keen for us to take risks."

"But I didn't dum them, Ed. I just sent a slip showing what they owed. And some have owed it for a long time."

"Yes. Perhaps so, but I wish you had let me handle it. Confound it, why won't people mind their own business?"

"But I thought it was my business, dear. I have always."

"Oh, well, never mind. Don't argue. I'm not up to it. My head aches, and I feel rotten. Let me alone."

She let him alone, though she wanted to comfort him, and after a silent hour at his desk he went out without telling her where he was going.

Two days afterward, one of the customers to whom a statement had been sent came into the office. He was the owner of the *Sea Runner*, a little mackerel schooner, and he seemed to Emily, who was alone in the office, in a decidedly cantankerous frame of mind.

"Look here," he demanded, "what in the devil does Ed Coombes mean by sending me this thing, eh?"

The "thing" was one of the monthly statements. It showed that the *Sea Runner's* owner owed Bradley and Company fifty-three dollars and twenty cents and had owed it for more than three months.

Emily could not understand his resentment. "But it's just a regular statement, Captain Kelly," she said. "We always send them out on the first of the month."

"Don't send 'em when a bill's paid, do you? I paid Ed Coombes myself three weeks ago, paid him in cash. I've got his receipt somewhere."

"You did! Why, there is no entry on the books. Mr. Coombes didn't tell me. I suppose he must have forgotten. I'm sorry, Captain Kelly. I'll speak to him about it as soon as he comes back."

"You'd better! Hard enough for a fellow to pay his debts once these days, without bein' asked to pay 'em again."

He stamped out of the office. Coombes returned from Boston the following morning, and Emily called the matter to his attention. At first he denied that the money had been paid him, but when she told him that Captain Kelly claimed that he had a receipt, he admitted that the man might be right.

"Must have put it in my pocketbook with my own cash," he said, "and didn't think of it again. That's it, I guess."

"But it was more than fifty dollars," she reminded him. "How could you forget as much as that?"

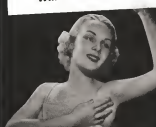
"Well, I did, that's all. Look here," turning on her savagely, "you don't think I kept it on purpose, do you?"

"You know I don't, Ed. I only—"

"Well, never mind. You'd better let me look out for the bills and statements

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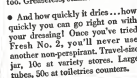
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after this. I'll try to keep 'em straight." She was hurt and resentful, but she made no protest. He was grumpy and silent during the remainder of the day, and when she came to the office the following morning, she found a note on her desk. It was brief, stating merely that he had gone away on a short business trip and that if anything urgent turned up she might write him at an address in Newburyport. He added that, as his business there was confidential, she must keep that address a secret.

Nothing of importance took place the next forenoon, but when she returned from luncheon she found a stranger waiting by the office door. He was a brisk, thin, spectacled little man, and his first question was concerning the whereabouts of Mr. Coombes. She told him that Mr. Coombes was out.

"Be back soon, will he?"

"He said he would be gone only a few days."

"Oh, out of town, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where has he gone? Do you know?"

She hesitated. Ed had given her that Newburyport address, but he had forbidden her to give it to anyone else.

"No," she said. "Did you wish to see him particularly? I am his assistant here. If it is anything to do with the business, perhaps I can help you."

"Humph! So you are the girl that works for him. How are things going here? Business all right? No trouble of any kind?"

"Trouble? I don't know what you mean?"

"Don't you? Sure of that?"

"Of course I am!" indignantly. "Why should there be any trouble?"

For the first time he smiled. "Shouldn't be, that's right," he agreed. Then he added, "Well, I've got a job in Portland and now seems to be a good time to attend to it as any. Haven't got a Boston and Maine time-table around, have you?"

"No."

"I ought to have one myself somewhere." He extracted a big pocketbook from his inside pocket and opened it. It was crammed with papers and business cards, and some of them fell on the floor. He picked them up hurriedly.

"Humph!" he grunted. "Time-table seems to be missing; I was afraid it would be. Well, I'll go to Portland today and be back here day after tomorrow. See Mr. Coombes then, I hope. Good-by."

He was already at the door, but Emily called after him. "If you will leave your name?" she suggested.

"Never mind. Coombes doesn't know me."

He went out. Emily, surprised and disturbed, looked after him. He was such a queer little man. And what had he meant by asking if there had been any trouble?

She was passing the table when she noticed a white oblong card on the floor. She picked it up. It was one of the cards the visitor had dropped. She read:

EDGAR L. FIELDS,  
REPRESENTING CLARK & FIELDS,  
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS  
1016 ST. BOSTON, MASS.  
BOOKS AND RECORDS EXAMINED  
COLLECTIONS MADE  
AUDITING A SPECIALTY

That afternoon she sent a letter to Coombes at the address in Newburyport. She wrote:

Dearest Ed:

You asked me to write you if anything important happened while you were away. I don't know whether this is important or not, but somehow

I felt that perhaps it might be. Yesterday afternoon a man came here to see you, and he said such queer things I couldn't help feeling perhaps you ought to be told about him. He wouldn't give his name, but after he left, I found this card on the floor where he had dropped it.

She enclosed the card. Then she spoke of her caller's question about the business and whether or not she was sure there was no trouble.

What did he mean by that, do you suppose? (she went on). All I could think of was that matter of Captain Kelly's bill. You don't think Captain Kelly is going to stir up trouble for us about that, do you? He did pay us, of course, and he was very angry when he went away. Sending that statement was a dreadful mistake, I know, but you have no money. I mean that you had no money.

If you don't mind my saying so, dear, I think we should both be more careful in the future. When people pay us in cash, remember to tell me promptly and I will see that the books are fixed in the right way. You and I may know, but it is very necessary that the firm should know. I am sure there is no reason for us to tell each other that, dearest.

I am your partner now in everything, everything, and—

She had reached the foot of the page and now she continued the sentence at the top of a fresh one.

—your interests and your chances of advancement mean quite as much to me as they can to you. That is why I can't bear to think that the firm should find out that you ever make mistakes, even in little things like that Kelly matter. Oh, Ed, I wonder if you can quite realize how much I want you to succeed in life as you deserve. You belong to me now, you see, and that—

And so on to the foot of that page and carrying over to the top of the next, where she ended another fervent sentence with:

—for better or for worse, as they say. I like that line, don't you?

Now that I read this letter over I'm afraid you will think it silly of me to worry about that Fields man. But he is an accountant and a bill collector and I didn't know who might have sent him.

After her signature she added a postscript:

Of course the card he dropped might have been someone else's and not mine at all. But I thought it might do with accounts or bills. Then all my worry would have been silly, wouldn't it?

She received no reply to her letter, nor did Coombes appear at the office the following day or the next. On the third morning, however, Mr. Fields walked in. He looked at her and at the manager's closed roll-top desk. "Not back yet, eh?"

"No, sir, I expected—"

"So you said. Heard from him?"

"No. But—"

"All right, all right. Have to go ahead on my own hook then, I guess. I do the auditing for Bradley and Company, and they've sent me down here to go over the books of this branch. I'd rather have had a talk with your Mr. Coombes before I started in, but I can't wait any longer. Here are my credentials, if you want to see them. Now, if you'll turn everything over to me for a while, I'll pitch in."

And "pitch in" he did, while Emily, nervous and increasingly troubled, sat hoping for her lover's return. But Ed Coombes did not return. Nor did he come on the following day, although



Mr. Bradley, telephoned for by the auditor, came late that afternoon. And the morning after that, Emily, faced by both men, was told the dreadful truth.

Coombes was a thief. A petty thief, of course—his stealings amounted to little more than two thousand dollars—but a thief nevertheless. The firm was inclined to be vindictive. Ed had been a pet of Bradley's.

"When I think what I did for that young rascal, I boil over," vowed Bradley. "The dirty little crook! I'll put him in jail if I die for it! That is, I will when I catch him."

That was the firm's principal trouble at the moment. So far, they had not been able to catch him. His description and his photograph were in the hands of the Gloucester police, but he himself was as yet out of reach of those hands.

Those were days of horror and breakdown for Emily Blanchard again and again she was questioned and cross-questioned, treated—or so she felt—as if she were a partner in the theft.

"You kept the books, didn't you? Then why didn't you suspect what was going on?"

She could only repeat that she had only been in partial charge of the books; that what Mr. Coombes told her to do she did unquestioningly. It was true—oh, it was true; they must believe her. They did, in the end—or pretended to do so; but she had the feeling that they were not wholly convinced.

What she did not tell them was that, in spite of it all, she still trusted and believed in Ed. If only they had actually been taken by him, he had meant only to borrow it. He would have paid it back in time, she was sure of it. She trusted him and would always trust him in spite of everything. She loved him, she would always love him, no matter what he had done. If she only knew where he was now, if she could reach him, tell him that her love and loyalty were as staunch as ever. Of his loyalty and love for her, there was not the slightest doubt in her mind.

And then that, the last of her illusions, was shattered. As she sat alone and miserable in her tiny room at the boarding-house, wondering what she should do, the landlady entered to announce a visitor. There was disapproval and offended dignity in her tone and manner.

"This has always been a respectable house," she snapped. "I'm careful who I let rooms to, but I can't be expected to know who my boarders keep company with when they're off my premises, that's a little too much to ask of me. But when it gets to the point where the police come here, then—well!"

Emily gazed at her, aghast. "Police?" she repeated.

"That's what I said. There's a policeman down in the sitting room now, and he wants to see you. Don't ask me why; that's his business to ask of you."

She frowned out. Emily, pale and frightened, went slowly down to the stuffy sitting room on the first floor. As she entered, a big gray-haired man in uniform rose from the sofa.

"You're Emily Blanchard, miss?" he asked.

"Yes—yes, sir," she faltered. "All right, I'm Lieutenant Hawley. I just ran in to have a little talk with you. Nothing to be scared about. Of course you can guess who I'm here

about. It's that fellow Coombes. You and he were engaged to be married, I understand."

"Yes, sir."

"Humph! Too bad—for you, I mean."

"I don't think it is too bad," she declared. "I don't believe what they say about him is true. Or if it is, I—well, I am engaged to him just the same."

"Um-hm. I see. And that's none of my business, anyhow. All right. Well, have you any idea where he is now?"

"No. Of course I haven't. I told Mr. Bradley that, I told them all."

"All right. Did you ever hear him say anything about a man named Hendricks? Bill Hendricks, most of 'em call him."

She hesitated. "Why, yes," she admitted. "I've seen him in the office several times. He was a friend of Ed's—of Mr. Coombes'. He's a fishing captain. Ed went to the Banks with him on two or three voyages some years ago. I've heard them talk about it."

"Yes, yes; I see. What is the name of that schooner Hendricks owns? The—er—Bluebell, ain't it?"

"No, the Blue Eyes. I am sure that's the name. Why?"

"All right. Blue Eyes it is. Now, let's see—when did Coombes show up at the office the last time?"

"Oh," wearily, "you know when it was. I've told them over and over again."

"You haven't told me. The—er—eighteenth, was it?"

"No. It was the seventeenth. He wasn't at the office at all on the eighteenth, or since."

"Um-hm. And it was on the nineteenth that the Blue Eyes sailed for the Banks. Yes, yes."

He paused. She was looking at him in puzzled wonderment, groping for his meaning. And suddenly she caught it. She sprang from her chair. "Oh!" she cried. "Oh! You mean—you think he sailed on that schooner? You think—"

"We—ell," with a faint smile, "there's a chance he might have. He went somewhere mighty sudden. He didn't go in his car, and so far as we can find out, he didn't go on the train. And Bill Hendricks and he are chums—two of a kind, as you might say. So he didn't let you know he was going on the Blue Eyes, eh?"

"No. Oh, no!"

"You're sure? Now's a good time to tell the truth. It'll come out pretty soon, so telling it won't hurt Coombes any. Better come clean, hadn't you?"

She scarcely heard him. She was trying to think what it meant. If Ed was on the Blue Eyes, the police would have the schooner watched wherever she might touch. He would be arrested, tried, perhaps sent to prison. She covered her face with her hands.

The lieutenant leaned forward. "Anything to tell me?" he persisted.

"No. Oh, no! I didn't know. I didn't even know he was going away. I didn't know about the money—or anything. Oh, please believe me!"

Her hands were in her lap now, but tears were running down her cheeks. Lieutenant Hawley was a kindly man. He had a daughter about Emily's age. He shook his head pityingly.

"I guess you're right," he observed. "I guess he didn't tell you much of anything—except what suited him to tell."

Her wet eyes flashed. "He told me everything!" she cried. "He was good. I am sure he didn't do the things you people say he did. And even if he did, I—I—"

Lieutenant Hawley hesitated, then seemed to make up his mind. "Look here, kid," he said. "All this is damned shame, as I look at it. You're straight,

I'll bet on it, and that Coombes guy was as crooked as they make 'em. He sized you up for green and innocent, and he played you for a sucker, that's all. You think he was doing the square thing by you all the time this engagement business was going on, don't you? Think he didn't look at another woman all that time, I suppose, eh?"

"I know he didn't. How dare you say such things! I know."

"Oh, no, you don't. You don't know anything. I've just come from a talk with another woman he'd been playing around with. She isn't your kind of woman, either. She went on trips with him to Portland and other places. I have four photographs of 'em together, one of 'em taken only a month ago."

"Oh! Oh, it isn't true! It's a lie."

"No lie about it. I've just come from a session with her. She gave me the photographs. She's got no use for him now; according to her story, he had a hundred dollars or so of her money—was going to invest it for her or something—and he cleared out with it. Oh, she's got it in for him good and plenty. She gave me some of his letters to her. I've got 'em here with me. Want to look at 'em?"

He took a packet of letters from his pocket, selected two and laid them in Emily's lap. The handwriting on the envelopes was only too familiar.

From the packet he took a photograph and laid it on the letters. She looked at it and shuddered.

"Guess you don't need to read 'em," he observed. "That photo ought to do the business. I'm sorry for you, kid. It's pretty tough medicine but it ought to work a cure. You put that Coombes guy out of your head. Jail is where he belongs, and after we put him there, you forget him. I'm telling you this, not because it's any of my business, but because I believe you're straight. Well, I must be getting along. See you later, maybe."

Emily did not answer. After he had gone, she rose and slowly climbed the stairs to her room. That evening she packed her bag and trunk.

The next morning came the letter from her uncle Simeon urging her to come home because Desire needed her.

To come down to breakfast next morning was an ordeal for Emily Blanchard. The prospect of facing more questions was almost unbearable. Aunt Desire, she knew, had guessed something was wrong and would not be satisfied until she learned what that something was. That she should not find out from her at least, Emily was determined.

She pretended to be in high spirits when she entered the dining room, bade her aunt and uncle a gay good morning and announced that it was wonderful to be at home again.

"Kind of tame, ain't it, Em, after all that Gloucester wild life?" Uncle Sam inquired.

"Wild life?" she repeated. "Why, what do you mean, Uncle Sam?"

"En? Why, I mean all that goes on in a place big as Gloucester: electric cars and automobiles and racket, and folks goin' and comin' all the time. Meetin' somebody you know every little while and goin' in with 'em to have a couple of dr—"

He pulled up sharply, looked at his sister-in-law and finished with, "Oh, just some sort of stir, that's all. Well, it'll be livelier down here in a couple of months, soon's the boarders begin to come. . . . There, there, Dizzy, don't get tittered up. I ain't figgerin' to do anything desperate, yet awhile."

Desire sniffed. "I wouldn't trust you," she declared. "When you begin talkin' that way I know what's in the back of

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your head. When he commences to fidget," she added, turning to Emily, "he's to 'growin' about how dead 'is down here. I can tell he's thinkin' about goin' on one of his precious 'vacations,' as he calls 'em. Let's hope he'll have decency enough not to start the very first day you get here, Emmie."

Simone was unperturbed. "No such notion," he said. "Too glad to have the girl here without chasin' off and leavin' her. It's all right, Em. Only I know how it's goin' to seem after a spell and, with a wink at his niece, "any time you feel like a change, you and me will just pack our satchels and—"

The horrified Desire broke in. "Well!" she sputtered. "Of all the brazen—!" Simone Coleman, if you ain't ashamed of yourself, you ought to be ashamed."

"Why?" innocently. "All I'm talkin' about is takin' Emmie on a little trip. No harm in that, is there? I'm her uncle."

"You're a pretty one to be anybody's uncle. As to what you do on those trips of yours, of course I can't say for sure. I notice you never tell me."

"Don't? Well, far's that goes, you never tell me about the doin's on the cruises you go on. Emmie, your aunt Dixey and a parcel of giddy female women her age went on an all-day time over to Ostabie three weeks ago. They said they was bound for some church sociable, but they never got home until 'most eleven o'clock at night and if what I hear's true, one of 'em had to be carried from the bus into her house."

Desire's plump face was a picture. "Oh!" she burst forth. "Oh! Emmie, if you pay attention to anything he says you'll—I don't know what. We did go to a sociable, and we had a nice, genteel time; only Sarah Hallett sprained her ankle, and the poor soul had to be helped up to her own front door. He knows it, too, the—wicked, impudent thing. I—oh, come into the kitchen soon's you're done breakfast. I only hope your morals won't be corrupted after then, that's all I can say." She frowned out.

Simone chuckled. "She's a great comfort on a dull mornin', Dixey is," he observed.

By the end of the first week in the Coleman House Emily's sense of relief and ease of mind were still with her. No news came from Gloucester, so no dreaded note informing her that Ed Coombes had been apprehended.

By the end of the first fortnight she began to believe that Coombes had not been aboard the schooner, after all. How he had escaped she could not imagine, nor did she care. She could only pray fervently that she might never see or hear of him again. She had had her lesson and never again would she trust a human being as she had so blindly trusted this one.

Aunt Desire was increasingly uneasy in her mind. Uncle Simone's "fidgetiness" was becoming more evident each day, and Desire confided to Emily that she knew the signs. "He's gettin' ready to go on a vacation," she told the girl. "He always acts this way when the fit's strikin' in. He'll be clearin' out one of these days, and I shan't draw an easy breath till he gets home again."

"But why, Aunt Desire?" queried Emily. "He always does come home, doesn't he?"

"He always has, up to now. But I worry so till he does. Up there to Boston ramplin' around. Oh, dear, dear!"

"But it's just because he gets fidgety down here in this quiet place. He doesn't do anything dreadful while he is away, I'm sure he doesn't."

"I wish I was. He's good-hearted

enough underneath, and he's been mighty kind to me, I will say. But he's lived a rough life, your uncle has, and I'm scared of what he might do when I ain't nigh to watch him."

"Don't you ever ask him what he does on those Boston vacations?"

"Ask him!" indignantly. "Course I do. And what does he tell me? One minute he says he didn't do anything, but kill half a dozen policemen, and the next that he spent his time preachin' temperance at the Sailors' Bethel. No more truth in the one yarn than there is in the other. He knows it torments me, and that's why he does it."

Emily laughed and tried to comfort her.

And one morning Uncle Simone was not on hand at breakfast. Instead, there was a note on the table which read:

Gone to church sociable. Be back in three days. Will take care not to sprain my ankle. Sim.

Emily expected her aunt to be thrown into a nervous collapse by this epistle, but to the girl's surprise she was not. Instead, she was philosophical.

"It's like the measles," she explained. "When you see 'em comin' on you're scared to death, but after they have come there's nothin' to do but wait till they're over. Three days, eh? Well, it might be worse; last time two weeks."

"But will he really be back when he says he will?"

"Um-hm. He always keeps his word that way. If he doesn't this time I'll know somethin' happened, and then I shall be in a conniption."

Nevertheless, the third day came and went and there was no sign of the vacationist. Aunt Desire was beginning to show symptoms of the threatened conniption.

The next morning was clear and crisp, a magnificent early spring day. After the housework was done Emily went out for a walk along the beach. There was a light northeasterly breeze; the surf was tumbling and heaving joyously. It was a morning to make the gloomiest forget his troubles, and Emily was nearer to forgetting hers than at any time in weeks.

She walked briskly on, following the curve of the shore. A sandy point stretched out into the sea, and as she neared it, the low, spreading buildings of the lifesaving station came into view a mile or so farther on. Ever since leaving the Coleman House, she had been dimly aware of the "putt-putt" of a motorboat, but the boat itself had been hidden by the point.

Now, as she rounded the dune at the end of the point, she saw it plainly. A small craft, perhaps twenty-four feet long, with a deckhouse forward, seemed to be but one man aboard, and he was sitting in the stern.

She idly watched the boat for a few minutes. The man was fishing—trolling with a hand line over the stern, she judged—and it seemed to her that he was skirting the edges of the shoals rather closely. The ledge at the previous day she had heard one of the fishermen say that the pollock were beginning to run. This man was "pollockin'," she guessed.

She watched the boat skirt the frothing edge of the long inner shoal, cross the narrow channel and veer to follow the line of the one farther out. She knew most of the Truett fishermen and idly wondered which of them this might be.

There was a little cove on the farther side of the point, with a dory drawn up on the beach at its inner end. The sand at the point edge of the cove was soft

and wet from the ebbing tide, and Emily turned inland behind the dunes. As she emerged from behind them, she came upon a man standing on the top of the slope and gazing out to sea.

He was no one she knew. A stocky, broad-shouldered young fellow, suntanned and sandy-haired, wearing a worn double-breasted jacket and wrinkled gray trousers. A shapeless yachting cap was pushed to the back of his head and he held a pair of marine glasses in his hand.

As she was about to pass behind him, he surprised her by speaking.

"You don't know who that bird out there is, do you?" he asked.

"Why—why, no, I don't."

At the sound of her voice he swung about and snatched off the battered cap. "Beg your pardon," he said, with a smile. "Didn't know I was talking to a stranger. Heard somebody behind me and took it for granted it was one of the crew from the station. Must have thought I was pretty fresh, I'm afraid."

"Oh, no. That's all right."

"Sorry. You see, I'm worried about that chap. The way he noses that craft into those shoals gets on my nerves. You don't know who he is, you say?"

"No. Perhaps I might if he were nearer, but I don't at this distance."

"Well, whoever he is, I— Now what's the matter? His motor's stopped."

The young man raised the glasses to his eyes.

"Humph!" he muttered. "Is he having some trouble? If he had he'd better anchor in a hurry or he'll drift on that bar. I can't make him out. It is too early for a summer greenhorn, and if he's from around here he ought to know the ropes. He's all hunched up in the stern, and I can't make him out. Perhaps you wouldn't mind looking," he suggested. "Maybe you might know who he is."

He handed Emily the glasses. She peered through them at the distant boat. The man in the stern was a motionless heap, his hat pulled over his eyes. She could not recognize him. But the boat—

"Oh!" she cried, in amazement. "It's the *Sunrise*. It's Uncle Sim's boat."

This disclosure of identity evidently meant nothing to her companion. "Uncle which?" he queried.

She was too excited to hear or heed. "It's the *Sunrise*," she declared. "But what is she doing here? Uncle Sim is in Boston and—"

Just then the figure in the stern of the motorboat stirred. His hat fell off.

"Why, it is Uncle Sim!" Emily cried. "It is! Oh, I don't understand. What is he doing out there in a boat, and why does he keep so still? Oh, I'm frightened!"

The young man took the glasses from her hand. He looked through them for a full minute. Then he started running toward the beach. Emily ran after him.

"What are you going to do?" she called.

He had reached the dory which she had noticed on the beach and was pushing it toward the water. She caught his arm.

"What are you going to do?" she repeated. "Is he in danger?"

"There's something wrong out there," he panted. "That darned fool will be in the breakers in ten minutes or so. I'm going out to him. . . . Here! What do you think you're doing?"

The dory was adrift now, and Emily had scrambled aboard.

"I'm going with you," she announced.

"Going with me?" he repeated. "What for?"

"To help, of course."

"A grand help that will be! Get out."

"I shan't!" fiercely. "Don't you understand? That fool, as you call him, is my life. Do you think I can sit on the beach and watch him drown? Oh, stop arguing! Get in."

He did not reply, but he did get in. He settled the oars between the tholepins and began rowing. The first incoming roller hoisted them to its crest. Emily, crouching on the stern thwart, grasped the rail beside her. As the boat slid down the watery slope beyond, she leaned forward.

"Oh, I hope we're in time," she gasped.

"Poor Uncle Sim! What shall I do!"

"Nothing," was the crisp reply. "You'll do nothing except sit down. And stay down. Everything's all right; we'll get there . . . Get back on that thwart and don't get up until I tell you to."

Just then the dory lurched to port and swung upward on another great wave, causing her to sink back on the thwart with a promptness quite unintentional. They were past the inner line of surf now but beyond was the narrow channel between the shoals. And out there, over those jumping ridges of foam, she could catch glimpses of the motorboat. She could see nothing of Uncle Simeon. He seemed to have slumped still further down in the stern.

The dory moved rapidly through the channel. Emily caught her breath as a spatter of spray flew over them. The young man grinned at her.

"Don't worry," he said. "Smooth enough out here, and everything's fine."

The minutes seemed long ones to Emily, but at last the dory shot alongside the larger craft, and its pilot grasped the rail of the latter with a big, sunburned hand. He rose and looked over the rail.

"What is it?" Emily gasped.

"Why, nothing, I hope. He's sprawled out on the deck, either asleep or—no, no!" as she made a move to rise. "You sit where you are." Then, raising his voice, he hailed, "Hello, there! What's the matter aboard here?"

A startled grunt came from the stern of the motorboat. Then a voice, unmistakably the voice of Simeon Coleman, made answer.

"En? What? Who the devil are you? Where'd you come from?" he demanded.

The young man laughed. "He's all right," he said. "Sounds healthy, anyhow." Then, addressing the still invisible Mr. Coleman, "Look alive! Turn out there!"

Another grunt and a yawn were his only responses. He did not wait for more. Stooping, he picked up the dory's anchor rope coiled in the bow and made it fast to a cleat on the motorboat's rail. Then he climbed over the rail.

"Sit still, miss," he ordered. "I'll be back for you in a minute. This fellow is either drunk or crazy."

This remark had an effect. There was a sound of scrambling, and Emily saw her uncle's lanky form loom above the rail and heard his vigorous protest.

"En?" he roared. "Who said I was drunk? Can't a man take a nap aboard his own boat a mile from shore in smooth water with the engine shut off and the anchor down without— Say, who are you shovin', Mr. Buttinski—or whoever you be? . . . Well, for thunder sakes, Emmie! Is it you, or am I seen't things?" he demanded.

She broke in with a question. "Are you sick, Uncle Sim?" she cried.

"Sick? What would I be sick about?"

"Eat your boat is drifting right on the shoals."

"Shoals! What do I care about shoals when I'm anchored?" He paused to stare incredulously at the lines of breakers, now not more than a hundred yards distant. Then, with a yell, he rushed toward the starting lever of the motor. But the sandy-haired young man was there before him. The engine sneezed, coughed and began to turn over. The young man ran to the tiller. Another moment, and the *Sunrise* was "put-putting" toward deep water.

"You might steer her now," suggested the young man. "Now, miss, if you'll come aboard I'll fix it so we can tow the dory."

Simeon obediently took the wheel while Emily was helped aboard. While the young man was adjusting the rope in order that the dory might tow safely astern, she began her cross-questioning.

"And now, Uncle Sim," she demanded, "perhaps you'll tell me what all this means! Haven't you been in Boston at all?"

Mr. Coleman seemed embarrassed. "Oh, yes, I've been there," he replied.

"Of course," his niece continued, "we were a little worried when you didn't come on last evening's train. Aunt Desire said she could always depend on your keeping your word about coming home."

"En? Well, I kept it this time, didn't I?"

"Not exactly. You said you'd come home last night."

"So I did. Er—that is, I left there last night. 'Twas kind of late, I give in. I met some of the old gang I used to know and—well, I callate I must have lost run of the time. Anyhow, I missed the regular train, so I—I came down by the freight."

"You came down on the freight train?" Emily gasped.

"Um-hm. It wasn't so bad; kind of bumpy, that's all. I knew the brakeman and one of the train hands, so they let me come along. Got in about six this mornin'. That was the main trouble."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, Dan Mullett, he's that brakeman I was tellin' you about, he told me the boys at the wharf had told him the pollock was gettin' thicker, so I struck across my mind that I'd get aboard the *Sunrise* and see if I couldn't land one."

"But why didn't you come home first? You could have gone out after breakfast." Uncle Simeon's mouth twisted as if the mention of food was not appealing. "Didn't seem to hanker for breakfast so terrible much," he admitted. "Been—er—eatin' pretty hearty the last day or so."

"I see, well, you can explain that to Aunt Desire. But why did you go to sleep and let your boat—"

"Now, now, now!" fretfully. "I told you and—and him"—with a wave of the hand toward the stern—"about that, didn't I? With the engine off and the anchor overboard I ought to have been all right, hadn't I? You see, I didn't get much sleep last night and I didn't get any night afore that. So—but I don't understand about that anchor. 'Twas overboard, 'cause I put it there myself."

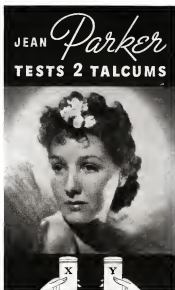
The mystery of the anchor was explained when their companion joined them at that moment.

"Your anchor rope had parted, Mr.—er—"

"Coleman's my name, Simeon Coleman. Didn't Emmie tell you?"

The other two looked at each other. "We haven't had time for introductions," the girl said. "My name is Emily Blanchard."

"Oh, yes. I might have guessed, I've



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heard them speak of you at the station. My name is Chester Brewster. I've just been appointed there."

"Oh," said Emily. "You're the new captain of the Coast Guard crew. We'd heard of your appointment, but we didn't know you had reported for duty yet."

"I only came yesterday afternoon. I was out this morning for a look-around when you said I must say, Miss Blanchard, I'm afraid you must think I'm pretty fresh on short acquaintance, ordering you around, as if you were somebody before the mast. I'm sorry. Bussing a life crew doesn't help a fellow's manners much, I'm afraid."

"Don't let that worry you, Uncle Sim, you owe Captain Brewster a great many thanks. If he hadn't sized up the situation and rowed out to you as he did, you might have been drowned."

Simoon snorted. "Drowned! Me? Well, when I got drowned 'twon't be abrest my own house," he declared. "I'd have woke up afore I fetched up on that bar. Much obliged to you just the same, Cap'n Chel."

"Oh, that's all right. Part of my job." "Um-hm. Well, you was on the job, anyhow. I don't understand about that anchor rope, though; it hadn't ought to busted that way."

He insisted that the *Sunrise* be taken directly into the cove by the point and anchored there.

"That's Sol! Cahoon's dory you borrowed," he added. "Sol always keeps her at the head of the cove, and she'd have to be put back sometime or 'nother. I'll leave my boat there and fetch her round into the harbor later on. . . Eh? I just thought of somethin'. I left a trollin' line hangin' out astern when I turned in. Better get it up afore it snags on bottom."

He turned the wheel over to Chester and hurried aft. A moment later they heard him utter a triumphant whoop.

"What do you know about that!" he bellowed. "I've got a pollack on here big as a horse. . . Ah-ha!" as the flapping silver-sided fish was lifted over the stern. "Look at the beft of him! What do you think of your uncle now, Emmie? Takes a pretty smart man to catch a critter like that when he's awake, to say nothin' of doin' it in his sleep."

They parted on the beach at the inner end of the cove. Emily again expressed her gratitude to Brewster.

"Aren't you going to say anything more, Uncle Sim?" she asked. "He saved your life, Aunt Desire will want to thank you, too, Captain Brewster. I hope you'll drop in and give her the opportunity."

Simoon turned to his rescuer. "Why, sure," he agreed. "You run in any time, Cap'n Chel. Be neighborly, won't you?" Chester Brewster looked at him, then he looked at Emily. "Yes, thank you, I will," he said, and obviously meant it.

He strode off in the direction of the lifesaving station. Simoon and the girl walked toward home, he carrying the pollack. Neither spoke for a time; then Emily looked up at him.

"Honestly now, Uncle Simoon," she demanded, "aren't you ashamed of your self?"

"Eh? What for?" "You know what for as well as I do. What do you think Aunt Desire will say when she knows?"

Her uncle's grin was sheepish. "Depends on how much she does know," he replied. "You tell her I've been fishin', and I'll show her the fish. The rest of it—well, what's the use of botherin' her about that? When you're old as I be, Em, you'll realize that truth is scarce in this world and there's no sense

wastin' more of it in one place than you have to."

Desire's reception of her wayward brother-in-law was not so trying an ordeal for the latter as Emily expected. Emily judged that her aunt was so relieved to have him back from the wild whirl of the wicked city that she forgot to question him too closely. As a matter of fact, he did not afford her much opportunity to question. He strutted about exhibiting the big fish and crowing over his shrewdness in going fishing instead of coming straight home.

"There ain't many that would have thought of it," he announced. "The average man would have thought about breakfast and fishin' afterwards. 'No sirree,' says I to myself. 'The time to catch pollack is in the mornin', just sumup. I can eat one of Desire's breakfasts any time,' says I, 'but I can't fetch her a twenty-pound pollack only about once in so often.' Look at him! Proud of the old man, are you, Dizzy?"

Desire pride, if she felt any, was well concealed. She admitted that the fish was large, but added that pollack wasn't good for much, anyhow; the cat was the only member of the family that would eat more than a forkful of it.

"Did you hear that, Em?" Sim asked. "Turnin' up her nose at a fish like that! And in these days, when there's millions of folks cryin' for bread, let alone pollack. Besides, cats don't eat with forks. You're gettin' mixed in your language, Dizzy."

Desire gave it up, as she usually did. That evening, when the three were in the sitting room, Simoon looked up from his paper to observe: "Say, Desire, I'll have to own up that you was part way right about that storm when Emmie came back here. 'Twasn't much of a storm around these latitudes, but it must have been bad enough up on the Banks. I run across a fellow I knew, and he told me 'twas a terror up there. One chap was lost overboard from this fella's craft and half a dozen more from the fleet generally. The worst, though, was that Gloucester schooner; she went down with all hands. Not a soul saved."

Desire sighed. "Dear, dear! How awful! Nobody you knew amongst 'em, was there, Simoon?"

"Um-hm. Knew most of 'em at one time. Used to know the skipper real well. He was a live wire. Get him on shore with the gang and he was hard to hold. Ho, ho! I remember—" He pulled up sharply, winked at Emily and added, "Well, he's gone, anyhow, poor fellow."

"What was his name?" asked Desire. "Name? His name was Hendricks—Bill Hendricks. His schooner was an old tub, even when he bought her. She used to be the *Little Hope*, but he christened her the *Blue Eyes*. He—Eh? What? Did you say somethin', Em?"

Emily was gazing at him. She was very pale. Her aunt looked at her and rose.

"Why—why, Emmie!" she cried. "What ails you?"

Emily shook her head. She tried to smile. "Nothing, nothing, Aunt Desire," she protested. "I'm all right, truly I am."

"All right! Don't tell me! Why, you look as if you'd been struck with a spell or somethin'. Shan't I get—"

"No, no," hastily. "It is just that—that"—with a sudden inspiration—"Uncle Sim was telling about the storm and people drownin' and—well, you know when I hear things like that it—"

"Of course. Your poor father and all! Simoon, you ought to be more careful; there's that prophecy. Now, Emmie!"

"No, Aunt Desire, I'm all right. I'm just silly, I suppose. The thought of



those poor men on that schooner. What did you say the schooner's name was, Uncle Sim?"

"The *Blue Eyes*. You didn't know anybody aboard her, did you? You was in Gloucester quite a spell."

"Simoon, do stop talkin' about it." "But I don't mind his talking, Aunt Desire. Not now, I don't. Did you say that no one was saved, Uncle Sim?"

"Nary one. 'Cordin' to the fellow's tell who told me, his schooner was in sight of the *Blue Eyes* when the storm struck. The first squall pretty nigh took the masts out of their own craft, and they was too busy to pay attention to anybody else. When they did, the *Blue Eyes* wasn't to be seen. They got over to where she had been, but all they found was some wreckage—not a man, livin' or dead. Say, you are sick, ain't you, Emmie?"

"No, no. I'll be all right in a little while. I'll go to my room now. Please don't come, auntie. It's nothing at all."

"It's that everlastin' pollack, that's what it is. If we ain't poisoned, 'twill be a mercy."

"Here!" Simoon cried indignantly. "That was as fine a pollack as ever I bit into. Poisoned! With that fish? Why, I've seen the time when I'd given a hundred dollars—if I could have borrowed it—for a piece of pollack same as I had on my plate tonight."

Desire retorted that her own father used to say that pollack wasn't fit to eat. Emily took advantage of the argument to slip out of the room.

The *Blue Eyes*. The Gloucester schooner owned by Captain Bill Hendricks. Lost with all hands! Not a soul saved! Ed Coombes was on board that schooner; Lieutenant Hawley had told her so. If this were true, then Ed Coombes had been drowned with the others.

For hours she sat there in her room in the dark, trying to realize the truth and what it meant to her. Her feelings were oddly mixed. There were tears, of course. The memories of wonderful times when she had been happy, looking forward to the future.

But with them, overshadowing them, came the realization that there would be no more apprehension when Uncle Simoon brought home the mail; no more fear of a summons to the witness box; no more shuddering dread of humiliation and disgrace. It was over—over and done with. And it seemed almost wicked to say so, but it was true—it was best for them both.

There still remained a slight doubt, a question whether, after all, the story Simoon had heard of the completeness of the catastrophe was absolutely true, but that doubt was dispelled a few days later. A letter bearing the Gloucester postmark came to her.

It was from Lieutenant Hawley, the police official who had interviewed her at the Gloucester boardinghouse. A brief note, but a kindly one.

Dear Miss Blanchard: I am writing this to tell you two things. First, that that fellow Edward Coombes was aboard the schooner *Blue Eyes* when she sailed from Gloucester. We were pretty sure he was at the time I talked with you, but later on we found it out for certain and laid our plans to get him when the *Blue Eyes* made port either in Canada or here. Second, that the *Blue Eyes* never will make port, for



she went down with all hands in a gale off Newfoundland. Nobody was saved, so that was the end-of-the schooner and Coombes, too.

Understand, I am writing this, not as a policeman, but as a friend, if you care to call it that. I imagine you have been scared and troubled because you were expecting him to be caught, arrested and brought up for trial. Now you needn't be. He is gone.

Yours truly,

P. J. Hawley

P. S.

Perhaps you won't mind my saying just a little more. You may feel bad when you hear this news. You mustn't. Some day you will realize that you are well out of it. Ed Coombes was a mean, sneaking scamp not worth the notice of any decent girl, such as I sized you up to be. Forget him. All this is none of my business, but I have a daughter about your age and you reminded me of her when I met you.

P. J. H.

Emily tore the note into little pieces and burned them in the stove. In doing so she felt as if she were burning pages of her life. And now there was a new page to be turned, but the name of no man should be written upon it!

Chester Brewster kept his promise. He dropped in at the Coleman House on an evening early in the following week.

He made a favorable impression. His reputation had preceded him, for since his appointment as station captain, there had been much comment and discussion among the coastguardsmen and almost everything said was to his credit. Of course there was a little jealousy; Olson, the Number One man, who felt that the promotion should have come to him, was, so Simeon heard, a trifle sore-headed, but he had little sympathy.

"The hell of 'em think Ole's the right fellow for the job," Uncle Sim reported. "This is a busy station through the winter months, and the boys figure it's the place for a young man. Ellis was gettin' on, and he's been shy of takin' too big risks. Olson's pretty high retirin' age, too."

"This Brewster boy, now, he's right up and comin'. Won't stand for any slackness; great for order and neatness, and discipline and the like of that; and he don't seem to play favorites."

"How do you know so much about it, Simeon?" Desire asked.

"Oh, I've stopped in at the station a couple of times lately."

Emily was pretty certain of the reason prompting her uncle's "stopping in." Brewster, during his first call, said not a word concerning the rescue of her uncle from the *Sunrise*. Simeon did not refer to it, so she, too, kept a discreet silence. After the caller had gone Desire expressed unqualified approval.

"He seems like a real nice young man," she said. "So quiet and modest. Nice manners, too. And I think he's real nice-lookin', don't you, Emmie?"

"Why, I didn't notice, particularly." "Maybe not. But he noticed you. He hardly took his eyes off you."

June came. The Coleman House was humming with preparations for the arrival of the first batch of boarders. The two waitresses, girls from Truene and the cook, a Wellmouth matron, made their appearance on the tenth of the month. On the fifteenth, a few guests arrived. They were elderly people, old acquaintances who had spent many seasons under that roof. Emily knew them all and liked them, and they liked her. "But I can hardly believe, my dear," was the comment made, with slight variations, by almost every one of the

feminine contingent, "that it has been only one year—or is it two?—since I saw you. You look and seem so much older, so much more womanly, if I may say so. Not that it isn't becoming to you; dear me, no. You are almost too good-looking. Ha, ha; I'm afraid we shall have some—er—heartburnings when the young men begin to come. Ha, ha!"

Emily paid little attention to this sort of thing. She was quite aware that she looked older. So far as the prospects of heartburnings on the part of the young men were concerned, that neither excited nor interested her. She intended to quench promptly any incipient internal fires of that nature.

By the middle of July the season was fully on. The Coleman House was crowded. There was a sprinkling of brown or black or even auburn heads amid the gray about the tables at mealtime. There were stenographers and schoolteachers down on annual vacations, and young fellows from offices.

There was a dance in the sitting room every Saturday night, a phonograph furnishing the music; bathing, picnics and sailing parties daily. And in the evenings movies in the village or beach suppers.

There might have been flirtations enough. The majority of young masculine boarders at the Coleman House were not unaware of Emily Blanchard's good looks. A dozen would have trotted at her heels if she had given them the slightest encouragement.

Emily was always pleasant and agreeable. She danced on Saturday evenings, but never more than once or twice with the same partner. When she attended the beach picnics, she was always busy helping. After the lunch or supper was served she remained by the fire with the older members of the party, instead of going out to the beach with a male escort, as most of the girls her age did. Invitations to strolls on the shore to watch the moonlight on the breakers were always pleasantly but firmly refused. One by one the would-be Romeos gave it up.

There was one young man, however, who refused to give up. He was a slim, languid, bespectacled chap named Bradford Dykes. His father, was president of a big drug company in the Middle West, and Bradford, the only son, was destined to inherit millions. Had he wished, he could have been the chief idol of the Coleman temple, with at least a dozen young women eager to sit at his feet and worship, but apparently he was not interested in them.

Young, tall, more than passably good-looking, and a prospective millionaire, he was a bait calculated to lure even the most finicky fish in the most select pool, and naturally, in the everyday pool of Desire Coleman's boardinghouse his arrival caused a tremendous splash. The girls whispered about him and threw themselves in his way; but he, though always polite, seemed scarcely aware of their existence.

It was soon noticed, however, and commented upon, that the high-hat Mr. Dykes was likely to be found in the vicinity of Emily Blanchard. He read a great deal, and he spent much time wandering along the shore or pacing up and down the porch. But the end of those wanderings often came when he reached the desk where Emily was at work.

Not that his conversation on those occasions was ever frivolous. A casual reference to the weather was his nearest approach to frivolity and for the most part, he appeared to be shrouded in a sort of superior gloom. Emily once ventured to ask him the title of a volume

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that he had in his hand. He sighed. "Merely a novel," he replied. "I read one occasionally for recreation. This one is—er—but no doubt you have read it." He handed her the book.

"Oh," she said. "Yes, I have read it. I liked it very much. Don't you?"

He smiled faintly. "Oh, it is amusing, in a way, but quite unreal. The man writes of life as he would like it to be, not as it actually is. Have you read 'Frozen Souls'?"

Emily had read a little of "Frozen Souls." A half-dozen chapters had been enough, so far as she was concerned. She told Mr. Dykes so. "I thought it was dreadful. Everybody in it was so wretched and miserable and hopeless."

"Hopeless, yes—but true. After all, life is hopeless, isn't it?" He spoke as one having had vast, disillusioning experience.

"Why, no," Emily declared, laughing, "of course it isn't; not of all it, anyway."

His nod was condescending. "I imagine you are like so many. Your own life has so far been—er—comfortable and easy."

She broke in. "How do you know whether it has been comfortable or not?"

"Why, I don't, of course. I merely took it for granted."

"You shouldn't take things for granted. But there, I mustn't talk to you like that, and I must get to work again."

She rose to go, but he detained her. "Just a minute," he urged. "I find all this very interesting. I didn't mean to be personal. When I said life was hopeless, I meant for the great majority."

"And who are the great majority?"

"Why, they are the—er—the great majority. Those who do not belong to the pampered classes. The proletariat, if you like."

"I don't know whether I like or not. I'm not quite sure what the proletariat is. If it means just the everyday, common people, why, I am one of them and so is almost everyone I know down here. And we don't go about whining and complaining and hating, like the people in 'Frozen Souls.' Honestly, Mr. Dykes, you don't belong to the—what is it?—proletariat. If what I hear is true, you are about as much pampered as anyone I can imagine. There! Now I have offended you."

But he did not seem offended. He even smiled. "I don't mind your saying it," he said. "It is the truth, and truth is what we should face. Miss Blanchard, I hope you and I may have many of these talks together. I should like you to understand my position. I want to explain."

She laughed. "Well, all right, but I can't let you do it now. I have a lot of things to do at present."

She could not make him out, and therefore, as a puzzle, she found him rather interesting. And that was interesting in her the entire boardinghouse company was increasingly certain.

He told her a good deal about himself. His parents were wealthy; she gathered that he had always had every material thing he desired and that the college he was now attending was the second he had patronized in three years. What was he going to do after he was graduated? He was not sure. His father, of course, expected him to go in with him as a partner in the wholesale drug-manufacturing firm, but he abhorred the idea. His mother? Well, anything that pleased him would suit her, he supposed.

Aunt Desire considered him a queer, but rather nice. "I don't know why, but I can't help feeling sorry for him. He acts so unhappy. Why he should be, she said. "But he is a favorite, just the same. He shocks the old ladies, and that gives them something to talk about. Most of the men like him a lot, and those who

me take him out on a fishin' cruise 't'other day," he said, "and I give you my word he didn't care no more about catchin' fish than I do about goin' to sewin' circle. Set there, he did, with his line hangin' slack, pumpin' questions at me about whether or not the long-shore gang around here was what he called 'class conscious.' I told him some of 'em, accordin' to my fingerin', had never got out of the pumpin' class, but that didn't seem to satisfy him. He seemed to be pretty down in the mouth about nothin' in particular and everything in general."

"Bah! Don't waste your time feelin' sorry for Dykies, Dizzy. He's lived too rich all his life, and it's given him dyspepsia in the brains. If I could have him along with me on a cod boat for a couple of weeks I'd cure him. Do him more good than them colleges he's been to."

"Say, Emmie, he seems to have taken a shine to you. Why don't you marry him? He needs somebody with sense to shake the foolishness out of him."

Emily laughed. "No, thank you, she said. "Besides, I haven't noticed any symptoms of his thinking of asking me."

Aunt Desire, the incurable romantic, shook her head. "Well, I don't know," she observed. "He does seem to like you a lot. Rich men have married poor girls before now. Stranger things than that have happened."

"But not many," was her niece's rejoinder. She did not speak of her resolve never to marry anyone.

Now that the summer season at the Coleman House was at its height, Captain Chet Brewster's calls were not as frequent as they had been in June. Emily was more likely to encounter him during brisk morning walks along the beach. Those encounters never appeared to be the result of premeditated planning on his part, as they certainly were not on hers. He was out for a stroll, and so was she. Having met, they walked and chatted together, that was all.

She asked him questions concerning affairs at the Coast Guard station, and he informed her of the daily happenings. It was dull enough there during the summer, he said, just the daily round of drill and patrol. "More or less of a picnic now," he added. "If everything runs as smooth when the fall and winter weather hits us, I should be satisfied."

Emily asked him how he came to be in the service.

"Oh, it just happened," he said. "I like salt water, like to be on it and around it. I like the responsibility of handling men. I couldn't be tied to a desk; it would drive me crazy. Oh, I don't mean to make it my life work. I have some friends connected with the shipping business in Boston and New York. They know what sort of job I might be fitted for. Some of these days the right thing may come my way, but just now I'm having a good time here."

He was alone in the world. An only child, with both his parents dead. He told her a good deal about his boyhood, and she, in turn, told him of her life as a little girl with Aunt Desire and of Uncle Sim's unexpected return to the Coleman House. He chuckled at the mention of Simeon's name.

"I like him," he declared. "He's a tough old boy; lived a rough life, I guess, and enjoyed it, too, but he's full of common sense. I don't see how he fits in over there at your aunt's boardinghouse, though."

Emily smiled. "Oh, he doesn't," she said. "But he is a favorite, just the same. He shocks the old ladies, and that gives them something to talk about. Most of the men like him a lot, and those who



don't are the ones he doesn't like. He delights in teasing Aunt Desire, but she adores him, really. As for me—well, I'm sure he'd do anything I asked him to." The Brewster comment on this came as a surprise.

"Well, who wouldn't?" he blurted. It was more of an assertion than a question, and Emily was astonished and perturbed. In all their conversations heretofore he had never paid her a compliment. She decided that she must be careful. She had enjoyed their friendship, but, yes, she must be careful.

Thereafter, she took pains to see that they did not meet quite so frequently. Her walks were timed a little later, when she knew he would be busy at the station. Even at that, they did meet. One of those occasions was on a forenoon following an evening when he had dropped in at the boardinghouse.

She had not expected to see him on the beach at that hour, and afterward, she wondered if he had not been there waiting for her. His greeting was casual enough, and so was most of what he said. It was a question he asked just before they parted which aroused that uneasy suspicion.

"Who is that chap with the spectacles?" he asked. "That fellow who was with you when I came in the other evening?"

"The other evening? Oh, yes, I remember. His name is Dykes; he comes from Illinois. His father is the head of a drug company out there, I believe. He is one of Aunt Desire's boarders."

"Yes," she inferred from his nod that he knew all this already. "Reading a book to you, wasn't he, Emily?"

She laughed. "Oh, yes. He does read to me when I have time to listen. He has very strong opinions about what he calls the 'distribution of wealth' and about the 'pampered classes.' He thinks the world ought to be made over."

"Humph! Made over according to his ideas, I suppose! Rich, isn't he?"

"They say his father has lots of money." A short interval of silence. Then: "Do you like him?"

"Like him? Why, yes, I do, Chet. He is odd and very solemn about everything, but he is rather nice when you know him. Aunt Desire says she can't help feeling sorry for him. I do too, in a way. He doesn't seem to have many friends."

Chester made no comment on this, and when she spoke again, it was not about Dykes. He left her soon afterward.

A few mornings later, as Emily set out on one of her walks, she heard her name called. She turned to see Bradford Dykes hurrying in her direction.

"What is it?" she asked, as he caught up with her. "Is anything the matter?"

He was out of breath from hurrying. "No, nothing is the matter," he panted. "I knew you usually went out alone at this time, and I made up my mind to be on hand. I—I had to talk with you, you see."

"Oh," she did not see, nor did he go on to explain immediately. A little later, however, when they had reached a sheltered spot between the dunes, he asked her if she would mind waiting. "I mean," he faltered nervously—"I mean—well, can't we sit down—er—on that thing? I have a good deal to say, and it is very important."

The "thing" he indicated was a piece of timber, the sun-bleached stern post of

a long-since wrecked schooner, half buried in the sand.

"Why, all right," she agreed. "I suppose we can wait for a minute or two."

They seated themselves on the wreckage. He looked at her, opened his mouth to speak and closed it again.

"Well?" she asked. "What is all this that is so important?"

"She drew a long breath. 'It's you,' he blurted. 'You—and me. You see, I—well, I have just had a telegram from my father. He wants me to come home. Mother is not very well, and father thinks she might be more contented if I were around. So I suppose I must go. I don't want to; I have been happy here.'"

"I'm glad of that, I know Aunt Desire will be glad, too. She likes to hear that people have been happy in her house."

He nodded. "She is all right. She is a good woman, of her kind. A little too satisfied with her station in life, perhaps. A little too—well, unresentful of injustices and things like that."

"Nonsense! What injustices?"

"Why, social injustices. Why should she have to wait on others and make herself uncomfortable in order that they may be comfortable? Why should she have to superintend their meals and—

and cater to their petty wants?"

"How ridiculous! That is the way she makes her living. They pay to be made comfortable, don't they?"

"Yes, but the whole idea is wrong. Oh, well, I didn't mean to talk about her... Yes, I have been happy here—really happy. And that is strange, you know."

"What is strange about it?" she asked. "I should think you had every reason to be happy."

"But I haven't. Or if I have, I'm not going to let it influence me. What right have I to be happy when so many millions of people are wretched?"

She gave it up. He was off on another of his "social justice" tirades, and she was not in the mood to listen. "I really must go back to the house," she said, and made a move to rise. But he caught her arm.

"No, no; you can't go," he said. "You must listen, Emily, I think I could be happy in spite of everything and everybody, if you were with me—always."

"Always? What in the world—"

"Don't talk—yet. Just listen, Emily, I—I'm not popular with people. I've tried two colleges so far, and I'm no more popular at the second one than I was at the first. I don't care for that, though. The college fellows, most of them, are frivolous and footbally and girl-crazy and all that kind of rot. I'm not, and I won't be. At home I could have anything I wanted, but I don't want it. I—"

But she interrupted. "Perhaps that is the trouble," she said. "If you couldn't have everything, you might be happy trying to get something. But truly, Bradford, I mustn't stay any longer."

He held her fast. "This is serious, I tell you. When I came down here—well, what do you suppose I came here for, anyway? If my mother had had her way I would have been frivolling around at some fashionable resort, or abroad or somewhere. I didn't want that."

"How about your father?"

"Father doesn't understand me at all. When I talk to him seriously about life, he just laughs. When I tell him I simply won't go into business with him, he says he wouldn't have me at any price—yet. Tells me to run away and play until he's ready for me."

"But you aren't interested in all that. I heard of the Coleman House from one of the few serious-minded chaps I knew at college—and it sounded good to me. I thought it would be simple here and

I could be by myself and read and—er—study the common people. I thought I might be happy here. I wasn't, though."

"I thought you just said you were."

"So I am—now; but I wasn't at first. I wanted to study the proletariat and get their point of view at first hand. But confound it, these people down here don't seem to realize that they are badly treated. They seem to resent my asking them questions about themselves. Why, one chap as much as told me to mind my own business."

Emily could not help laughing. "I'm not surprised," she said.

"It wasn't until I met you," he went on. "that I began to be happy. I never cared to be with a girl before, but you were different. You let me talk to you and—and read to you. Then I do understand what I mean, don't you? I mean—I fell in love with you. I guess that's it; it must be, Emily—"

She would have risen, but his arm was about her waist now, and she could not break away. "Stop!" she ordered. "Don't be silly, Bradford. Let me go."

"I can't let you go. I'm never going to let you go, Emily, you will marry me, won't you? Say you will."

"Marry you?" She could hardly believe her ears. "Marry you! Why, no, of course I won't."

"You won't? You must. You've got to. Don't you see what it would mean? We would be together always."

"Oh, stop, stop! Of course I can't marry you."

"Why not? Don't you want to?"

"Why, no, since you put it that way, I don't. I don't want to marry anyone. Bradford, stop being ridiculous. What do you think your father and mother would say if they knew you wanted to marry a girl who works in a boarding-house?"

"I don't care what they say; I've told you that. Emily, do you really mean that you won't marry me?"

"Of course I do."

"Why? Is there someone else?"

"No. Certainly there isn't."

"Are you sure? It isn't that fellow with the blue coat and uniform cap who comes to see you? That Coast Guard fellow. Surely you don't care for him. Why, he is just a—"

"No," sharply. "It isn't he or anyone else. Bradford, I am much obliged to you for your proposal, and perhaps I ought to be flattered, but—well, at any rate, I won't marry you. And by and by, when you are a little older, you will be thankful to me for saying that."

"Older? Why, I'm older than you are."

"That was a fact, but she felt old enough to be his mother. 'Oh, do be sensible!' she snapped. 'Now, will you kindly let me go?'"

"Just one minute, please. Please! Emily, will you tell me that Coast Guard fellow? If I thought a person like him came between us, I should never—"

And just then the "Coast Guard fellow" did come between them, figuratively if not literally. There was the sound of a footstep on the dry sand beyond the dune and then, around the wind-sharpened ridge of that dune stroled Captain Chief Brewster, his cap at the back of his head as usual. He stopped short, staring at the intimate tableau in the hollow before him, while the participants in the tableau stared back at him.

For an instant no one spoke or moved. Then Brewster, still without speaking, turned and strode back the way he had come.

"..." explained Mr. Bradford Dykes. Emily said nothing. There was no such she wanted to say, but she could not trust herself to say it. She shook herself

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free from Dykes' detaining arm and walked rapidly away.

Dykes scrambled through the sand after her. "Emily!" he wailed. "Emily, dear, please wait. I haven't finished. You must listen. I don't believe you really understand what this means to me. Let me explain. I didn't expect you to say you would marry me at once. I just— Please! Where are you going?"

Emily's reply was given over her shoulder. Her cheeks were flaming. "I'm going home," she declared.

"But Emily! Oh, this isn't the end! I won't let it be. It can't be."

He was trotting along at her side. She stopped and turned toward him.

"Bradford," she said, "you must understand this. I have told you that I can't marry you; that I don't intend to marry anyone. And I don't want to hear another word about it, now or ever. I am going home and I'd rather go alone."

She left him standing there, a picture of woe and offended dignity. She did not turn her head until the door of the Coleman House had closed behind her. She went up to her own room and there, alone, looked at herself in the mirror above the dresser. Her cheeks were still red, and her eyes were flashing. Then, even as she looked, they filled with tears.

Oh, it was too humiliating! Bad enough to have that poor simpleton behave so outrageously. She tried not to encourage him. She had just tried to be nice to him, because he seemed so lonely and forlorn and without friends. And he had dared to think...

That, of itself, was bad enough, but to have Chester Brewster come upon them as he did, see Dykes' arm about her waist! What must he have thought? What must he be thinking now?

But that was not the worst. It was a real difference to her. Why should it? But no one likes to be misunderstood. And it had to be he, of all the people in the world. But that didn't make any difference, either. Why should it? Only...

And so on. At last she rose, dashed cold water on her face. Then she went down to report to Aunt Desire. She saw Bradford Dykes come in an hour or so later, but she kept out of his sight all that day and that evening. And the following morning Uncle Simeon informed her that he had driven "Dykesie," his trunks and his hand baggage to the Trumet station, and had seen them aboard the morning train.

Then, unreasonably of course, Emily felt conscience-stricken. Not because she had refused the ridiculous offer of marriage, but because she had done it in such an unfeeling way. She might have been more sympathetic or—or something.

Well, she probably would have been if Chester Brewster had not butted in. She almost hoped that she might never see him again, either. But he would. And how could she ever look him in the face when she did? He must think...

But she didn't care what he thought. She didn't—she wouldn't care.

The unexpected departure of Mr. Bradford Dykes created little or no sensation at the Coleman House. Emily took no more morning walks on the beach. She told her aunt there were so many things to do that she couldn't spare the time, but her real reason was that she did not wish to run the risk of meeting Chester Brewster. He dropped in at the Coleman House on two occasions, but the first time Emily was out to the village, and the second time, she caught a glimpse of him through the window and hurried up to her room to remain there until he had gone.

The memory of his discovery of her and Dykes that day on the beach was still as humiliating as ever. She remembered only too well the adoring simper on Dykes' face. Captain Chet must have drawn his own conclusions. She would keep out of his way as long as she could. When they did meet, if he dared refer to what he had seen, or even hint at it, she would—oh, she would—

The inevitable meeting took place a week or so later. She had walked to the village. She was on her way back, and on the loneliest stretch of the road she heard the sound of a motorcar approaching along the way she had traveled. She stepped aside to let it pass; but it stopped.

She turned and saw two men in Coast Guard uniforms on the seat. One was Oskon, the Number One man at the station, and the other man was Brewster.

"Just in time for a lift," he hailed. "Lots of room. Jump in."

Her reception of the invitation was not too cordial. Chet did not seem embarrassed, but she was, although she tried to stifle it. "No, thank you," she said rather stiffly. "I am walking for exercise."

"Oh, Well, that's all right. Don't mind a little exercise myself. I'll walk the rest of the way with you. Ed will take the car back. Go ahead, Ed; I'll see you in a little while."

Before she could remonstrate he had sprung from the car and the car was on its way. She was furious. It would have been bad enough to meet him at the boardinghouse, where there were other people about, but here—alone... He had better not presume on that.

And somewhat to her surprise, he did not. They walked along together, she walking very fast and he keeping pace with an easy stride, chatting of village affairs. Not once did he mention having come upon her in Dykes' company; not once did he mention the latter's name. Yet he must have known that Dykes had left the Coleman House; everybody knew it.

In fact, Chet was just as he had always been, and she tried to be as casually good-humored and chatty. When he left her at the Coleman House door he refused her perfunctory invitation to enter, declaring he must be on his way. "I'll be late for drill if I don't hurry."

Here was the awkward situation she had been dreading and was prepared to face, and now that it had been faced, it had turned out to be not awkward at all. She did not know whether she should be grateful to him or resentful. He had not spoken, but he must be thinking, and that she resented. He had no business to think such things. But he was a nice fellow. So many in his place would have ventured a sly joke.

At any rate, the ice was broken and, having met him once, she need not fear meeting him again. His calls at the boardinghouse were not frequent but they were fairly regular, and though Aunt Desire, the sentimentalist, took pains to leave them together and to shoo Uncle Sim out of the way, Chet never took advantage. Plainly there was nothing of the philanthropist about him; and he was not a prig or a solemn bore like—well, like Bradford Dykes, for example.

Emily found herself liking him more and more, but this realization only strengthened her determination not to permit herself to like him too well. Her lesson had been learned once and for all. The goodness, the kindness, the love and a share of the family common sense. But—she must be very careful. She must be on her guard against the slightest symptom of anything



deeper than friendship on his part.

So far, he had shown nothing of the sort and, in consequence, her guard relaxed. She even resumed her morning habit of walking on the beach, and occasionally he joined her. And during one of these walks the very thing she had almost ceased to fear happened, catching her unawares.

They had been strolling side by side and had reached almost the exact spot where Dykes had, as she always thought of it, made an idiot of himself, when Chet suddenly asked a question.

"What do you hear from Mr. Dykes? Where is he nowadays?"

She stopped. "Hear from him?" she repeated. "I don't hear from him. Why should I?"

He seemed surprised. "D-don't you?" he stammered. "Why, I—I suppose I took it for granted that you and he—"

"You thought we wrote to each other? Well, we don't."

"Oh, Oh, I see."

That ended it for the moment but Emily's temper was rising. He had taken it for granted. The matter should be settled now and for always.

"I know what you think," she said. "You saw us that day here on the beach and you have been thinking—oh, anything, I suppose. Well, there wasn't anything. Chet Brewster, I want you to understand that whatever you think isn't true."

"Now, wait a minute, Emily."

"No, I won't wait. I did try to be friendly with Mr. Dykes, for he seemed to have no friends at the inn and I was sorry for him. He misunderstood, I suppose, and that is why that day when you saw us he—he— But he had never acted like that before. I haven't seen him since, and I never said to see him. I don't know where he is, and I don't care. Oh, why am I telling you all this? It isn't any of your affair."

"That's true enough," mildly. "I had no idea of your telling me."

"But I had to tell you, didn't I? You saw him with—well, you saw him. And of course you thought I was—"

"Here, here! If I thought anything, it was that you and he were—"

"Well, we weren't and we're not. Now you understand, I hope."

"I wish you would let me get this straight, Emily," he said. "So there is nothing between you and Dykes?" He drew a long breath and added, "I'm glad of that."

"If there was—and there isn't—I should still say that—"

"That it was none of my business? In one way, it isn't. In another, though, I guess it is. So long as there was a chance that you cared for another fellow, I was out of the running. But now, when I know there isn't anybody else, I can say anything, and I'm going to."

She caught her breath. Her anger vanished and dismay took its place. "No! Oh, no!" she pleaded. "You mustn't."

"Got to. Can't bottle it up any longer. Emily, I am—well, I love you. I can't go on the way I am, thinking about you all day and dreaming about you all night. Now that I know the channel is clear, that there is a chance for somebody in this race, I've got to find out if that chance is mine. Have I a chance, Emily?"

Now was the opportunity for the strong will and the Blanchard common sense to assert themselves. They should have

been ready in her hour of need. But somehow they were not. When summoned they were astonishingly dilatory in springing to the rescue. They did respond, however, after a moment; she forced them to do so.

"No, Chet," she said.

"You mean I haven't even a chance?" "Nobody has. Nobody at all. Don't make me say it again, please don't. And don't ask again if there is anyone else for I've told you there isn't. There is never going to be anybody."

"What? I don't—"

"Oh," desperately, "don't ask me what I mean! Don't say any more about it."

"Got to say a little more. Tell me this much. Nobody has a chance, you say?"

"Yes. That is just what I say."

"I see. But I have as much chance as any other nobody?"

"Why—"

"All right. That's enough for me just now. I can wait."

"But you mustn't wait. There is nothing to wait for."

"Well, I'll wait for the nothing, then. Don't see how you can stop my doing that. There, that's over and settled. Now we can talk about pleasant things—pleasant for you, I mean."

And to her amazement he changed the subject utterly. His next remark was as impersonal as if nothing of importance had happened between them. It was not until they were entering the Coleman yard that he referred to the other matter.

"Emmie," he said, "I hope you won't let what I said a while ago trouble you. You needn't be afraid I'll keep on worrying you about it, because I shan't. Oh, yes, I'll be waiting, and if you ever do change your mind—"

"I shan't do that, Chet—ever."

"Well, then, we'll just go on as we were. Even that means a whole lot to me. We can do that, can't we?"

"Why, of course, if you want to. Oh, Chet, I do like you. I think you are one of the nicest fellows I've ever known, but I can't—"

"I know; I know. Hadn't any right, maybe, to think you would—a girl like you. It will be all right, though, for me to drop in once in a while, as I've been doing, just to say hello to my neighbors?"

"Certainly."

"Fine. See you tomorrow, then, or the day after. Good-by."

He did call three evenings later, and chatted with Aunt Desire and joked with Uncle Sim just as he always had. Toward Emily his manner was not changed. In a way she was glad of this, but in another way it troubled her. She had the uneasy feeling that he had not given up hope entirely, but was waiting. He was, she believed, the kind of person who would wait and keep on waiting for a long, long time.

His possibly her refusal had not been firm enough. She had tried to make it firm and final, but seeing him every day was going to be hard. Hard for them both; she was beginning to realize that. She did not love him—of course she didn't. She had loved once, and what had happened to that love! And such a short time ago. It seemed years and years, but was only a few short months.

Oh, no, she did not love Chet Brewster. She might perhaps have loved him if she had not had that dreadful experience; that was quite enough to end a lifetime. But Chet was a nice fellow. A dear fellow. One to trust and believe in. Then she remembered that trust and belief in someone else, and she shuddered.

Labor Day, early in September, ended the rush season at the Coleman House. A week later, the place was practically

deserted, save for its proprietress, Simeon and Emily. The usual late-fall gunning season would amount to nothing this year. A recently enacted law protecting the geese and ducks and other wild fowl caused cancellation of bookings by almost every sporting patron.

Neither Desire nor Simeon seemed to mind this loss of custom. The former was tired. It had been an unusually strenuous summer, and as she expressed it, "I ain't as young as I used to be. Fact is, I don't know how I'd have got along if you hadn't been here to help out, Emmie. It'll be kind of lonesome with all the folks gone, but it'll be kind of good, too."

Uncle Sim shook his head. "Don't know about that," he observed. "The good part, I mean, there's been a lot of nice girls around here this summer, and I'm goin' to mink 'em. Tell you what let's do; let's you and me go on a vacation together, Dizzy. I'll start out ahead, so's to get things ready, as you might say, and then you come and join me—that is, provided you can find me."

"The first place I'd go would be to the police station," was his sister-in-law's unexpected rejoinder. "If the folks there didn't know where to locate you, I'd be surprised."

The weather continued warm. In fact, September was warmer and pleasanter than August had been, and the final week of the month was almost sultry.

Uncle Simeon, weather-wise, was a most sailor, shook his head. "Tain't natural," he declared. "We'll pay for it by and by. Never see an unseasonable spell like this that didn't break up with a big smash."

On Saturday afternoon of that week Emily walked to the village; she had a few errands to do there. When she left the Coleman House the sky had been blue and cloudless, but when she came out of the bank, her last port of call, heavy black clouds were rolling up out of the west, there were faint mutterings of distant thunder and the air was heavy and oppressive. She turned back into the bank again, called up Aunt Desire and suggested that it might be wise for Uncle Sim to come in the car and bring her home before the storm broke. Simeon, it appeared, was "out somewhere" but Desire was sure he would be back "almost any minute."

"All right, auntie," said Emily. "I'll start for home, and he and the car can meet me along the way."

She hurried out along the main road for perhaps an eighth of a mile, then turned into the road leading to the beach and the Coleman House. The flashes of lightning were more frequent now and the thunder roared.

She walked rapidly, hoping always to see the car and Uncle Sim, or to meet or be overtaken by some other person in some sort of conveyance. None came, however, and as she reached a point about halfway between the village and her destination, the first scattered drops of rain began to fall.

A little way ahead on the left was a small cranberry bog, and beside it, at the edge of the road, a weather-beaten shed used for the temporary storage of crates during the picking season. The shed had a tiny projecting covered porch, which would offer a measure of shelter.

Emily hurried toward it, the raindrops falling more heavily every moment. By the time she reached it, the shower was on in earnest. The rain was falling as if shot from gigantic hoses. It roared on the narrow roof of the shed porch. The beams of the roof were not set closely together, and from each end a mixture of water and mud descended. Emily was cold and wet and miserable. Why hadn't she

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waited in the village until the storm was over or until Uncle Sim came? She had almost a mind to go on; she could not be much wetter than she was already.

She might have done that, if it had not been for the lightning. She had never seen such flashes; and the thunder was deafening. The wind, too, was blowing in great gusts. The branches of the ancient silver-leaf poplar at the curve of the road were twisting and thrashing. Her courage failed her. The porch was a poor protection, but it was something. She crouched against the locked door of the shed, shivered and waited. Would Uncle Sim start out in the car in such a storm?

And then, through the murk, over the brow of the hill beyond the silver-leaf at the curve, there came a flash of light. It was not the glare of the lightning, either, for it remained constant, grew brighter, became a glow against which the streams of rain showed like slanting silver cords. It came from the lamps of a car. It was Uncle Sim at last.

A moment later, and the car itself appeared above the hilltop, dipped into the hollow and rose again, rounding the curve by the silver-leaf. And then the dark slate of the sky split wide open. A blaze of white light showed Emily the top of the old tree flying in fragments. Then a crash like the crack of doom. And then darkness—and, except for the rain and wind, silence.

For a moment she stood there, clinging to the upright supporting the porch roof, dazed and trembling. Then, her senses returning, she sprang from the platform and ran out into the middle of the road.

"Uncle Sim!" she called. "Uncle Sim!" But there was no reply. There, where the tree had been, was a confused mass of splintered wood, with a flicker of red flame at its center. But the car—where was the car?

She ran. The road was a maze of puddles through which she splashed unheeding. She could see the car now. It was beyond the shattered silver-leaf, lying on its side. A great branch was lying across it.

"Uncle Sim! Oh, Uncle Sim!" she cried frantically; but still there was no response. She bent over the tangle, trying to peer down into the interior behind the front seat. It was dark there, but— And then came another lightning flash and she saw. The man lying there in a huddled heap was not her uncle, but Chester Brewster.

As to just what happened during the next few moments she is even yet uncertain. The fallen branch was very heavy and she could not move it—she could not, but she must—she must! Pulling, pushing, lifting, she lay on the ground. Lightning flashed, the thunder boomed and the rain poured, but she did not heed them. They did not matter. The only thing that did matter was that he was there, unconscious, hurt—perhaps dead.

And at last, the tree limb fell partially away from the car. She could see Chet plainly now. Very white and very still. She bent over him, calling his name.

"Chet! Oh, Chet!" she pleaded.

His eyes opened. He looked up at her. "Hello," he said weakly. "Who— Why, hello, Emily. What's the matter?"

Her relief was almost overpowering. He was alive. She choked back the sob in her throat. "Don't move," she begged. "You mustn't. You've been hurt."

"Hurts! How? What has happened? Where did you come from?"

"Oh, I don't know. Don't talk; you mustn't talk."

"Why not?" He was trying to rise. "I'm all right. Seem to be jammed in here somehow, but I can get out." In

spite of her protestations, he struggled to his knees. "Whew!" he panted. "So far so good. A little dizzy, that's all. What was it, anyway?"

"The— the lightning. The tree was struck and— and—"

He looked at the splintered tree trunk, at the branch still hiding a part of the car. "Hum!" he observed. "Struck by lightning. Well, I've had a good many things happen to me, but this is a new one. No, no, don't worry. I'm all right now."

He clambered rather unsteadily from the wreckage and stood erect.

"Looks as if the Trumet lifesaving station was permanently short one second-hand car," he went on. "No great loss, but—" And then, as if suddenly becoming aware of the conditions surrounding them, he turned toward her. "Great grief!" he exclaimed. "I'm standing here moralizing and you are out in this! Why, you must be drowned. I must get you somewhere. Isn't there—Emily! Why, Emily, what is it?"

Her self-control had given way at last. She was sobbing hysterically. He put his arm about her.

"Emily," he pleaded, "you're not hurt, are you?"

"No, no, no."

"What is it, then?"

"I—I thought you were dead. I was sure you had been killed."

"You thought— And if I had been?"

"Oh, I think I should have died, too." It was not the reply she would have made had she been her normal self; certainly it was not the reply of a young woman with a sworn resolution never to permit herself to fall in love again. But neither of the pair noticed it. Just how long they stood there, his arms about her and his voice murmuring disjointed ecstasies in her ear, does not matter. She was the first to come back to reality.

"Oh," she gasped. "I am so wet!" He caught his breath and emerged from paradise. "Wet?" he repeated dazedly. "Er? Heavens and earth, I should think you might be! What is the matter with me? I guess I forgot everything except—except— Oh, I'm a selfish hog!"

"No, you're not. It is as much my fault as yours. I forgot, too." That was the signal for another period of forgetfulness. Then he said: "Well, I must get you somewhere. Hello! There's that shed over yonder. I suppose it's locked but we might stand on the porch."

She laughed. "That was where I was standing when I saw the car. I thought it must be ours and Uncle Simmon. I had telephoned Aunt Desire asking to have him come for me."

"I must get you out and your aunt phoned the station to ask if he was there. He wasn't, and when she told me you were walking down, I took the station car and came along. Shall we go to the shed and wait until the rain stops?"

"Why? It isn't raining much now and we can't get any wetter than we are. I'd rather walk than stand still. It isn't so very far."

So, along the flooded road, between puddles and broken branches, they walked together. Chet talked a great deal, but Emily's replies were few and



fewer. At last he asked her what she was thinking about.

She looked up at him. She was very grave. "I have been thinking that this—all this between us is wrong."

"Wrong! I should say it was overwhelmingly right. What's wrong about it?"

"Oh, I don't know. But it is wrong; it must be."

"Why? You must know how I feel about you. And I'm beginning to believe you feel something like it about me. You do, don't you?"

She hesitated. "Yes," she said, after a moment. "Oh, yes, I do. I tried to make myself believe that I didn't, and at any rate, I did not want you to know it. But now you do know it, so what can I say?"

"Nothing—except to say it over again. Look here, dear, you aren't sorry I know it, are you?"

Another instant's hesitation. Then, almost defiantly, "No, I'm glad. After all, why shouldn't I be happy?"

"You should—and you're going to be. I'll see to that."

As they came in sight of the Coleman House Emily suddenly laughed aloud.

"What is the joke?" Chet asked her.

"I was thinking of what Aunt Desire will be sure to say when I tell her about you and me. It was the storm that brought us together. She will be more certain than ever that old Peleg Myrick was right when he called me 'the storm girl.' She will know he was a good prophet, won't she? And how she will crow over Uncle Sim!"

That, of course, was precisely what Desire did say and do when she heard the news. She did not hear it immediately, however. Emily and Chet had several long consultations before the former could make up her mind to speak to her aunt and uncle on the subject.

"I don't see how I can marry you, Chet," she said, when they met the day after the "tempest." "I've been thinking about it almost all night, and—"

He interrupted. "So have I," he declared. "And I don't see how you can, either, considering what you are and what I am. But so long as you are going to, I'm satisfied."

"That isn't what I meant and you know it. I meant I didn't see how I could marry and leave Aunt Desire without anyone to help her. She is getting old, and she needs me."

He nodded. "That's true," he agreed. "I understand how you feel about that. Well, I won't be selfish. Waiting is going to be hard for me, but I can wait if it is necessary."

"It may be a long wait, dear."

"Well, I'll still be here. I remember telling you once that I would wait, hoping you might change your mind. And you did change it, you know."

"No, I didn't," with a happy laugh. "It had changed before that. I didn't realize that it had, that's all."

He laughed, too. "And it took the heaviest thunderstorm in fifty years to bring that realization about. Seems as if I ought to put a tablet or something on what is left of that old silver-leaf tree. But seriously, Emily, I think you ought to tell the old folks that you and I mean to marry sometime. If you don't, it will make it rather hard, our seeing each other as often as we want, don't you think?"

"I know, and I shall tell them. But I



dread it. They won't say so, of course, but I am sure they will feel that I am desiring them."

But her dread, she found, was unwarranted. Neither Desire nor Simeon appeared disturbed. Nor were they even surprised.

Aunt Desire was quite placid. "We've seen it comin', your uncle Simeon and I," she said. "For one time there we didn't know but it might be that Mr. Dykes, but—"

Uncle Sim interrupted. "Hold on, there; hold on!" he commanded. "Keep on the course, Dizzy. You was the one that figured the Dyksie bird might have a chance; I never did."

"I'm not so sure about that, Simeon. That's what you say now, but those times when he used to be hangin' around Emly so much, I've noticed you lookin' at 'em pretty uneasy."

"Humph! with an indignant grunt. "Who wouldn't be uneasy? Seein' him sittin' there owlin' at her through them specs of his and mumblin' yards and yards of that 'class conscience' gurry into her port ear was enough to start anybody fidgetin'."

"Well, you've picked a good man this time, Em. Chet Brewster is all right, judgin' by what I've seen and heard about him. He isn't good enough for you, of course, but then I don't ever remember seein' any young fellow up to that mark. Or at least," with a sidelong glance at his sister-in-law, "not since I was young myself and used to look in the lookin'-glass."

Desire acknowledged this modest observation with an impatient sniff, but she was too much impressed by the gravity of the occasion to retort. "We've realized," she said, "that you were bound to get married sometime, Emly. As nice a girl—yes, and I don't care if I do say it right to your face—as nice-lookin' a girl as you are is bound to have the young men after her and to pick out one of 'em for her own. That's to be expected; it's part of nature."

"Natural as spittin' to leeward," concurred Uncle Sim inelegantly. "Everybody gets married sooner or later."

Desire could not let this opportunity go by. "Not everybody," she observed. "There's one I could mention that hasn't; that is," with sarcastic emphasis, "so far as the rest of us know."

Her brother-in-law sighed. "There's some things it's best not to know," he agreed. "Let sleepin' dogs lie, that's a good motto. A secret sorrow is an awful thing. Some of the fellows I've sailed with had half a dozen secret sorrows. I never had as many as that, Dizzy."

Emly's worry concerning leaving her aunt and the Coleman House to get on by themselves proved unnecessary. That contingency, too, had been provided for.

"Desire and I have talked that over quite consider'ble," Simeon said. "She's gettin' old—there, there, Desire; older is what I mean—and it's harder work for her to run this boardin'house than it used to be. Even if you were goin' to stay here always, Em, it would be more and more of a care. Dizzy's got a little laid by and I ain't broke."

"This place here, property and prospects, is worth something. Far as that goes, there have been two or three parties hinkin' they might like to buy us out. Oh, I know, Dizzy; you haven't made up your mind to sell, but it's comfortin' to know you could sell if you should ever want to."

He went on to say that he and his sister-in-law had decided to close the Coleman House the first of the year and occupy furnished rooms in the village during the winter months. Desire's

housekeeping duties would then be light, and she would be near the church and the sewing circle. "As for me," he went on, "it'll be handier for me, too. Nigher the depot, in case I take a notion to head for Boston on a little vacation. Of course," he added, "I never planned out that part of it all by myself; 'twas Dizzy's notion, that was. Real thoughtful of her, I call it."

Before her aunt could recover from the indignation caused by this brazen invention, Emly asked them what was to happen when spring came. "You will have to open the Coleman House then,"

"And we'll hire more help; that is, providin' we haven't sold out in the meantime. Don't you worry about Dizzy and me, Em; we'll look out for ourselves. You'll have enough to do plannin' for your wedding!"

"Wedding! Why, Chet and I may not be married for ever so long."

"Why not? What are you waitin' for?"

And that was the question Chet himself asked. Why should they wait? It was evident that Uncle Simeon and Aunt Desire expected them to marry soon and were heartily in favor of the marriage. So why should it be deferred?

"Unless," he added, "you'd rather wait until I have something better to offer you than a four-room flat in Trumet and a husband who will have to be on duty at the lifesaving station the biggest part of every day and night, through the winter months at least. I shan't blame you if that doesn't sound attractive, but I am hoping it may not last much longer. I had an encouraging letter this morning from those Boston friends of mine. They seem to think that I may get a chance with them pretty soon. If you'd rather put off my marryin' until that chance comes, I'll understand."

The four-room flat sounded alluring to Emly. The hoped-for business opportunity in Boston was pleasant to dream about, but so far it was but a dream and might never be more than that. As for being the wife of a Coast Guard captain—why, her own father had been a Trumet native, earning his living alongshore. She loved the sea, and her experience of urban life had been—the latter part of it, certainly—a horror. She would have been content to live in Trumet always. She had found happiness there, at the time when she was certain she would never know real happiness again.

"Oh, Chet," she said, "I don't care. Whatever you think best for you will be best for me, I am sure."

"Then you will marry me—soon?"

"Yes. Tomorrow, if you wish."

She did not mean that, of course, and he knew it. There were others besides themselves to consider. Chester Brewster's parents were both dead and he had no near relatives. But Emly must think of Desire and Simeon. Desire was all for a wedding at the Coleman House, with half the town's population invited, and flowers and presents and everything.

"I was married private," she confessed, "and all my life long I've had a cravin' to manage a real fine wedding. Do let me have my way, Emmie. We can hire somebody to play music—real music, I mean, not just a piano. And—"

But Simeon had been watching his niece, and her expression was enlightening. "Here, here! Lay to, Dizzy!" he broke in. "If you're goin' to hire a band you might as well have a parade up the main road and a clown in a pony cart. Emmie's fidgetin' to get married, not to sign on with a circus."

It took a long time to convince Aunt Desire that her niece's preference for a private ceremony was not thinkable. But Emly was firm, and Uncle Sim was

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wholly against an elaborate wedding. "Last one of them things I went to," he said, "was up to Nova Scotia. Course I don't seem to recollect much of what happened after the eatin' and—er—the rest of it started in. That part's pretty foggy, but I do remember how the marriage turned out. We was back on the schooner when the news came. Seems that the couple hadn't got home from their weddin' trip when the husband skipped out with all his wife's jewelry and her loose money besides. Far as I know, he ain't been heard of since. Now, you wouldn't want Em's marriage to turn out that way, would you, Dizzy?"

The idea of the "grand wedding" was abandoned with reluctance on Desire's part, and a simple ceremony in the Coleman House parlor decided upon. Mr. Blaine, minister of the Trumet Congregational Church, was to officiate and there were to be but few invited guests.

The date selected was the fifth of December, and the time four o'clock in the afternoon. Then came weeks of preparation. There were gowns to be made, and Miss Naomi Dunn, the Trumet dressmaker, was called into service and became a daily boarder at the Coleman House. Conversation at the table centered about matters entirely out of Simeon's comprehension.

"I vow, I don't know whether I'm eatin' flounder or flounders," he complained. "Or whether they're fried or fringed. Time dinner's over I feel as if my mouth was full of bastin' threads. I was brought up to chew my vittles, but you womenfolks seem to sew yours. Say, Dizzy, why don't fetch my meals to me on the back steps, same as you do the cat? Then the two dumb animals in this family could eat together in comfort."

They were wonderful weeks for Emily. The memory of the days of heartbreak in Gloucester was fading. There were no more nightmares, with Ed Coombes and Mr. Bradley and Police Lieutenant Hawley sneering or insinuating or cross-questioning. What had happened since a short time ago seemed now as far away, as unreal, as if it had happened to someone else, not to her.

On one point only did her conscience trouble her. She had never told her aunt and uncle about the Gloucester affair, nor had she yet told Chet Brewster. She meant to tell him; she would tell him, of course. Night after night she fell asleep, her mind made up to tell him the very next day, but when that day came, the telling was again postponed.

She knew she need not be afraid. Chet would understand. He would not love her less because at one time she had believed that she was in love with another man. But the telling would be so hard. Even to think of it was horrible; to speak of it—to him—would be worse.

And suppose Chet did not understand; did not believe—?

Oh, but he would—he would! And she must tell him. And so one evening she did tell him how she had thought herself in love with Ed Coombes; how she had become engaged to him. She told about his stealing the firm's money; about that other dreadful woman. Chet was holding her close when she began, and when she finished, she realized with a thrill that he was still holding her close—yes, even closer.

"I—I can't explain it," she sobbed. "I must have been crazy. He was horrid, Chet dear. He lied to me; he had been deceiving me all along. Even when . . . But there is no use pretending. I did love him—or thought I did—and I did promise to marry him. It seems a million years ago and as if it had happened to another girl. But it didn't; it happened

to me. And it was only last February, less than a year ago.

"There!" raising her head and disengaging herself from his embrace. "Now you know. I don't suppose you can forgive me, but I had to tell you."

He smiled and drew her down beside him on the sofa. And what he said was—oh, it was wonderful. He did understand. He knew she loved him, and that she had never really loved that other man at all.

When she explained why she had never told her aunt and uncle, Chet understood that, too.

"No use telling anybody," he said. "No use dragging it all up again. It's dead now, and he's dead, and a good riddance for everybody, so I should say. I can understand how you, a young girl just out of school, might fall for a handsome smart Aleck like that."

"As for his falling in love with you—well, I don't see how he could help it. Look at yours truly. I was the fellow who was never going to marry. And now look at me! Pardon me, my dear? What is there to forgive? All you must do is forget, and I'm going to help you do that."

So it was over. Nothing to worry about any more. Oh, Chet was splendid—splendid. And she was such a lucky girl.

The morning of December fourth, the day before the great day, dawned clear and unseasonably warm. Desire and Emily trimmed the Coleman House parlor with evergreen, fir boughs and wild cranberry vines. There were flowers, too. The guests, perhaps a dozen close friends of the family, had been invited. The simple bridal gown was ready and pronounced by Miss Dunn "just too elegant for anything." Chet had arranged for a ten-day leave of absence, "weather permitting," and the bridegroom was to go to Boston for those three days.

But on the afternoon of the fourth there came a change in temperature. The unseasonable warmth began to be superseded by a chill. By nightfall it was cold, and the sun sank behind ugly-looking clouds. Uncle Sam shook his head.

"Don't look none too good to me," he grumbled. "Sun goin' down into a bank like that might mean trouble this time of year. Wind's breezin' on, too. Liable to blow afore mornin', or I miss my guess."

Chet was uneasy. "Don't like the looks of things at all," he confessed. "The glass is falling, and the Weather Bureau says there is a northeast storm moving down the coast. Of course we may not get much of it, but if the wind holds as it does now I'm afraid we may."

Simeon nodded agreement. "Just been out to have a squint at the vane," he said. "It's pointin' due northeast this minute. And the wind's freshenin'. Noticed that, didn't you, Chet?"

"Yes," curtly. Then, with an attempt at optimism, "It may pass out to sea, the worst of it. Some of our notheasters do. We'll hope so, anyway."

But he was troubled, that was plain. Desire drew a long breath.

"Oh, dear! A notheaster to-morrow would be awful. Your weddin' day, Emmie! I've been prayin' for the nice weather to stay just a little longer. Oh, why did that meanin' man have to pick you to prophesy about?"

Uncle Sam grinned. "Maybe you haven't heard about it, Chet," he observed, "but old Peleg Myrick is responsible for all the bad weather we've had in these latitudes for the last nineteen years. If he'd only happened to be good-natured the day Emmie was born, we'd have had lots o' mornin' here to spend the winters same as they go to Florida. But no, he was grouchy—extra dry spell



down where he lived, probably—and he took out his spite on the first baby that came along.

"If I'd only been ashore in those days I'd have seen to it that he was primed up and comfortable; just me and a gallon jug would have made all the difference in the world. Then Emmie would have had plain sailin', and every cloudy day wouldn't start Dizzy here groanin' like a cart axle that needs greasin'! Just for the lack of me and a jug! Too bad!"

Two of his hearers laughed, but Desire's distress was too real to tolerate joking. "Oh, how can you make fun when it's workin' out all the time!" she expostulated. "You know well as I do that Emily was born in a storm; her father was killed by a storm; it was stormin' when she went away to the city; it was stormin' when she came back; Chester here was almost killed in a storm. And now, when she's goin' to be married! It's all comin' true. It's all workin' out. First her mother, then her father, then—"

Simeon could stand no more. "Sehh, sehh!" he commanded. "Dizzy, don't speak that same piece all over again. Set it to music and sing it, for a change. Maybe tomorrow will be the finest day we've had for a month."

But there was little conviction in his tone. He knew better, and Desire knew that he knew. And Emily was almost certain that her marriage day would be a wet one. She was sorry, of course, but her regret was not so acute. A northeast storm was not the background she would have picked for her wedding, but after all, how little that really mattered. She loved Chester Brewster and he loved her, and within twenty-four hours she would be his wife. The most wicked northeaster that raged could not blow away the wonder of that realization.

But when, a short time afterward, Chester rose and announced that he must be getting back to the station, the serious expression on his face brought anxiety to hers. She asked him why he seemed so troubled.

His answer was gravely given. "I am troubled, Em," he said. "If this storm turns out to be bad, that Boston trip of ours will have to be called off. I couldn't leave the station in charge of another man under such conditions. You understand that, dear?"

She nodded. "Certainly I understand. And we can go some other time."

"Yes, and we will. But that isn't the worst of it. If the gale is very bad tomorrow I shan't feel right about leaving the station at all. I must stay on duty day and night, as long as the dirty weather lasts. It's my job. I am the captain, you know."

She caught her breath. "Oh, Chet," she cried, "that means we can't be married?"

"That we may not be married tomorrow. I didn't say anything about it to your aunt and uncle—no use worrying them until we are sure; but I felt I must tell you. Lord knows I hated to tell!"

She managed to smile. "That's all right too," she said. "It is a shame, but it can't be helped. Aunt Desire will be dreadfully upset but, thank goodness, no one but people from about here have been invited and they'll understand. And the storm won't last forever; the sun will shine some of these days."

He took her in his arms. "It may shine tomorrow; I won't give up hope

yet. You're fine, Em. If I live, I'll make this up to you somehow, see if I don't."

All that night the gale increased in force. Emly woke again and again from troubled sleep to feel her bed trembling beneath her, to hear the windows rattling and the wind screaming about the eaves. When the dark morning came, she looked out into a gray tumult of driving rain and sleet, to catch glimpses of the pines bending and threshing on the knoll by the road and to hear the sur booming like a never-censing cannonade.

She came down to the dining room, and there a woebegone Aunt Desire met her with the news that Captain Chet had sent a man over from the station to say that just at dawn the lookout in the tower had sighted a small steamer, with distress signals hoisted, opposite the Horsefoot Shoal.

"They haven't been able to sight her since, so the man said, but Captain Brewster is worried and they are all standin' by. Chester is goin' to let us know soon as he knows any more himself, but he said to me that he was afraid things would have to be as he told you last night they might be. That don't mean what I'm scared it does mean, does it, Emmie?"

Emmy put an arm about her aunt's shoulder. "It means that your niece won't be married today, auntie," she said. "We must make up our minds to that. I know it as soon as I look out of my window. It's a terrible storm, and Chet will have to be on duty every minute. It's too bad, but it can't be helped. After all, it just means postponement for a day or two."

"I know, but a put-off weddin' is so unlucky. Oh, that everlasting! Peleg Myrick! As if he hadn't made trouble enough already without this. Well, anyway, it might be worse. Just suppose you or Chester was aboard that steamer out yonder."

Emmy did not answer. She was thinking that very likely Chet and his crew might be on their way to that steamer at any moment. A terrific blast of sleet and wind-driven sand beat against the dining-room windows, and she shuddered. She remembered the story she had heard so often about the great gale of 1904, when all but one of the Orham lifesaving crew had lost their lives in an attempted rescue. Chet might even now be fighting that biting wind trying to thread his way between those wicked shoals.

"Oh, Aunt Desire," she cried, "we mustn't talk about it! We must do something, even if we only wash dishes."

This was effectual, in one way. Desire came back to everyday realities. "Wash dishes!" she repeated. "Why, we haven't so much as had breakfast yet. A cup of coffee will do us both good. I guess Simeon will need three or four cups when he gets back. He's gone over to the station to see Chester. I tried to stop him, but he would go. Said it took more than a hatful of wind to keep him below decks. A hatful—my soul!"

Nearly an hour elapsed before Uncle Sim returned. He was wet and chilled.

"Whew!" he panted, struggling out of his oilskins. "Some puff of wind this! Nice day you picked out for Em to get married on, Dizzy. Yes, yes. There was something white flappin' along the beach down yonder just now. It might have been a piece of tarpaulin blown off the henhouse roof, but I had a notion 'twas Peleg Myrick's ghost. Seems to me I could hear it laughin'. Maybe I was mistaken, but if I had smelled rum I'd have known I was right."

He reported nothing new at the Coast Guard station, Captain Brewster and his

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crew were standing by, ready to launch the boat at a moment's notice.

"Chet told me to tell you, Em," he added, "that—that—oh, blast it all, 'twas common sense, of course, but I hated to hear him say it—that, considering how things was, he was afraid—"

Emily interrupted. "I know, Uncle Sim. There will be no marrying today. Aunt Desire and I made up our minds to that a long time ago. Now, you must eat your breakfast."

During the forenoon there was no letup in the storm. They decided not to send word to the minister or the guests. Uncle Sim expressed the idea in his own way when he said: "Of course we won't tell 'em the marryin' is off. If they haven't got sense enough to figger that out for themselves on a day like this, we don't want 'em here, and the crazy asylum is 'way up in Taunton. No, Dizzy, I shan't telephone 'em either, and for a couple of good reasons. One is that the wires are all blown down, and the other—well, I don't seem to recollect it now, but maybe it'll come to me by and by."

When Emily and her sister-in-law expressed anxiety concerning the steamer which had been sighted, he pooch-pooched the idea that she might be in serious trouble.

"She was pretty well out in deep water when they saw her," he declared. "Nine chances to one, she'll fetch through all right. The Coast Guard folks will do their best to keep her watch on her, you can bet on that. Eh? Danger for them? Chet and his crew, you mean? Rubbish! Why, they wouldn't think any more of puttin' out in a little breeze like this than I would of takin' a drink of water if I was thirsty. Not so much," with a wink "unless I was a thirsty fish."

Nevertheless, Emily noticed that he went to the kitchen door every half-hour or so to look out at the weather, and each time he came back to announce that he wouldn't be surprised if it began to clear up before very long. She did her best to keep busy, but her thoughts were elsewhere. Where was Chet now? In the station? Patrolling the beach? Or was he out there toasting on those awful waves, risking his life to save others? What was it he had said? That it was his job; it was what he was paid for.

So it was, of course; she knew that. She had lived near this very station the greater part of her life; she had seen storms as severe as this. She had heard many tales of wrecks and rescues. But never before had she realized the truth of what she remembered hearing Mrs. Ellis, wife of the former captain of the Trumet crew, say to her Aunt Desire.

"I declare I don't know which is worse," said Mrs. Ellis, "to be facing death and destruction the way my husband has to every little while, or to be sittin' at home the way I do, just waitin', waitin' and shakin', till I know he's back on shore again. Sometimes I don't know what but his job is the easier. He can do somethin' besides think every minute."

At four in the afternoon Simeon, oil-skinned and sou'westered, suddenly appeared in the doorway of the dining room to announce that he was going over to the station. "Been sittin' round here so long that I need what some of them boarders of yours, Dizzy, say they come to Trumet for in the summer—fresh air and exercise. So long; be back pretty soon."

Both Desire and Emily protested but he grinned and departed.

It was after six and pitch-dark when he returned. He wasted no time in greetings but came directly to the point. "That steamer is hard and fast on the Horsefoot," he said. "Startin' to smash to

pieces. Won't be much left of her in a couple of days. Chet and the crew went off to her in the boat about two. Just got back when I left. She's the *Sovereign*, one of them little Down-East freight boats bound into Boston. Had three or four passengers aboard her, besides crew and officers. Chet saved every one of 'em. Darned good job, I call it."

Desire cried out that that was splendid, she was so thankful Emily's first question was concerning Chet. Simeon's reply was almost too carefully casual.

"Chet?" he repeated. "Oh, he's all right. Kind of used up, that's all. They had a tough time gettin' in through the shoals in that sea, with the boat packed to the gunwale. They've put him to bed and are callin' to make him stay there for a spell. He sent you his love, Em, and said tell you he was fine and was awful sorry about the weddin' havin' to be put off."

"No, no, no," hastily, "course you can't go over and see him—not now, anyhow. You'll have enough to do right here in the house. The station is overrun with men, most of 'em half drowned and half frozen, and there ain't beds enough to put 'em in. Chet wanted to know if we couldn't take care of three or four till tomorrow, maybe. I said we could, and they're fetchin' 'em over now. They'll need blankets and hot coffee—and somethin' to eat. We've got to hustle."

And hustle they did. A wash boiler filled with water was put on the kitchen range to heat. There were rooms to be opened and beds to be made.

The preparations were scarcely under way when the guests arrived. There were three of them, soaked, chilled and exhausted. The station was crowded and unable to walk. Their escorts, members of the Coast Guard crew, were themselves almost as exhausted, but they, with Simeon's assistance, helped the others to the rooms allotted to them. When Sim came down shortly afterward he announced that the steamboat hands were unressed, tucked in and on the way to being comfortable.

"Kind of short of nightgowns up yonder we was, Dizzy," he confided. "I rummaged out all I had, which was two, but we was short one, so we borrowed a spare one of yours. Little mite scant over all 'twas, but 'twas broad enough in the beam and the fancy edgin' on it was awfully pretty and becomin'."

Desire turned a horrified face. "You never did, Simeon Coleman!" she cried. "I don't believe a word of it. If you did—"

"Sshh, shh! Come to think of it, we didn't. We was considerin' it, though, wasn't we, Lem?" addressing a grinning coastguardman who had come downstairs with him.

The lifesavers left for the station immediately, resisting Desire's appeal to stay and have a cup of coffee. Dry clothes and rest were what they needed most, and they hastened to obtain them. Simeon informed his sister-in-law and niece as to the identity of their lodgers.

"One of 'em a fo'mast hand," he said, "was downed in the engine room. We put them two together in the double room at the end of the hall, and the other—he was a steward or somethin'—in the single room alongside. He was the fellow with the towel round his head. Got a crack from a loose tackle when the steamer hit the shoal, I understand."

The electric light in that portion of the house unused by the family during the winter months had been shut off, and it would take some time to turn it on again. Desire and Emily had located, filled and trimmed two kerosene hand



lamps, and these had been left, one on a table at the farther end of the upper hall and the other in the room occupied by the two sailors.

"But the other—the steward one!" exclaimed Desire. "Simeon Coleman, you don't mean to tell me you left that poor shipwrecked soul all alone in the dark, with his hurt head and all!"

"I left his head with him, if that's what you mean. He'll be all right for a spell. Couldn't see much from under that towel, anyhow. Must be some more lamps aboard here somewhere."

Emily found a third lamp and when it was made ready took it upstairs to the single room. She knocked on the door, heard a grumbled order to come in and entered. The man in the bed did not speak to her. She crossed the room and placed the lamp on the small stand by the bed's head.

"There!" she said. "That will be more cheerful for you. The hot coffee will be here in another minute."

As she spoke, she turned to look down, the lamplight shining full on her face.

Then a voice said, with slow emphasis, "Well, TI—be—darned! Hello, Em!"

She gasped and staggered back with a stifled scream. The soiled towel about the man's head had been pushed upward and there beneath it, wearing a cynical grin, was the face which had once been so dear to her and so familiar, but which she had of late seen only in troubled dreams—the face of her former lover, Edward Coombes.

Edward Coombes, who was—whom she had believed drowned when the schooner *Blue Eyes* foundered on the Newfoundland Banks in the great March storm.

For a time Emily stood motionless, staring at the man who lay there staring back at her. Then he spoke again.

"Well, this is one for the book!" he said. "TI say it is! It is really you, Em, isn't it?" She made no reply. He answered his own question. "Sure it is!" he declared. "It is you, all right. Couldn't be two sets of eyes like that in the world. Well, I will be damned!"

Still she was silent. He grinned, and the grin became a chuckle.

"What do you know about this!" he went on. "What was the name of that book that used to be on the shelf in the sitting-room closet when I was a kid? 'Cast Up by the Sea,' that was it. Well, if this—Here!" sharply. "Em, where are you going? Come back here!"

She did not answer, nor did she turn. She stood there in the room, and the door closed behind her. She was not clearly aware of where she was going. Even when she was alone in the hall, she stumbled blindly on, with no destination in her mind. She was conscious only that she must go somewhere, anywhere, to escape from that room and what it meant.

At the head of the stairs she paused. Sanity was returning. She must not go down to the living room now. One look at her face, and her aunt and uncle would know something had happened. They would ask questions.

It was to her own room in the other corridor that she turned instinctively. She sat there in the dark, trying to realize that this amazing, incredible thing had actually happened.

The *Blue Eyes* had gone down with all hands; Uncle Sim had talked to a man who had seen it happen. And

Ed Coombes had escaped from Gloucester and the police by sailing in the *Blue Eyes*. Lieutenant Hawley had written there, and Hawley had written, too, that Ed Coombes was dead. But he was not dead. He was in that room she had just left. She must be crazy! It couldn't be true.

Yet it was. And now, what should she do? How thankful she was that she had told Chet about this man, and how devoutly she wished she had told Aunt Desire and Uncle Simeon. They would have to be told now, and the telling could not be put off because, if it were, they would hear the story from Coombes and what kind of story he might tell she shuddered to imagine. She must be careful not to let him know of her engagement to Chet. He himself did not care for her, but he might try to make trouble.

After all—she was thinking more coolly now—why should she fear Ed Coombes? He was a thief, a fugitive from justice, a criminal wanted by the police. He had far more to fear from their meeting than she had. At the worst, he could make only a little trouble for her, whereas her exposure of his identity might send him to jail.

She thought and thought, weighing one possibility against the other, and finally decided that the first thing she must do was to warn Coombes to say nothing to anyone about having known her before. That would be the easier way. It did not alter her determination to tell her aunt and uncle everything, but the telling could be done after he had gone. And she, too, would keep silent until then.

She rose from her chair, turned on the light, bathed her flushed face and, a moment later, went out into the corridor and on into the "boarders' wing." And just as she was approaching the door of the room which she was forcing herself to enter, that door opened and Aunt Desire came out into the hall. She must have been talking with Coombes. What had he told her?

But Desire's manner was reassuring and what she said even more so. "Oh, there you are, Em!" she exclaimed. "I told Simeon I couldn't think what had become of you. I didn't know but you were still lookin' after that poor soul in yonder. He said you had been there, but had gone."

"I went to my room, Aunt Desire." "Oh, did you? Well, all right, Simeon was searin' to the other two and I've been in with this one—the steward one or whatever he is. We've had a real nice talk. He told me his name. It's Cowan, or McGowan, or something like that, and his folks live out in Iowa."

"He is so grateful to us, Emmie. 'Twas real touchin' to hear him try to thank us for takin' him in and bein' so good to him. Course I said there was 'nuthin' to thank us for. He asked a lot of questions. He was so interested when I told him about you and Cap'n Chet—how your wedding had to be put off and all."

Emmie caught her breath. "You told him that?" she gasped.

"Yes. Why not? 'Twasn't a secret, as I know of."

"No. No, of course it wasn't. I—I only thought he might not be interested."

"But he was. Asked all about Chet and about you and about Simeon and me. He seemed to feel real bad about the marriage havin' to be postponed. Said he guessed you wasn't expectin' him to be delivered as an extra weddin' present. Afraid you might not appreciate the surprise, he said. He is real bright; says such funny things."

"One thing I liked about him special," Desire went on. "Most sailors are so

careless about money and all like that; you know how 'tis with your Uncle Sim, Emmie. Well, this Mr. McGowan isn't that way, not a mite, and cool-headed, too. Almost the very first question he asked me was about the outside clothes he was wearin' when they fetched him ashore."

"I told him they was hangin' up by the kitchen stove, dryin' out. He asked me if I'd mind lookin' in the inside pocket of the old leather vest that he'd had on under his jacket and oilskins and see if there was a packet there wrapped in oilcloth. There was and I brought it up to him. He was so pleased that I found it. Seems it was his pocket-book, and he'd wrapped it up and put it there after the steamer grounded."

"The packet wasn't wet a bit. He said there was only a little money in it, but he told me there was papers that he would have felt dreadful to lose—the last letter his mother wrote him and things like that. Really, I 'most cried when he told me that. Don't you think he's an unusual man, Emmie? I do. You ought to go in and talk to him. But perhaps you was goin' to. Was you?"

"Yes. I thought I would."

"That's right. It'll do him good. Well, I must run downstairs again. Land only knows what Simeon may be up to. When I left him he was vowin' that what these shipwrecked folks needed was somethin' out of a bottle, and he was goin' to scout around and see if Santa Claus had left any ahead of time. Of course he only said it to tease me, but—I'll feel safer if I'm where I can keep my eye on him."

She hustled away. Then Emmie, mentally squaring her shoulders, knocked on the door of the room.

She heard Coombes call, "Come in," and the sound of the voice, once so familiar, gave her a fresh shock. When she entered, he was lying on the bed as she had left him. The filthy bandage on his head had been replaced by a fresh one—her aunt had done that, of course—and she noticed now that he was wearing one of Simeon's flannel nightgowns.

There was a two days' growth of beard on his face, but it was not that which had changed it from the face she remembered so well. He had grown thinner and coarser. There were pouches under his eyes, and the lines from the sides of his nose to the corners of his lips were deeper. He looked dissipated and "tough"—that was the word which occurred to her.

"Well, Kitten?" he said.

"Don't!" she ordered.

He laughed. "Always used to call you Kitten. You used to like to have me do it, too. Sounds natural to me. And our being together seems natural, too, of course," with a grin and a wink, "not just in this way, but—"

"Don't!" she said again. Then she added, "I want to know why you are here."

"Why? Cast up by the sea, like the guy in the storybook. Shipwrecked sailor dragged ashore unconscious and carried to the home of kindhearted strangers. Opens his eyes and the first person he sees is the girl—his girl. Can you beat that anywhere outside of a book?"

She made an impatient movement.

"Tell me why you are here," she repeated. "You ran away in the *Blue Eyes*, Captain Hendricks' schooner. I know that. And the *Blue Eyes* went down in a gale on the Banks. Captain Hendricks and everyone on board was drowned."

"And why wasn't I drowned? That's what is bothering you, I suppose. Well, I've got the answer. It's because you can't keep a good man down—especially

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if he never went down. Bill Hendricks took me out of Gloucester because he and I were old chums. He helped me out of trouble just as I would have helped him if the boat had been on the other foot. And to keep us both out of trouble, he set me ashore in Canada before the Blue Eyes went on up to the Banks.

"Just as simple as that, it was. He was drowned, poor devil, and I've been battling around ever since. Had a little money with me when I started, and when that ran out, I got this job of steward's helper on the *Sovereign*. I wasn't much of a steward, but the *Sovereign* wasn't much of a steamer and her officers weren't fussy. That's the yarn. Good luck for me and hard luck for Bill."

So that was how he happened to be alive. As he said, it was simple enough. And now Emily asked another question.

"Do any of those people from that steamer know who you really are?"

"Well, now, what do you think? I'll say they don't, and won't, if I can help it. But see here, Kitten, what's all this frozen-face stuff for? Why can't we be more cheerful? How about moving that chair a little nearer?"

"No."

"Not even so we can hold hands while we talk? We always used to do that, you remember. Come, be a good sport, just for old times' sake. One kind word—or even two. Think how we—"

She broke in upon him. "Stop!" she cried. "Oh, stop! Haven't you any decency at all?"

"Decency? Haven't said anything that wasn't decent, have I? Just suggested that, considering what good friends we used to be, we might be a little more friendly now, that's all. Oh, come on, Kitten! Come down out of the pulpit and be nice, that's the girl."

She drew a long breath. "I wouldn't have believed that I could ever loathe anyone as I do you."

The grin faded from his face. "Is that so?" he sneered. "Is that so! Say, have you forgotten—"

"I haven't forgotten anything. I only wish I could!"

"Huh! And that's sweet, too! Loathe me, eh? Do you suppose I don't know why? Gone high-hat all of a sudden. Got yourself engaged to this lifesaving guy, or whatever he is. I hear you were going to marry him today if the weather hadn't gone sour. And now I've turned up, just in time to be star guest at the wedding. That's a joke! Ha!"

He leaned forward. "Look here," he demanded, "you haven't been talking, have you? You haven't told any of the gang around here who I am?"

"No."

He regarded her keenly. Then he nodded, as if satisfied. "No," he said, "I guess you haven't. You certainly didn't tell the old girl who was in here just now. I saw her a long song and dance about my name being McGowan and my home state Iowa, and she swallowed it all and asked for more. She is that aunt you used to talk about so much, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"Um-hm, I figured she must be. She told me a lot about you. Say, you haven't wasted much time. Less than a year since you and I were sweeties, and now you've gone all soft on another man. Quick work, Kitten. I give you credit. Nobody can appreciate that sort of thing better than I can. I'm a fairly quick worker myself; you ought to know that."

The flush which his sneer had brought to her face deepened. How dared he speak to her like this! He thought she must think she was afraid of him. It was time that idea was put out of his mind.

"I have told nobody who you are," she said icily. "I ought to, perhaps, but I don't think I shall—yet."

He gazed at her, frowning. "Yet?" he repeated. "What do you mean—yet?"

"I mean that, provided you go away from here within a day or two, I shall tell no one who you are and what you are."

"Well, well! Bighearted, aren't you? You tell anyone? You? You'd better not."

"I shan't, provided you go away at once."

"Yeah? And supposing I don't go?"

"Then I shall tell my uncle, and he will tell the police."

"Is that so? His tone was low and ugly. "Is that so? Your uncle will tell the cops, will he? What will he tell 'em?"

"You know as well as I do what he could tell them. It won't be necessary, for telling them who you are will be enough; they know the rest."

"Huh! Do they? I wonder. I could tell 'em a few things. Pshaw!" with a contemptuous snort. "Do you suppose I can't see what you're trying to put over? You haven't told this rube uncle and aunt of yours about me and for a very good reason. The same reason that's kept you from giving me away to your boy friend, probably. You don't want any cops coming here after me, you bet you don't! They might take you along at the same time. Do you get that?"

His tone was menacing, but it had no effect on her.

"Don't be ridiculous!" she said. "Ridiculous, eh? You listen to me. I took old Bradley's money, sure I did. But who helped me cover up the job? Who was in on it with me? Think a minute. I'm afraid you don't realize just where you stand, sweetheart."

"I stand? Oh, you are—"

"Wait a minute, I'm talking now. You figure, I suppose, that your skirts are all nice and clean by this time. I was the goat, and when they started chasing after me they forgot that you might be in it just as much as I was. All right, bring along your cops. I'll spill them a few facts that will put you right in the next cell to mine. Think that over."

She turned toward the door. He sat up in the bed.

"Stop!" he snarled. "Stop, do you hear? You think I'm bluffing? I'm not—and you'll find I'm not. How about those statements you helped me bottle up?"

Her hand was on the knob, but she did not turn it. "Statements?" she repeated.

"Yes, statements. They were ready to send but you didn't send 'em, did you? You knew some of the bills had been paid already, but you didn't tell anyone they had been. No, no, you kept your mouth shut, just as I did."

"I— Why, you told me—"

"Who told you? And no matter what I told you, if you guessed there was crooked work going on, it was your business to write to the firm about it, wasn't it? You knew I had pinched the money when it was paid to me, and if you were so holy and honest, why didn't you send word to Bradley and the rest? That was what they paid you for. Oh no, if I did the stealing, you helped me cover it up. That's all I've got to swear to, and the lawyers and the judge will do the rest. What do you think now about sending for the police? Little risky, isn't it?"

She was very pale. Her fingers slid from the doorknob. "Why—why, how can you!" she gasped. "I was working under you. You know I called your attention to—"

"Hush! How do you know what I knew—or may know when the time comes to do any swearing about what



Cosmopolitan



happened? Suppose I swear that you helped me spend the plunder, knowing all the time where it came from; that I had fixed the whole scheme up together?"

"I shall say it is a lie. It is a lie, all of it! I told Mr. Bradley and the rest just what happened. I kept nothing back. They believed me, too."

"Sure they did—then, but I hadn't had my chance to talk. You won't have any proof. There weren't any witnesses. It will be my word against yours, and mine will be some word, believe me. And one other little matter I guess you've forgotten. How about that letter?"

"Letter?"

"Letter is what I said. You wrote me a letter after old Bradley sent that blasted auditor down. I was away—good luck for me, that was—but this auditor guy dropped his business card, and you sent the card to me at Newburyport and a letter with it. I've kept that letter ever since."

She made no reply, struggling to remember what she had written. So far as she could recall, nothing except to tell him of the auditor's visit and—

He laughed again, "Yes, Kitten," he went on, "I've hung on to that letter ever since, partly for your sweet sake, and partly for mine; because I thought maybe—if you and I ever did meet again—it might be handy, might even be worth a dollar or two. I never thought I'd meet this way, but we have, and now I shouldn't wonder if the price had gone up. Um-hm. Yeah, I shouldn't wonder if it had gone up quite a lot."

"I don't know what you mean," desperately. "I wrote you because—"

"Yes, yes. I know why you wrote me, and what's more to the point, I know what you wrote. Listen."

He groped beneath the pillow and drew out a stained pinkish pocketbook. She winced when she saw it. It was one she had given him on his birthday. He grinned.

"Seen it before, haven't you?" he chuckled. "And that's another joke, when you come to think of it. But it isn't the best one. That is in the letter." The pocketbook was stuffed with papers. "Other little souvenirs" he was hanging on to, just in case, he observed. "Never can tell, you know. Well, here's the billy-dux from you. You listen to it, sweetie, and try to think how it would sound to that judge."

She could see her own handwriting on the pages as he unfolded them by the lamp. He began reading aloud. "Dearest," "Dearest," "Dearest" that takes us back, doesn't it? And now it's 'Dearest Life Boy,' or what have you! Well, such is life! 'Dearest Ed: You asked me to write—' and so on and so on. Can't stop for all that now: let's get to the meat in the coconut. Here we are!

"You don't think Captain Kelly is going to stir up trouble—for us, do you?" "For us," just keep that in mind, Kitten. 'He did pay us, of course.' 'Us' again, you'll notice. 'Sending that statement was a dreadful mistake, I know, but you had not told me then'—he emphasized the "then" strongly—"that you had the money . . . I think we should both be more careful in the future. When people pay you in cash, remember to tell me promptly and I will see that the books are fixed in the right way." 'Fixed in the right way.' And how will that sound!"

He looked up, saw the expression on Emily's face and broke into another chuckle. She was gazing at him in horrified panic. The words and sentences she had written so innocently and with no thought of double meaning sounded like confession of guilt.

"But I only meant that I would try to correct your mistakes. I didn't know you had stolen the money. You know I didn't."

"But will those lawyers and jury people know? I'm afraid not. Kitten. And how about this? 'You and I may know, but it is very necessary that the firm shouldn't know; I am sure there is no need for us to tell each other that, dearest. I am your partner now in everything, everything, and—' He paused, grinned maliciously and observed, "See, don't you, Kitten? Partner in everything, we were. You own up to it right here. Heard enough, eh? I'd say you had!"

But she was remembering more clearly. "No!" she cried in fierce protest. "No, I haven't heard enough. There was more—over so much more. I explained what I meant—I know I did. I said that I was so anxious for you to keep the firm's confidence; that your interests and chances of advancement meant happiness to both of us, and that was why I couldn't bear to think they might find out you ever made even little mistakes as I was fool enough to believe you had made—about that Captain Kelly's bill."

"Go on, read that. It makes what I said before sound quite different. Read it and see for yourself. Why are you shaking your head? I suppose you had forgotten that part—or hoped I had. Let me see that letter."

She bent forward to seize it, but he held it out of her reach. "No, no, no, Kitten," he sneered. "This is Papa's letter. But what's all this about 'firm's confidence' and 'chances of advancement' and 'little mistakes' and all that? Nothing like that here. The page I've been reading"—he referred to it—"ends with 'partners in everything, everything and—' That's how it ends; and the next one begins with 'for better or for worse, as they say.' There's a little after that, but it doesn't amount to much. And then comes your own pretty little signature. See?"

He held the page where she could see it. She caught her breath. There had been more—she knew it.

"Where are the other pages?" she cried. "There were two or three more. Where are they?"

He shook his head in mock bewilderment. "More pages?" he repeated. "Oh, no, no. Mustn't tell stories, girlie, that's naughty."

"There were more. And they explained what I meant about our being partners, just as I told you they did. Oh, you are a better liar as well as a thief! You don't dare read the rest of that letter. Where is it?"

His manner and tone changed once more. He ceased to mock. "Cut out that kind of stuff," he ordered, "and get what I'm telling you straight. If there were any more pages—mind you, I don't admit there were, even to you, and to anybody else I'll swear there wasn't—but if there were, they're gone—lost. See? And the pages I have here aren't numbered, and they read right along without a hitch. Read well enough to land you in the stone jug, provided they put me there."

"Huh! Beginning to believe it at last, I judge, by the looks of you. Now then, don't you think you'd better decide to listen and be reasonable?"

She made no reply. He chuckled and waved toward a chair.

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hadn't he, Kitten?" he suggested. "Sit down, that's the girl."

Mechanically she obeyed. Her brain was whirling. It was not so much that she feared for herself. He meant it; he was quite capable of swearing to any lie. And it would be her word against his; she could prove nothing. She remembered Mr. Bradley's final statement to her. "You may be innocent. My partner and I are inclined to think you are; at least, we are giving you the benefit of the doubt. But if you are—"

That "if" was there, the doubt was there, even then. Now, with this man declaring under oath that she had been his willing accomplice and with her own damning letter as final proof, the vestige of doubt would be dispelled. And what might happen to her after that, who could tell? Yet even this prospect she could face, if it were to be faced alone. But she was not alone. There were Uncle Simeon and Aunt Desire to consider—and Chet.

They would not believe her guilty, she knew that. But they would have to share her name. Their names would be in the papers. They would have to endure gossip and whisperings. And if worst came to worst, and she—

"No, no, no! There must be some way out. But where—and how?"

"What shall I do?" she moaned. Coombes laughed. "Getting hold of you, eh?" he queried. "I thought it might. There, then, Kitten, take it easy. There's only one thing to do. You keep your mouth shut about me, and I'll keep mine shut about you. Nobody around here except you knows who I am. So long as they don't know, everything's okay. Only—well, you know what the 'only' is. As my schoolteacher used to say, 'Don't let me have to speak of it again.' Eh? Ha, ha!"

She was silent, her fingers twisting and untwisting in her lap. Then she asked one more question. "What are you going to do after you leave here?"

He shook his head. "Haven't had time to think that out yet," he said. "Our bumping together unexpected like this was so sudden that I haven't got my bearings. You run along now and come back again by and by. I'll have some sort of course set by then. Don't forget, that's all."

She got through the evening somehow. Simeon noticed her palor and formed his own opinion concerning the cause.

He whispered reassuringly, "You're fretting about Chet. You mustn't. He did get pretty well used up and they had to put him to bed, but all he needs is rest and something hot inside him and he'll be fine as a fiddle in a day or so."

Her conscience smote her. In the agony of those last hours she had actually forgotten that Chet was hurt or ill. "Oh!" she cried. "Oh, I must go over there now! Why have I stayed here so long? He must think—"

Her uncle caught her arm and held it. "You'll go nowhere," he declared. "Not tonight you won't. Last order Chet gave me was for you to stay right in this house. He's all right, I tell you. And if he was fightin' double pneumonia—which he isn't—I wouldn't let you travel to that station in the north-easter. It may be better weather by mornin'. Then you can go to him. Now, you're goun' upstairs and turn in. Those would be his orders if he was here, and bein' as I am here and in charge of the deck, aloft you go. Lively, young lady!"

So Emily went up to her room. She remembered but a moment, however. Then she stole along the corridors on tiptoe and went in to face Edward Coombes once more.

Desire had brought him a loaded tray a short time before, and judging by its appearance, he had pretty thoroughly unloaded it. He greeted Emily cheerfully.

"And here we are again," he observed. "All nice and comfy together, eh, Kitten? Seems like the dear old times to have you hanging around. Hard to believe you're going to marry another man in a day or two. My heart is broken; but my appetite seems to be all right."

"What have you decided to do?" she demanded. He smiled. "Well," he replied, "I have decided not to decide anything definite just yet. I'm a sick man, you know. I may not look very sick to you, sweetie, but when your auntie happens in you'd be surprised how sick I can look. This place is a kind of boardinghouse, she tells me, it seems to be a good one. The beds are comfortable and the food's pretty fair. Maybe I won't go anywhere for a while. May stay right here until after the wedding, at any rate."

"Oh, don't look like that! I wouldn't miss your wedding for anything. I may not go to it, but I shall be there in spirit. And won't that be nice?"

He chuckled. Emily was trying to grasp the intention behind all this chatter. "You—you mean you're not going tomorrow?" she faltered.

"Not tomorrow—no. Next week? Not likely. Next month? Well, we'll see. My board and lodging? I'm not well enough to worry about such things. I'll leave them to you, dearie. You can't be entirely broke if you are planning to marry. After you are married, you will have a husband to pay the family expenses and I'm almost one of the family, don't you think? How does the idea strike you, Kitten?"

She ran her fists clenched. "You shall not stay. No matter what happens to me you shall not stay."

"Think not? And if not, why not? Going to tell Captain Chester? Want him to hear that letter of yours read in court? Think he will want to marry a girl who can be proved to be a thief? I don't!"

"Oh, don't be a fool, Em. I don't intend to hang on here forever, but I may stay for a few weeks. This is an out-of-the-way place and it ought to be a safe hideout for me until I make up my mind what the next move shall be. When that is settled, all I'll ask of you is enough cash to get me five or six hundred miles from here."

"Until then—well, you'll have to see that I'm taken care of and no questions asked. And that's for your own sake and your family's sake and your little life boy's sake quite as much as for mine. Don't let that fact slip your mind."

All that night Emily walked the floor of her room. And at daybreak—a gray, damp, wind-blown daybreak—her determination was fixed on one point at least. She must see Chet at once. She must tell him that their marriage would be postponed again. And if he asked why, she would give him no reason other than that it was her wish.

He would not understand. How could he? He would imagine all sorts of dreadful things. Even so, even if his trust in her were shaken, that would be better than the alternative. He was making a name for himself in the Coast Guard service; the summons he was expecting from the Boston shipping firm might come at any time. No public disgrace should be allowed to interfere with his future as a seaman's help.

And so not for her sake but for his, she would endure Coombes' sneers and taunts, would submit to the terms of Coombes' ultimatum, would bear with the

Cosmopolitan

COVER  
BOOK  
LENGTH  
NOVEL

creature's presence under that roof until it pleased him to go away.

After he had gone, then—provided Chet's trust and love were still there—she would explain everything.

The gale was slowly losing its force. The surf still flung its green-and-white combers far up the beach and the black bulk of the wrecked *Sovereign* was being hammered to pieces on the sands of the Horsefoot Shoal. The clouds were tattered gray rags flapping across the sky; but low in the west a crimson glow was spreading, its upper edge striped with fire, as the sun sank. Fair weather tomorrow, that was the longshore prophecy.

Desire, alone in the Coleman House kitchen, glanced at the clock. Almost five. Simeon should have returned before this. It was three when he left to walk over to the lifesaving station, and he had promised to be gone but a half-hour or so.

Desire was tired. There had been so many things to do that day. People calling to talk about the wreck, a reporter from the county weekly dropping in to request permission to interview the castaways—Doctor Hallett was there at the time, thank goodness, and he had put his foot down so far as that was concerned—the extra cooking, Emily's headache, and all the rest of it.

Emily's headache was nothing to worry about. The poor girl was worn out, and no wonder. She was not feeling too well when she came down to breakfast, but she had insisted on walking to the Coast Guard station to see Captain Chet Brewster. It was almost noon when she returned, and then she had looked so pale and tired. Would not eat a mouthful and went right up to her room. She had been lying down all the afternoon.

Well, by noon of the next day things would be easier. The engine-room hand and the sailor were to be taken in the car to the depot in time to board the ten-o'clock train for Boston. The doctor pronounced them all right and strong enough for the journey. The other one, the steward—“that nice Mr. McGowan,” Desire called him—was still very weak, and Doctor Hallett thought he'd better remain in bed for a day or two longer.

“He can stay just as long as he wants to,” Desire said. “I told him so, and he was so grateful.”

The wheezy clock struck five as Simeon entered at the back door. His sister-in-law greeted him with a sigh of relief and the comment that she should think it was high time he turned up. Ordinarily he would have been ready with a characteristic retort, but now, if he heard what she said, he paid no attention to it.

He had thrown off his slicker and sweater and was tugging his heavy sweater over his head. He spoke from beneath it. “Where's Em?” he asked.

“She's upstairs in her room, same as when you went out. Poor dear, I'm afraid she's pretty well used up. Simeon, where are you going?”

He was at the foot of the stairs. “Goin' up to talk to that fool girl,” he replied.

“But you can't, Simeon. She doesn't feel like talkin’.”

“Maybe not, but I do.”

“But what is the matter? You act so funny, Simeon!”

“Shh! No, no; you stay where you are. And don't come up if you don't hear from me for an hour. I may be hoarse by that time and Em may be deaf, but neither of us'll be dead, so don't fret and don't butt in. This is important.”

He climbed the stairs and Desire heard him knock on the door of her niece's room. Troubled, she returned to the kitchen and her duties there.

Emily was sitting in the chair by her bedroom window when her uncle knocked. She asked who was there, but she did not bid the knocker to enter. He did enter, nevertheless, and, after closing the door behind him, sat down on the bed.

“What are you sittin' in the dark for?” he queried. “Good for the complexion, or what?”

“Oh, I don't know. I like the dark, sometimes.”

“Do you? I don't. My grandmother used to say ‘twas dark in the grave. She was always cheerin' folks up with happy reminders like that. Well, I ain't buried yet, so we'll have a little light on the subject.”

He rose and turned the switch. The room sprang into brightness. He went back to the bed, sat, crossed his legs and took his pipe from his pocket.

“When there's light there's liable to be some smoke,” he observed. “Too bad you don't smoke, Emily.”

The answer he received surprised him. “I do, sometimes,” she said. “I never do here at home. I'm sure Aunt Desire wouldn't like to have me.”

He stared at her. Then he burst into a roar of laughter. “Ho, ho!” he crowed. “No, I'll say she wouldn't. She thinks tobacco is an invention of the Evil One. But maybe it isn't tobacco you're in the habit of smokin'.”

“I smoke a cigaret occasionally, or I used to.”

“Oh, Well, some folks do call them things tobacco, I suppose, but it's a sloppy way of speakin', ‘cordin' to my notion . . . Emmie, what's it all about?”

“About? I don't know what you mean, ‘cordin' to my notion.”

“I don't know what I mean, either—not yet; but I'm goin' to afore I quit this room. There, there, don't waste time tellin' me there's nothin' the matter. It was knowin' there was a whole lot the matter that fetched me from Chet Brewster straight to you. And if I needed any proof it's in your face. You look as if you'd been beatin' up through Tophet against a head wind. Now then, tell me about it.”

She opened her lips to insist that there was nothing wrong, but closed them again with the protest unuttered. He had seen Chet, so what was the use?

“Chet's in a devil of a state,” he went on. “Accordin' to his yarn you went over to see him this afternoon and told him that you wouldn't marry him. Did you?”

“I said I couldn't marry him at present. I didn't say I would never marry him. I shall—or I hope I shall—by and by. Now, Uncle Sim—”

“Don't you ‘Uncle Sim’ me, not that way. It won't get you anywhere. Chet's about crazy. Not just an account of your havin' the weddin' put off, but because you wouldn't give him any good reason, and because he could tell—as I can tell this minute—that you are in trouble and are keepin' it to yourself.

“He isn't mad at you for doin' that, but what bothers him is that you won't tell him what your trouble is, so he can help you out of it. You wouldn't tell him anythin',” he declared, except that you and he couldn't marry yet. When he begged for a why you wouldn't give it



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task. The supper was almost ruined, and her good nature had suffered a severe strain. But her brother-in-law gave her almost no opportunity to scold or ask questions.

"Now, Dizzy," he ordered, when they were in the living room once more, "you go to bed. You're tired out, and you've got another hard day tomorrow. Emmie's tired, too, after her headache and all. Both of you turn in. Make her do it, Em."

The covert wink which accompanied this order had its effect. Emily persuaded her aunt to go to bed earlier than usual. They went upstairs together.

Emily's sleep was fitful. She woke at seven and, as she was dressing, noticed the corner of a slip of paper protruding from beneath her door. She stooped and pulled it toward her. The slip proved to be a note written in pencil. She took it to the window and read as follows:

Dear Em:

I have gone on a Vacation. Shant be gone long. Keep Dizzy's fur smooched down best you can. Don't worry and don't waste your time guessing what it is all about. When I get home you won't have to guess. Everything is going fine.

Yours truly

Simcoe G. Coleman.

P. S.—Come to think it over, if I was you I would tell Chet everything you know so far. Tell him about your Mackintosh critter. I can't spell his darned name but you know who I mean. Tell Chet why you was afraid of him and what he said he would do and about your letter and everything. Tell Chet I said Leave it to your Uncle Sim and we will have the Wedding inside of a week. You do this right off but don't tell Desiré. That would take too long and she can wait till I am back.

P. S. Again. Tear this up.

She went down to the kitchen to find her aunt's "fur" in any other but a smooth condition. Desiré, too, had been the recipient of a note.

Dear Dizzy:

Been too exciting round here lately. Heading for the City and a spell of quiet life. See you later.

S. G. C.

Desiré sputtered loud damp fireworks. It was awful, his running off like this. She had been expecting him to break loose soon, but to have him clear out now, with all she had on her hands—those shipwrecked folks to be got away and everything—was just too much. If she wouldn't talk to him when he got back it would be because she had been struck dumb. And so on.

"But there!" she said, after a final broadside. "All that will have to wait till he does get back. We've got enough to do now without botherin' about him. You'll have to eat your breakfast on the kitchen table, Emmie. I've had mine. I am going to take the tray up to that poor steward man. You sit still and eat. I'll be right down."

She was gone longer than Emily had expected. And when she returned one glance at her face was sufficient to cause Emily to spring from her chair.

"Aunt Desiré," she cried, "what is the matter?"

Desiré had been carrying a loaded breakfast tray when she went up the stairs. She was carrying it now, its contents untouched.

"My soul!" she sighed. "I don't wonder you ask that. Mr. McGowan isn't in his room. He's gone, that's what."

Emily gasped. "Gone! Gone where?"

"The good land knows. He's gone—gone away. His bed's been slept in, but he isn't in his room. I had dried his clothes and ironed 'em and left 'em in his closet. And they're gone, too."

A sudden thought flashed to Emily's mind. She uttered an exclamation. "Oh!" she cried. "Do you suppose—I wonder—"

She paused. Her aunt asked what she wondered.

"Nothing, nothing," hastily. "I can't think he has really gone for good, Aunt Desiré."

And yet he had gone from his room and, apparently, from the house. And when he did not return and they ascertained from the Coast Guard patrolman that he had not been seen about the life-saving station, the surmise that he might have left never to come back strengthened to a belief.

"But why should he?" complained Desiré. "I'm sure nobody could be nicer to him than we were, and he was so nice and polite and grateful himself. You don't think Simeon had anything to do with his goin', do you?"

Emily replied that she didn't think so, but as she said it, she was conscious of evading the truth. That her uncle and Ed Coombes had gone away together, she was beginning to believe. Uncle Simeon had assured her that his trouble was almost over. Had this menace been removed forever from her life, from her future—hers and Chet's? How and why she could not understand, but if it had been! Her heart sang.

Desiré noticed her niece's excitement and declared she was glad some folks could be chipper even if she were not.

"But you will be, auntie. When Uncle Sim comes back, I mean."

"Humph! When he comes back he won't be chipper—for the first few minutes, anyhow."

The doctor and the station car came about nine-thirty and the remaining castaways, the engine-room band of the *Sovereign* and the forecast hand, were taken away. The shipwrecked men were grateful to their hostess. McGowan's absence was as much a puzzle to them as to Desiré and the doctor.

"Where on earth has he gone?" demanded the latter. "Only yesterday he seemed so weak and shaken I decided he must not be moved until tomorrow at least. Well, we can't wait. If he turns up later, let me know."

Mr. McGowan did not turn up, and just before noon, Emily told her aunt she was going to the lifesaving station to see Chet. Desiré sent her love.

"Tell him to hurry up and get well and strong," she said. "And I don't see why we can't begin plannin' again for the wedding pretty soon."

Emily had not. Chet since the trying interview during which she had told him that their marriage must be postponed indefinitely. To her great disappointment she could see him but a minute or two now. He was much better, but a representative of the Board of Underwriters from Boston was with him and they were discussing matters connected with the wreck of the *Sovereign*.

He came out into the hall, and they whispered together. "I have been crazy to see you, Emily," he told her. "I should have been over long before but the doctor wouldn't let me out of doors. I hoped you might come to see me, but of course—"

She interrupted. "I couldn't, Chet. She" she whispered. "There was something dreadful that made me afraid I might never see you again. Or at least for a long, long time. But now—"

"Now? Emily, you look so different, not at all the way you did yesterday. You look as if—as if—"

"As if I were happy again? I am, I am. Perhaps I am. Perhaps I am. Perhaps I have no real reason to be. If I have, I don't know what it is. That sounds silly, dear,





doesn't it? Never mind, I'm happy, and I believe we are both going to be. When can we be together so that I may tell you everything."

"I'll come over this evening."

"But do you think you should? Can you walk as far as that?"

"To come if I had to be carried. I'll be there, you can bet on that."

He was there shortly after eight that evening. Desire remained with them only a few minutes. Then she rose and announced that she was going to bed.

"Now, now," she added, with an arch smile, "don't tease me to sit up, because I'm not going to do it. You can get along without me, I shouldn't wonder. Yes, indeed! Don't forget I was young once myself. Good night."

Chet looked after her as she left the living room. "She's a pretty fine old girl," he observed with a smile.

Emily nodded. "She is almost the dearest, kindest thing in this world," she declared. "And Uncle Simeon is just as dear in his way. Chet, if all this dreadful trouble that I thought was going to spoil both our lives is done away with, we shall owe Uncle Sim more than we can ever pay."

"Uncle Sim? Why? What has he done?"

"I don't know, but he has done something that nobody else could do. I'm sure of that."

Chet Brewster gave it up. "All right if you say so," he agreed, "but it is thick fog so far as I can see."

"Of course it is. Chet, don't you want to know why I have been so worried and frightened for the last few days; why I had to tell you that we couldn't be married at present—had to tell you, understand? Then listen and don't interrupt."

She told him the whole story, beginning with her recognition of the case-lawyer McGowan as the Edward Coombes whom she had believed dead; of how he had learned from Desire that she—Emily—was about to marry Chester Brewster, and learned also that neither Desire nor Simeon had been told about the Gloucester affair. Then she told of Coombes' threat—backed by the letter she had written him—to implicate her as his fellow criminal unless she promised not to reveal his identity, and to furnish him with money when he left.

"So you see, Chet," she finished, "I had to do as he said. I had to, for your sake. He could have had me arrested—and then your name would have been—Oh, you see, don't you, dear? I couldn't have any chance in life ruined just because I had been a fool."

"I see what I knew before," she declared, "and that is that you are a whole lot too good for a fellow like me."

"Nonsense! You mustn't say that. I might have got you into disgrace and trouble. I thought I had."

"So you figure that your uncle has taken this—this—? I'd better be careful. I almost called him what he is."

"Never mind. I'm sure it would have been tame compared with what Uncle Simeon called him the other night. And I almost said 'Amen.'"

"So you think Sim has got rid of him somehow? But how could he? Why should the blackguard be afraid of him any more than of the rest of us? He didn't know him. Your aunt Desire must have told him Sim's name as well as hers, and apparently he didn't recognize it."

"No. And he had heard me speak of my Uncle Simeon Coleman many times in Gloucester. No, I don't understand that part at all, but I am almost sure Uncle Sim has saved us somehow. Oh, Chet," with sudden fear, "you think he has, don't you? You don't think that—that creature will come back?"

"I almost wish he might," Chet growled. "I'd have a good time for a little while, anyhow. Em, dear, if you had only come to me, I'd have twisted the fellow's neck and enjoyed doing it."

"I knew that. That was why I didn't come to you. And—Oh, what's that?"

A tap had sounded on the winduppane. Brewster ran to the window and lifted the shade.

"I can't see anyone," he whispered, peering out. "But I heard—"

He stopped short, for just then he heard something else. The door leading from the back yard to the kitchen had opened. Cautious steps sounded in the kitchen, in the dining room. A head, with a cap perched on one side of it, peered around the living-room door.

"Hello," cried Simeon Coleman. "Coast's clear, ain't it? Thought I didn't see Dizzy anywhere around when I peeked in the window. That's good. I don't feel up to smoothin' her feathers, not tonight. Hello, Chet! All shipshape again, are you? Fine enough."

They literally dragged him into the living room. He was dirty, his clothes were rumpled, and he was obviously weary, but he seemed satisfied with the world.

"No, no," he protested. "I don't want anything to eat, and I don't want any hot tea, either. Had a sandwich and a slab of pie up at Orham on the way down. Had tea, too. Well, maybe 'twasn't tea, but I needed it, whatever 'twas. You needn't tell Dizzy that part, though. Whew! I'm tired. Cruisin' to New Bedford in a car and back again the same day, besides hustlin' every minute while you're there, is some job for an old bird like me. I'm ready to turn in. And that's just what I'm going to do, if you folks'll excuse me."

He was actually moving toward the stairs, but Emily ran to bar his way.

"Uncle Sim," she protested. "You're not going now? Not without telling us one word?"

He seemed surprised. "Word?" he repeated. "Word about what?"

It was Chet who answered. "About that Coombes rascal, of course. He went with you, didn't he? Where is he?"

Simeon looked at his niece. "Hum," he grunted. "I judge you've told Chet all about it, Em."

"You said I must in that note of yours."

"She's told me all she knows, but we're sure you know a lot more. What did you do with him, Sim? Where is he now?"

"I've—til, that's kind of hard to answer. I don't know where he is."

Emily caught her breath. The color left her cheeks. "You don't know!" she gasped. "Oh, and I thought—"

Her uncle laid a big hand on her shoulder. "Here, here, girlie," he said. "Don't look like that. I didn't mean to scare you. I don't know where he is, that's a fact. But when you come to think of it, that simplifies things, doesn't it?"

Brewster was losing patience. "What are you talking about?" he demanded. "Was this Coombes fellow with you when you left here or wasn't he?"

"Oh? Oh, sure, he was with me then. But he ain't with me now. If he was, I, I, I—law-abidin' citizen—most of the time—would have to turn him over to the police. I know they want him, and so would be my duty as that kind of citizen to hand him to 'em. That is, if I knew where he was. Not knowin' where



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he is, I can't. And you folks don't know, either. Which makes it easier, as I said in the first place."

He stated all this gravely, but there was a twinkle in his eye. Emily was too agitated to notice the twinkle, but Chester Brewster noticed it.

"Come, come, Simeon," he urged. "Stop this foolishness. Can't you see Emmie is frightened half to death?"

"Is she? No need for her to be. Told her to leave everything to me. Said I'd fix it, didn't I? Well, it's all fixed, so far as Commodore Coombes, McGowan, etcetera is concerned. He won't trouble her any more. Got other troubles of his own to think about, that skunk has. Ho, ho!"

"There, there, don't haul me apart. I was intending to tell you about it in the mornin', but I'll tell you enough now to keep you quiet till breakfast. On'y we got to sit down while I do it."

Emily led him to the rocking chair and Chet pushed him into it.

"Let's see," he observed. "Where'll we begin? You want to know how I settled that steward man's man? Well, I was simple as could be—after you and I walked into his bedroom last night, Em. The main question was answered right then; the rest was just workin' out details. Do you remember my mentionin' to you and Dizzy somethin' about a weddin' I went to up in Novy Scotia couple of years ago?"

"I think I do," Uncle Simeon. I don't remember it very clearly."

"Maybe not, but I do. And I did last night, and that's what counted. I was second mate on the old *Four-leaf Clover* out of Portland that year, and we happened to put in for supplies at the same little town. There was another fish craft same at the same time, and Bill Hendricks was in command of her."

Emily could not repress a start. "Hendricks?" she gasped.

"Um-hm. Heard the name afore, I guess likely. Well, our skipper knew Hendricks and so did I. Bill told us that one of his chummies from the United States was gettin' married in that town that day and he could fix it so's we could go to the weddin'. Said there'd be liberal refreshments. The *Clover's* skipper said he guessed he and I might as well go, and we did. Had a real nice time, too."

He paused to shake his head reminiscently.

"This fellow who was gettin' married was named Ellis. I'd met him once or twice afore. Hendricks' nickname for him was 'Slick'—Slick Ellis, on account of his belin' such a smooth one with the girls. He and Bill Hendricks were thick as thieves—which ain't a bad way of puttin' it, considerin'. Ho, ho!"

"The girl he was marryin' was daughter of a Canada farmer who, accordin' to common tell, had money in the bank. Slick had met the girl six months or so afore, when he was up in those latitudes sellin' some farmers' contraption or other. He was one of the kind that has a new job every year or so. Anyhow, he was good-lookin' and the girl fell for him."

"We took in the weddin'—took in all of it. Ho, ho! Then Mr. and Mrs. Ellis went off honeymoonin', and us *Clover* boys went back to fishin'. And that's all about the weddin' business. Now, when I went into that room last night and saw Slick sittin' there, and he saw me—I haven't stopped laughin' since."

"You saw who?" cried Chet.

"Why, Slick Ellis—Coombes—McGowan. They're all the same. Well, after that, I realized the job was as good as done. The rest would be easy!"

"Easy?" Emily and Chet spoke in chorus.

"Yes, sartin. Oh, I forgot to tell you

what the *Clover* Leathers heard happened a little while after the weddin'. This Ellis skipped out, leavin' his bride go back to the home folks, but takin' her rings and earrings and money along with him to remember her by. He had takin' ways, that boy. Yes sir-ee! Well, I guess that's about all, ain't it?"

"All?" Brewster sputtered. "All? Why, you haven't begun. What did you do when you and he recognized each other? I can't see that his having been a thief before could have any effect on his having been one later. Or changed his mind so far as swearing lies against Emmie is concerned. It wasn't as if there were any doubt about his guilt in the Gloucester affair."

"You don't know about Brother Gaston," Simeon said. "Cut quite a figure in our little chitchat. Brother Gaston did—yes sir! Coombes and I settled down after we had a real heart-to-heart talk after you left us, Em, but it wasn't till I fetched Brother Gaston into the argument that he began to listen to reason. Seems to me we owe Brother Gaston a ring of thanks, or a tin snip, or a trumpet with his name on it, or something."

Emily leaned forward. "Uncle Simeon, please be sensible. You haven't told us anything important yet."

"What! If you think Gaston isn't important it's because you never saw him. He's that Canada girl's big brother. And when I say 'big,' I mean big. When I saw him at that Novy Scotia weddin', he was six-foot-three and broad in the beam as an old-fashioned catboat. He was growing at the time, and he may have grown since. He used to put in his spare time goin' round to fairs and carnivals wrastlin' all comers and hoistin' big hogsheads with his teeth, that sort of thing. And his sister, the one Slick married, was his pet."

"When I was up to Boston last time I met a Canadian fish fellow I know, and he told me he run across Brother Gaston a month or so afore and he'd had to listen half an hour while Gaston told the different kinds of things he was going to do to Ellis when he caught him. And he vowed he was goin' to catch him if it took a hundred year."

"Well, I mentioned some of this to Ellis, Coombes, McGowan and Co., and mentioned, too, that I remembered Gaston's address and would be pleased to telegraph him that his dear departed brother-in-law was anxiously waitin' for him here at the Coleman House in East Trumet, Mass."

"My talkin' big about the police only made him ugly, but the notion of fetchin' Brother Gaston to play with him scared him blue. He asked me if I wanted to see him murdered. I said yes, provided 'twas done outdoor where there wasn't any carpet to spoil. Oh-hum! I was havin' a good time, but I'm afraid he wasn't."

"And then?" asked Brewster.

"Why, that's all. I went out and phoned to Bill Emery about takin' us to New Bedford in his car, and we started this mornin' about five."

"But why to New Bedford?" Emily asked.

Her uncle's look was reproachful. "Now, Emmie," he said, "don't you understand 'twas my duty as a good citizen to give that criminal up to the police? Naturally, I wouldn't want to do it here in town, where everybody knows me and you—and Chet. New Bedford's a big place; they're arrestin' folks there all the time. So to New Bedford we went. And besides—"

"Besides—what?" prompted Chet.

"Well, I happened to know that a friend of mine—cap'n of a freight boat



runnin' to the West Indies, he is—was in New Bedford, ready to sail any day. I went aboard this freight steamer to call on my friend the cap'n, and I took Coombes with me. Had to—he was in my charge, you see. It turned out that the steamer needed an extra fo'mast hand, and she was sailin' at four."

"Course, her needin' that hand didn't interest me," virtuously, "because my conscience was makin' me hand Coombes over to the authorities. That's what I'd come for. So, about half past three o'clock or so, I said good-by to him, with Coombes in tow, headed toward the police station. 'Twas a sad job, but I couldn't shirk it. As a law-abidin' citizen, I—"

Emily could stand no more. "Don't say that again!" she protested. "Go on, What next?"

Simeon's expression was lugubrious. "Then I made my big mistake," he confessed. "We'd got as far as the corner, and I found I was out of tobacco. There was a little one-horse store on that corner, and I says to Slick, to Coombes—I can't keep run of his names—I says, 'You stay outside and wait for me. Just stay here and I'll have you in jail in no time. I won't be long.'"

"I wasn't long, neither, but when I come out—would you believe it?—he was gone. And," impressively, "I haven't seen him since. That's what I mean," he added, "when I say I don't know where he is. I don't know, do I?"

"The freight steamer sailed on time, I suppose?" Chet asked.

"Yes. Must have, pretty nigh. I sighted her about five-fifteen, bound out of the harbor."

"I see. Sim, you're a wonder."

Emily threw her arms around her uncle's neck.

Simeon rose from the rocker. "Now I am goin' to turn in," he declared. "Oh, I almost forgot; here's a paper. I told that Coombes I thought he'd better sign. I'd keep it if I was you, Emmie."

Emily and Chet read together what was written upon the paper.

I hereby state, of my own free will, that Emily Blanchard, bookkeeper at the Gloucester branch office of Bradley and Company, had no part in and knew nothing about the robbery of the firm's money. I did it myself, and she is innocent.

Signed: Edward Coombes.

Witnessed by:  
Simeon G. Coleman

"Slick wasn't real anxious to sign that after I wrote it out for him," said Uncle Sim. "Signin' was easier than belin' pounded to death, though, and he decided to sign. Good night."

He had turned to go, but now he turned back.

"My, my, how forgetful I'm gettin' these days!" he observed, with a sigh. "Last memory I have is a sign you're growin' old, so they tell me. Elkanah Ryder, who lived down on the back road years ago, used to complain because he couldn't remember at breakfast time whether he'd eat three flapjacks or four, so he said he always ate one more to make sure. He was afraid, so he used to say, that old age must be commuin' in creep up on him. He was ninety-one when he said it, so he may have been right. Humph! Now, what set me to talkin' about him? Oh, yes, I remember."

He reached into the pocket from which

he had taken the statement signed by Coombes and produced a crumpled envelope.

"Your letter's in there, Emmie," he announced. "I took pains to get that away from him after I made him write and sign the other one. Um-hm," reflectively, "I should say I made a pretty clean job of Mr. Ellis Coombes McGowan. And if he sailed aboard that freight boat, after all, I guess that cap'n friend of mine would finish any polishes I'd left under."

"You see, I took the cap'n one side for a couple of minutes and told him a little of the kind of son-of-a-sculpin Coombes was. Ha, ha! If poor Coombes shipped on that freighter I'd be so sorry for him . . . If I was you, Em, I'd burn up that letter you wrote and hang on to the other one. Well, good night once again."

They heard him ascending the stairs. A little while afterward—possibly more than a little—Emmie moved gently in the rocking chair and looked up into her lover's face.

"Chet, dear," she said, "isn't all this the most astonishing thing you ever heard of? For a year—yes, and until a little while ago—it was tragedy. And now it has turned out to be not tragic at all. The end is just funny—a farce."

Chet Brewster smiled. "I have an idea," he said, "that Mr. Coombes may not be laughing."

The next afternoon, when Chet and Simeon chanced to be alone together,

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## 'Mid Pleasures and Palaces (Continued from page 41)

Edward VII after dinner, for of all our relations I loved her best, perhaps because she was the most beautiful person in my world. Even after all these years I remember her as I saw her then, the grace of her every movement, the sweetness of her smile.

Aunt Minnie, the Empress Marie Feodorovna of Russia, was a smaller and less beautiful edition of her sister; she had the same charm, the same tact, but she had more strength of character. Though tiny, she could enter a room so majestically that everyone would stop talking and turn to look at her. She smoked all day long but wanted no one to know it but the family, so when anyone else entered the room she would immediately hide her cigarette behind her back, oblivious of the clouds of smoke arising like incense.

Her husband, Alexander III, or Uncle Sacha, as we used to call him, was about six feet six in height and colossal strong. He was a great favorite with us children, for he was kind and jolly and could do all sorts of amusing tricks: tear a pack of cards in two or bend a silver plate like cardboard.

One summer at Fredensborg my elder brothers and some of the cousins organized a cycling club, and Uncle Sacha was unanimously elected president. They drew up a formal document in French, explaining that although they supposed he would be too fat to ride a bicycle, they wanted to offer him the honor of heading the club. He pretended to be furious but read the message to his suite with great pride.

He liked playing practical jokes and was always surprised when people resented his teasing. Once while he was in Denmark, his nephews, perhaps not without malice, gave him a garden squirrel as a birthday present, with the result that King Oscar of Sweden got an unexpected drenching.

My uncle Frederick, the Crown Prince of Denmark (later King Frederick VIII),

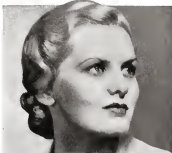
Brewster mentioned to his companion something which had been puzzling him.

"Uncle Sim," he said, "there is one point in this business that I don't quite get. Aunt Desire, when she saw and talked with Coombes, before Emily had seen or recognized him, told him all about the family here, about Emily and herself and you. She told him your name, of course. You and he met at that Canadian wedding—and before that, I think you said. Now why, when Desire mentioned your name—and when Emily used to tell him about you in Gloucester—didn't he realize who you were and that you would know about his Nova Scotia rascality?"

"I can understand why his name meant quite so much when he was Emily when you knew him. But I can't understand why the name Simeon Coleman wasn't familiar to him and why he had to see you to realize who you were."

Uncle Sim appeared a trifle embarrassed. "We-ell, I tell you, Chet," he stammered. "Names—well, they don't mean quite so much when you're cruising' higher and yon, the way I was in them days. Sometimes it's harder not to stick to one name too long, 'specially if you're goin' ashore in a place where you've been afore. It might even be my name wasn't Coleman that trip. See what I mean, don't you? Um-hm. Well, don't tell Desire I said that. She wouldn't understand."

THE END



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was Tadó, fifteen miles from Athens, a big estate with a house farm from which we got all our milk, chickens and vegetables. We children loved it. It was the one place where we could live a real home life away from all suggestion of a court. Then there was Mon Repos, our place in Corfu, where we spent nearly every spring.

Kaiser Wilhelm II always came to Corfu about the same time; in fact, my father generally arranged to arrive there just before him. The Kaiser always described his stay as "an excuse for leading a simple life," though it certainly did not give us the impression of simplicity, for he brought with him a small army of generals and equerries, and every meal was a banquet.

Our elders repeatedly reminded us how nice it was for us to have the Kaiser's sons to go out with in Corfu, but I fear the German princes found us singularly lacking in enthusiasm. We were always carefully dressed in country suits and roamed wild in the mountains all day, but they were correctly attired in dark flannels, town hats and cane sticks, and never went for a walk without tutors and equerries in attendance. Yet I think we got more out of life!

The Kaiser evidently had a deep-rooted conviction that the habit of cleanliness needed encouragement in Greece, for his presents always took the form of toothbrushes and combs for the adults and cakes of soap made in the shape of Easter eggs for the children.

After the simplicity of our life in Athens, visits to Russia were like stepping into the world of fairy tales: a land of centuries-old traditions, medieval in its sudden contrasts of vast riches and desperate poverty, feudal in its relations between ruler and people.

The Imperial Court was the most magnificent in Europe. There was something barbaric in its splendor; its ceremonies had the glamour of the old Byzantine Empire and the glory of the days of Catherine the Great.

Money was poured out like water—nothing was too costly if it gave even a moment's pleasure. The Emperor had the inexhaustible revenues of a mighty empire to draw upon; the great families had incomes that ran into millions.

So carriage rugs were of ermine and sable; harnesses shone with gold and silver tracings; luxury trades of every description flourished, and artists and musicians came from all over the world, sure of finding patron and admirer. It all was an unrest that crept about in the dark like a furtive beast, only raising its head now and again, until at length it struck and overthrew the entire social system.

The Palace of Tsarskoe Selo was the most beautiful in Europe, a storehouse of treasures. Plaques of Chinese porcelain which had formed part of a collection presented to Catherine the Great by the Emperor of China were inlaid into the solid amber walls of one room; another room was walled in rarest lapis lazuli. The great banquet hall, which ran the whole width of the palace and was two stories high, was of blue and silver and was lighted only by thousands of candles.

The rich furniture, the exquisite settings of the room blended with the brilliant uniforms of the men, the lovely traditional Court dresses of the women.

All the grand dukes had their own separate courts and their own colors, and the mistresses of the robes, ladies in waiting and maids of honor in attendance on the grand duchesses were dressed in the colors of whatever court they were

attached to. When they were all assembled for the great festivals of Easter, the Epiphany and the Benediction of the Waters, the general effect was like a scene from the Middle Ages.

The costumes blazed with jewels whose value must have run into millions of pounds: necklaces of diamonds so large that they looked fantastic and theatrical, rubies and emeralds as big as pigeons' eggs set into the traditional headresses. Every great family had its own priceless collection of historic stones, amassed through centuries—jewels that had been a gift of an Emperor in recognition of some service or had formed part of the dowry of a bride. The Crown Jewels were the finest in the world.

**WEDDING FESTIVITIES** were the most spectacular ceremonies at the Imperial Court. They opened with a polonaise led by the Emperor, whose partner was the bride, while the Empress danced with the bridegroom—if one could use the word "dance" of so stately a measure. Actually, it was a sort of procession, a walk set to the music of Glinka. In these surroundings the effect was indescribably beautiful.

The Hermitage, annex of the Winter Palace, world-famous for its collection of pictures, was the scene of the wonderful costume balls which were a feature of the Russian Court. One of the most beautiful was held in 1903, when the whole Court wore the Russian dress of the early seventeenth century. Nearly all the guests represented their own ancestors, and many of the costumes worn were heirlooms handed down from generation to generation.

It was like the setting of an opera. Only the diplomats of the various Embassies were out of the picture; they felt uncomfortable in their own modern attire and displayed a tendency to hide themselves in distant corners.

At all the great banquets a Court official stood behind the chair of every royal guest to hand the champagne for the toasts. This was a matter of solemn ritual. The wine was poured out by a footman; then it had to be passed to a page, who in turn passed it to the handmaid.

The page was always young and impressive (those allotted to Queen Marie of Rumania had to be changed every other day, as they invariably fell in love with her) and more interested in the general proceedings than in what he was doing. The hander was usually distinguished, and, and tremulous, so between them they managed, as often as not, to upset the contents of the glass over the guest. I can still remember my sister's distress when her favorite pale blue dress turned a vivid green in patches after her hander had split six glasses of champagne over it.

Of all the women at the Russian Court, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, wife of the Grand Duke Serge, was the loveliest. She and her sister, the Czarina, who were Princesses of Hesse and granddaughters of Queen Victoria, had the same delicacy of feature and richness of coloring, but Elizabeth was the more beautiful of the two. At the State Balls she outshone every other woman in the splendor of her gowns and jewels. When the bell was at her own house, she had a habit of disappearing at midnight to change into a new dress and another set of jewels; then she would return to the ballroom more resplendent than ever.

The Grand Duke Serge was governor of Moscow and had a palace in the city and a country home outside. I loved staying with them there, for, as my sister Alexandra's death they had taken

her two children to live with them, and the three of us used to have many a game together. My niece, the Grand Duchess Marie, was only eighteen months younger than I, and her brother Dmitri three years younger.

The Emperor Nicholas II of Russia bore an extraordinary physical resemblance to his cousin King George V of England, and it seems a strange irony of fate that, while one made one of the best and most-loved rulers in the history of his country, the other died at the hands of his own subjects.

The Czarina was a beautiful woman but her face had the look of one destined to sorrow. One of the few occasions when I saw her really happy was when she went with her husband to her old home in Darmstadt for the marriage of my brother Andrew to Princess Alice, daughter of Prince Louis of Battenberg (who later took the title of Marquis of Milford Haven). She was like a girl released from school then; her face had lost its look of sadness. She and Queen Alexandra were the two most beautiful women at the wedding, the Empress in misty delphinium-blue and the Queen of England in a dress of amethyst sequins, and wearing an amethyst necklace and tiara.

There was, of course, a tremendous family reunion for the marriage, and the festivities lasted through several days of dinners, balls and gala performances at the opera.

That was in 1903. The other day I came across a photograph of some of the guests and realized they nearly half the group died by violence not much later.

Another wedding which I remember very well was that of my brother Nicholas to the Grand Duchess Helen, daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir, in Tsarskoe in August, 1902.

The bride wore the old Russian Court dress of cloth-of-silver, over which was a cloak of crimson velvet, twenty yards long, bordered with wide bands of ermine and having a cape of the same fur hanging from the shoulders. The weight of this costume was so great that it was almost impossible for her to move in it, and when she knelt at the altar she was literally anchored to the floor and had to be lifted to her feet.

**SHE WORE THE** magnificent set of diamonds bequeathed by Catherine the Great to all the brides of the Imperial Family: a superb necklace falling in a shining cascade over her shoulders, enormous drop earrings, a bracelet with three rows of diamonds, a clasp which fastened her cloak, and the Bride's Crown.

Twenty-five years later, the wedding was brought vividly back to my mind. I was sitting in the New York office of Pierre Cartier, the famous jeweler, when he died suddenly: "I have something here I want to show you." He then took a velvet-covered case from his private safe, laid it on the table and opened it. Inside was a crown composed of a circle of enormous diamonds, from which sprang four claws supporting a diamond cross. "Do you recognize it?" he asked.

I nodded without speaking. A tide of memories of other days swept over me. It was the Romanoff wedding crown. My mother had worn it, and her mother before her; all the daughters of the Imperial Family had been married in it. The room seemed suddenly full of the ghosts of long-dead brides.

"I found it in Paris, quite by accident," Monsieur Cartier told me. "It was passing an antique shop at auction and I was there at once what it was and went in and bought it. The antiquarian

could only tell me that it had been sold by the Bolsheviks. He did not know how it had been brought out of Russia."

My mother had some beautiful jewels. Her rubies were famous, for my father had delighted in collecting them for her, saying that of all stones they suited her white skin best. She had some perfect emeralds too, one a cabochon the size of a plover's egg.

When I was about eighteen I once borrowed this stone to wear when I was taking part in a mazaruka at a house in Athens. In keeping with the dance, we were all to be dressed in the old Polish costumes, and jewels were an essential. The emerald was delivered over to me with many injunctions to "take care of it," and I wore it as a brooch in my cap.

The mazaruka ended without mishap, and I was standing talking to some people, when my sister-in-law Princess Nicholas came up to me. "What a lovely emerald that is in your cap, Christopher! May I look at it?"

She had just taken it into her hand, when to my horror she dropped it!

Now, emeralds, unlike diamonds, are the most fragile of precious stones and can be smashed like glass. We all stood petrified with horror as we watched the jewel roll along the carpet to the very edge of the marble floor beyond it. Then, to my indescribable relief, it stopped and lay there undamaged.

I was twenty-one when I paid my first visit to England to stay with King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

It was the summer of 1908 and the Edwardian Era was at its peak—an era of ease and security, of untroubled affluence based on a contented country and a firmly poised monarchy. An era of lavish entertaining, with the great London houses—Devonshire House, Lansdowne House, Grosvenor House—thrown open night after night for splendid dinners and balls. An era of lovely women and brilliant men.

No woman can be more beautiful than an Englishwoman when she is beautiful, and the Court of Edward VII scintillated with beauties: the Cornwallis-West sisters—the Duchess of Westminster and Princess Daisy of Fless; the Duchess of Portland; Lady de Grey; Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, and Mrs. Keppel. Queen Alexandra outshone them all, lovely even into old age with her wealth of fair hair, gay, deep blue eyes and slender figure.

Life at Buckingham Palace was a compound of the magnificence of the Russian Court and the informality of Athens. King Edward took my nephew (now King George of Greece) and me everywhere with him, and when he could not keep pace with our youthful energies he deputized Sir Harry Storer to escort us. I believe poor Sir Harry had to take a rest cure after we left, for he had no sleep for three weeks. Every night there were theaters, balls and supper parties which we insisted on going to.

King Edward had occupied a prominent place in my childish affections ever since those faraway summers in Denmark. Seeing him anew among his own people, I could well understand why he was universally beloved, for he had a truly extraordinary personal charm.

Queen Alexandra had a genius for collecting trifles of every description and hoarding them long after their origin and purpose had been forgotten. Books, photographs, china, letters, old programs, odds and ends of ribbon and lace were heaped together indiscriminately anywhere and everywhere, for she never could throw any of them away. Beautiful miniatures and Georgian snuffboxes

occupied a table with Earl's Court china pigs and bogwood charms from Ireland. She kept the fishing fly given her by her gillie in Scotland as carefully as she kept a brooch from one of the Indian maharajas.

Rows of photographs completely covered the top of the grand piano, starting at the extreme end and stretching right down to the music stool, so that it was impossible to put the instrument to its original use. Alexandra asked me to play for her one evening and seemed almost relieved when I refused, for she agreed with me, "It would take an hour for us to put everything back in its place."

Although on state occasions no one could look more dignified than Queen Alexandra, she was full of fun. Once when I was staying at Buckingham Palace, she summoned me to her room. On the bed was laid out a miscellaneous collection of mantles and dresses and bonnets that had belonged to Queen Victoria. Queen Alexandra was examining them, her eyes dancing with merriment.

"Now, Cristo," she said when I came in, "you've got to put this dress on and go down to Aunt Minnie's room and make her laugh."

Aunt Minnie (the Dowager Empress of Russia), who was staying at Buckingham Palace, was in bed with an attack of lunacy.

We chose the dress Queen Victoria had worn in the days of her youth to open the Great Exhibition in Paris under Napoleon III, an alarming creation in tartan taffetas. I struggled into it, perched a befuddled bonnet on my head and added a lace parasol to my costume. Then, armed, I set out by the Queen through endless corridors and past scandalized servants until we reached the 'empress' room, where I was solemnly announced as "Her Majesty Queen Victoria."

Unfortunately, the invalid laughed so much that she had a relapse!

England after the death of King Edward and the setting of his first romance, which had a tragic finale—at least, I saw it as tragic then, from the viewpoint of twenty-two. Looking back on it now, I can appreciate the humor of the situation.

There was in the English Royal Family an unmarried princess who was said, in the popular Edwardian phrase, to have been "disappointed in love." She became the typical maiden aunt, and as time passed acquired the attributes of so many maiden aunts, whether princesses or otherwise. She adored young people, engagements and weddings, gossip of any sort, and most of all meddling in other people's lives.

The elderly princess decided that a wife must be found for me. Her choice fell upon Princess Alix, the daughter of the Duke of Fife. By subtle insinuations she convinced me that an engagement between us would meet with everyone's approval.

I was immensely flattered, for I had Admired Princess Alix ever since I had come to London, but I should never have dared to propose at that early stage, still less approach her father on the subject. However, the maiden aunt, now completely in her own element, promised to "arrange everything" for us.

A few days later, she came to me triumphantly with an invitation for me to stay at Mar Lodge with the Duke of Fife and his family the next August. Unfortunately, she did not tell me that it had been wrong reluctantly from the duke after her solemn assurance that I had given my word of honor not to propose to his daughter. Instead, she led me to

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believe that there was a clear field in front of me.

So, in blissful ignorance, I went up to Scotland, and a few days later Princess Alix and I got engaged on the sly.

After about four days, it occurred to us that it would be well to tell our parents. This had never even suggested itself in the light of an ordeal to me, for my father, despite his severity with us in our childhood, had accustomed us to complete liberty of action as we grew older. But poor little Princess Alix, brought up in strictest Victorian traditions, was very much in awe of her parents, and it took her utmost reserves of courage to go to the Duke of Fife's study one evening before dinner and tell him of our engagement.

She came in to dinner with red eyes and answered my smile with a gesture of despair. Her father sat like a thundercloud at the head of the table.

When we left the dining room I was summoned to the study, and there ensued one of the most painful interviews of my life. Not only did the duke dispel any illusions I might have had as to the possibility of marrying his daughter but he refused to accept my explanation of what had happened, and told me frankly that he considered I had behaved like a cad in breaking my word. So angry was he that it was impossible to make him understand that I had never given my word and that the old princess' romantic tendencies alone were to blame for the situation.

There was a long and painful scene, which I am afraid was not confined to the two of us. Princess Alix shed tears, the Duchess of Fife shed tears, the elderly princess shed rivers of tears, and became so tremulous and involved in her explanations that she was worse than useless as an ally. Queen Alexandra ran round from one to the other, unable to hear accurately anything that was being said but anxious to pacify us all.

Sometime after midnight we all departed to bed, and I left the house early the next morning, before anyone was awake.

I went straight to Balmoral, and about seven o'clock walked into the house occupied by Lord Knollys. His daughter Louvima (who owes her unusual name to the fact that Princesses Louise, Victoria and Maude were her godmothers) descended to receive me, listened in sympathy to my tale of woe and fetched her father out of bed to cope with the situation.

Lord Knollys went straight to the castle and told the whole story to King George, who immediately asked me to stay there. He and Queen Mary welcomed me with a warmth that went some way toward salving the outraged dignity of youth.

They went into gales of laughter over my description of the scene that had taken place at Mar Lodge, although the King insisted that the matter could not be left like that. "The only thing to do is to write a letter to the duke, say you

are sorry, and patch things up," he said.

So the letter was written, and in a few hours I received a charming answer and an invitation to lunch at Mar Lodge.

Princess Alix and I met at the luncheon table, I sheepish, she constrained, but we were not left alone together for even one moment.

The Duke of Fife died the following winter. I still regret the fact that I never really had an opportunity of explaining things to him and that to the end of the chapter he should have thought me a cad!

I did not see Princess Alix again for many years, and in the meantime she married Prince Arthur of Connaught. Fortunately, the scars were not deep

was a visiting Queen and rode into the lists on a palfrey, equally authentic.

There were knights, esquires, pages and men at arms by the hundred; a whole troop of horse guards was pressed into service as Crusaders. Suits of chain armor were borrowed from museums and private collections all over the country; the jousting was so realistic that an English peer, after being unhorsed, lay on his back half stunned and nearly suffocated by the weight of his armor, looking like an overturned turtle in his struggles, until ambulance men, oblivious of the fact that they were striking a discordant modern note, rushed on to the field and rescued him.

Prince Youssouf and the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz were two of the crusading princes attired in gorgeous costumes. My nephew, the present King of Greece, and I made our appearance as Byzantine knights, in cloaks of red-and-white brocade sewn with gold that cost a small fortune. Mine has since been converted into a set of cushion covers; King George presented his to the Royal Theater of Athens. In this dazzling array I had to drive through the London streets in broad daylight, to the manifest delight of the passers-by, who hailed me joyously as Sir Galahad.

The tournament was an illustration in reverse of the slogan, "It pays to advertise." Every one had so concentrated on the artistic side of the production that the fact that an audience war as necessary as performers had been completely overlooked. In the important

business of deciding whether armor should or should not be gold-inlaid, and the precise color of jerkins worn by the men at arms, such mundane details as selling tickets and notifying the press had been left to chance.

The result was that there was an audience of about a dozen people, looking in the vastness of Earl's Court like a handful of peas in an enormous tureen. The mailed knights thundered down on one another; the rival Queens of Beauty shone in splendor; the Crusaders fell upon one another with conscientious thoroughness—to row on row of empty seats.

The tragic aspect did not manifest itself until the day of reckoning when it was discovered that the cost of the production amounted to twelve thousand pounds, against which was set something like twelve guineas from the sale of tickets. There ensued an agitated discussion as to who was to make up the deficit. The charitable organization in whose name the tournament had been given obviously could not, nor could the committee.

Things had come to a deadlock when an American woman who was then in London, hearing of the disaster, generously came to the rescue and gave Lady Randolph Churchill a check for the whole amount. Her name was Mrs. W. B. Leeds.

That was the first time I heard the name of the woman who afterwards became my wife.

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with either of us, for we had been more in love with love than with each other. At all events, when we met at the wedding of Prince George and my niece Marina we were convulsed with laughter at the recollection of our unfortunate romance.

I was in London in the year of the Coronation of George V, and took part in the Great Tournament at Earl's Court, one of the most gigantic fops ever produced in the cause of charity.

The idea, a representation of a tournament in the days of the Crusades, was charming from an artistic point of view, but the whole thing was so badly managed from start to finish that only the fact that Lady Randolph Churchill was the sponsor saved it from complete disaster; for Lady Randolph, who as Jennie Jerome had been the first of the American heiresses to conquer English society, was one of the deities of pre-war London and those who did not love her, feared her.

As a production, the tournament was perfect in every detail. Weeks of study were given to it. Famous writers and historians supervised the rehearsals; the costumes were designed by Royal Academicians regardless of cost. The loveliest women in London took part in the different scenes. Mary Curzon (now Lady Howe) was the Queen of Beauty and made her entrance seated in an authentic litter, attended by a bevy of beautiful maids of honor led by Lady Diana Manners. Princess Daisy of Plies

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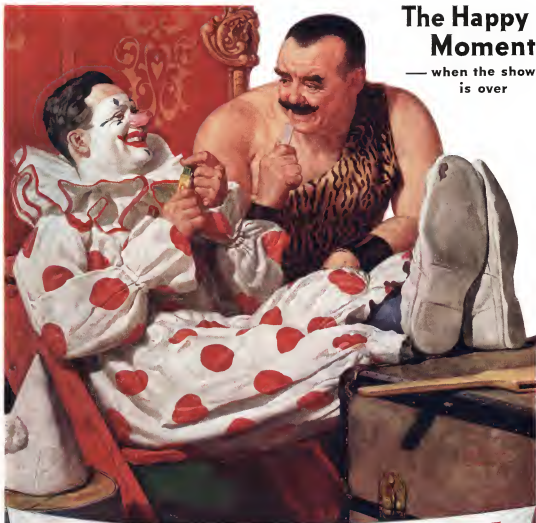


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